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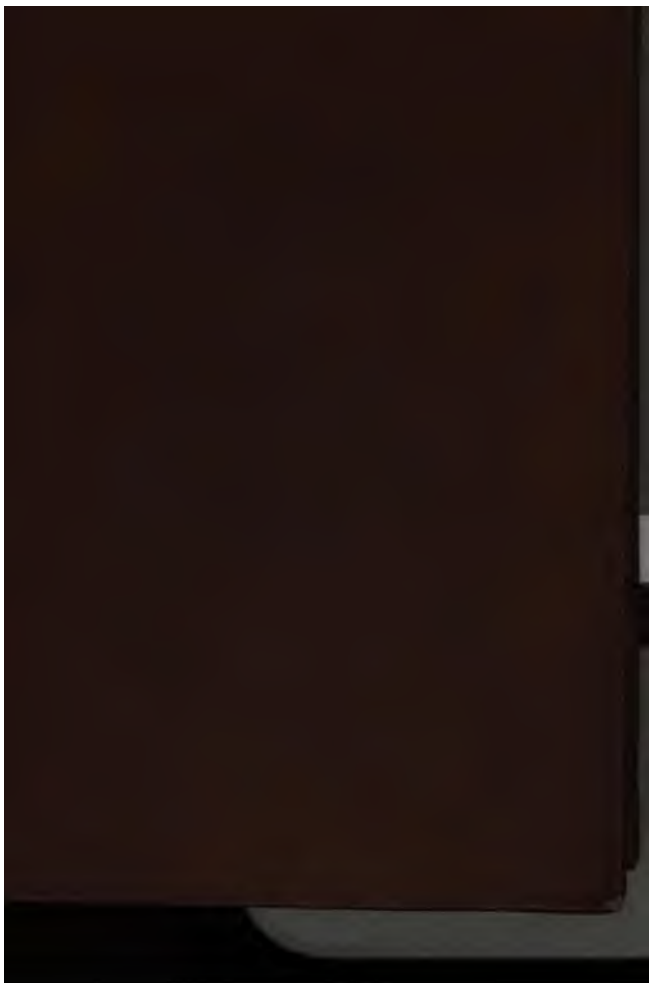
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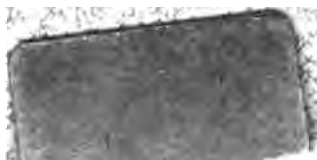
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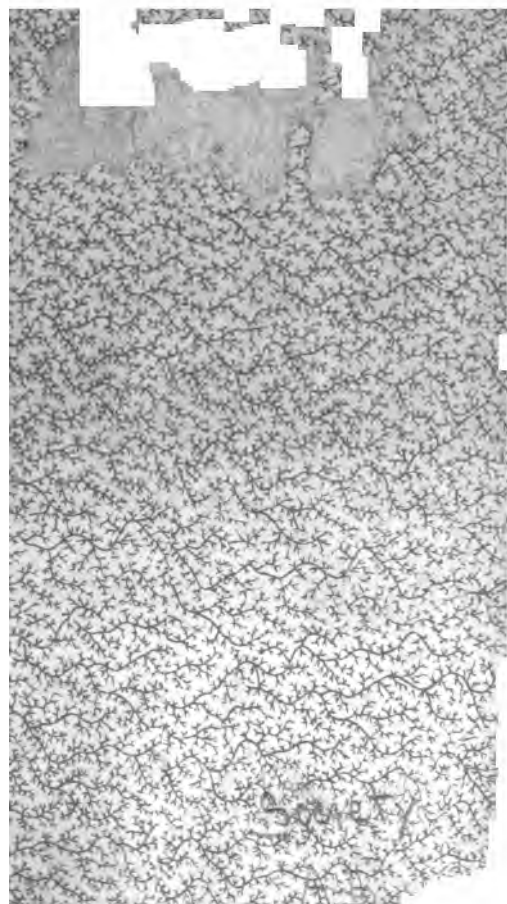


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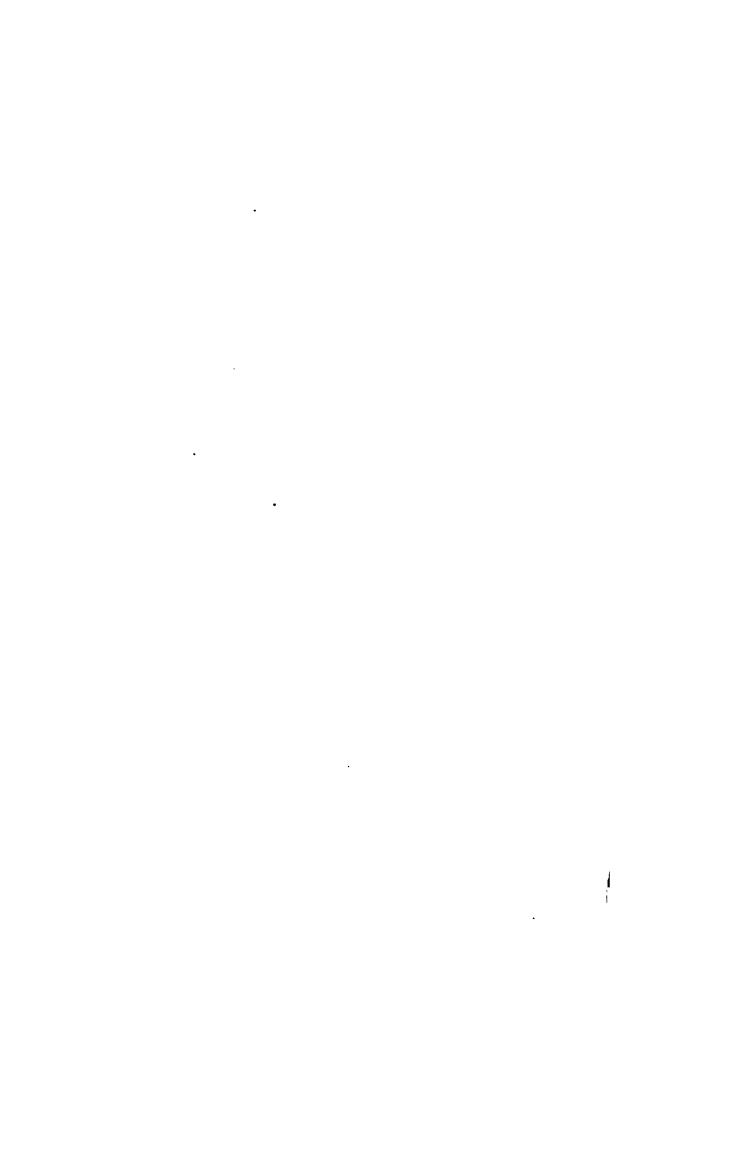
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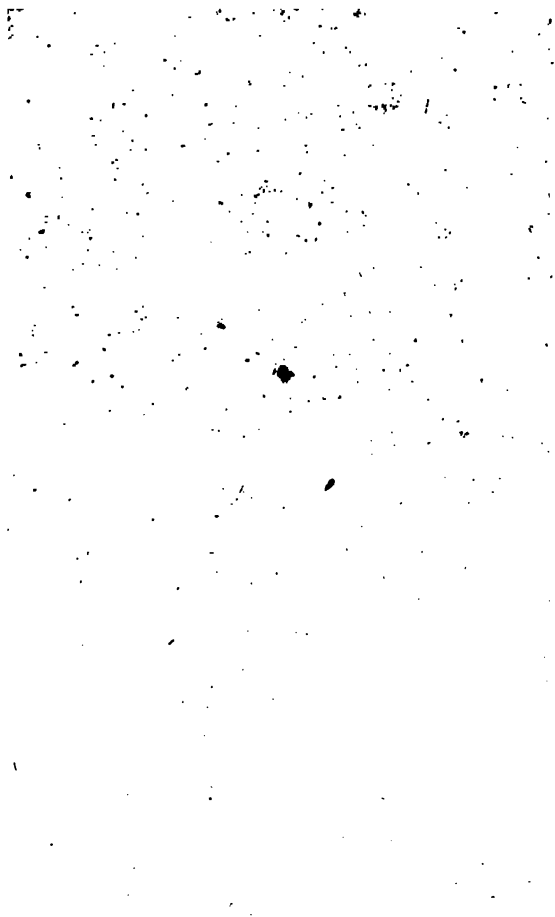














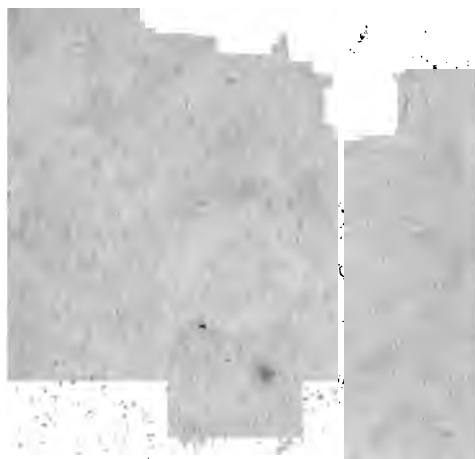
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The following text is a transcription of the handwritten notes on the page. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly related to a collection or a study. The handwriting is somewhat cursive and difficult to read in some places, but the general structure is clear. The text is organized into several paragraphs, with some lines indented. The overall tone is formal and academic.

1. The first entry discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions, including both income and expenses. It emphasizes the need for regular audits and the use of standardized accounting practices to ensure the reliability of the data.

2. The second entry focuses on the role of the auditor in verifying the accuracy of the financial statements. It highlights the importance of independence and objectivity in the audit process, and the need for the auditor to provide a clear and concise report to the management and the board of directors.

3. The third entry discusses the challenges faced by small businesses in managing their finances. It notes that many small businesses lack the resources and expertise to maintain complex accounting systems, and therefore may be at a higher risk of financial mismanagement.

4. The fourth entry explores the impact of technology on the accounting profession. It discusses how the use of computerized accounting systems has increased the efficiency and accuracy of financial reporting, but also notes the need for accountants to stay up-to-date with the latest technological advancements.

5. The fifth entry discusses the ethical responsibilities of accountants. It emphasizes the importance of integrity and honesty in the profession, and the need for accountants to adhere to a strict code of ethics to maintain the trust of their clients and the public.

6. The sixth entry discusses the role of accountants in the corporate sector. It notes that accountants are not just responsible for recording financial transactions, but also play a key role in providing financial advice and analysis to management, and in ensuring compliance with relevant laws and regulations.

7. The seventh entry discusses the future of the accounting profession. It predicts that the demand for accountants will continue to grow, particularly in the areas of tax planning and financial consulting, as businesses become increasingly complex and global.

8. The eighth entry discusses the importance of continuing education for accountants. It notes that the accounting profession is constantly evolving, and therefore accountants must engage in ongoing learning to stay current in their field.

9. The ninth entry discusses the role of accountants in the non-profit sector. It notes that accountants play a crucial role in ensuring the financial transparency and accountability of non-profit organizations, and in helping them to achieve their mission.

10. The tenth entry discusses the impact of globalization on the accounting profession. It notes that as businesses expand internationally, accountants must become familiar with the accounting practices and regulations of different countries, and must be able to work effectively in a multicultural environment.



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OF
SCOTTISH POETS

1813 & 14

PORTRAITS AND VIGNETTES





LIVES
OF
SCOTTISH POETS;

WITH

Portraits and Vignettes.

But he was of "the north countrie,"

A nation fam'd for stude,

The Minstrel.

THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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1822.



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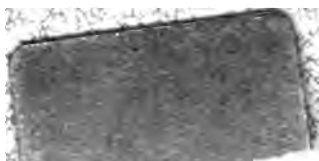
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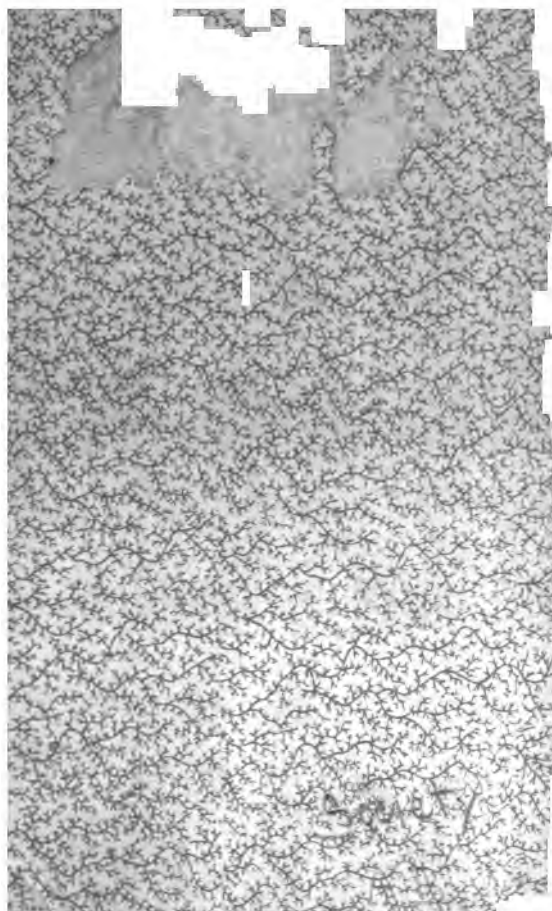
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LIVES
OF
EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

Poets.

JAMES THE SIXTH.

It is doubtful whether there ever was a prince to whom, while living, the press was more lavish of fulsome adulation, than James the Sixth of Scotland and First of Great Britain. Even language itself appears to have been at a loss for epithets to shew forth the matchless qualities ascribed to him. The senate house of the planets was said to have been convened at his birth, to bestow upon him all possible perfections; his government was rarely spoken of but as the quintessence of skill in ruling; and whenever he moved abroad, it was to refresh the hills and groves with the dew of his presence. Nor was this heathenish incense confined to needy men of little minds. Writers of the greatest genius and writers of none, were equally extravagant and profuse in their praises.

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The most profound philosopher that England ever perhaps produced, has, in his *Essay on the Advancement of Learning*, spoken of James in terms which the meanest pretender to letters of the present day would be ashamed to father.

It is probably true, as the Jesuit Gratian remarks, that "there is no prince, however contemptible or vicious, who will not find flatterers to extol him as one of the first of men, nay, almost to revere him as a God."* It is not always, however, that men, whose praise is worth regarding, are to be prevailed upon to play the flatterer's part. When we do find individuals, eminent for their genius and discernment, sacrificing their honor and sincerity at the shrine of royalty, it is a proof of something more than personal meanness. The fact is a type of a degraded age. It marks a time, when, even to the ablest of men, the only way to preferment was to cringe and flatter; when truth and liberty had as yet little or nothing to do with the direction of national concerns; when hereditary wisdom and divine right were the only acknowledged sources of a people's prosperity. It is, as Apollonius saith, "for slaves to lie, and for freemen to speak truth."

The period when James flourished may indeed be regarded as the twilight state of British freedom. The beautiful image of Milton had still to be realized. The eagle had still to "kindle her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; to purge and unscale her long abused sight at the fountain of heavenly radiance."

* "Reflexions Politiques."

reign "more unspotted and unblemished" than James does not adorn the British annals. It would be more singular to share in such an opinion to differ from it. The spots and blemishes in James's character will be found to be numerous, like the stains of Rizzio's blood in his mother's reign, not to be washed out. James was the son of Queen Mary, by her ill-fated second husband and cousin, Henry Lord Darnley, and was born at Edinburgh Castle on the 19th June, 1566. The following year, his mother being forced to abdicate the crown, James was proclaimed king, and the Earl of Morton, who was at the head of the insurrection, was appointed regent. The infant prince was lodged at Stirling Castle, to be brought up under the tutelage of the Earl and Countess of Mar. As he grew up, the Earl of Mar's brother, Alexander Erskine, was appointed the chief superintendent of his education; and under him four preceptors were employed, the

conversation about the prince, rather than his own nearer friends, if he found them not so meet. The two abbots were wise and modest. My lady Mary was wise and sharp, and held the king in great awe and so did Mr. George Buchanan. Mr. Peter Young was more gentle, and was loath to offend the king at any time; carrying himself warily, as a man who had a mind to his own weal, by keeping of his majesty's favour; but Mr. George was a stoic philosopher, who looked not far beforehand; a man of notable endowments for his learning and knowledge of Latin poesy; much honoured in other countries, pleasant in conversation, rehearsing at all occasions moralities short and instructive, whereof he had abundance, inventing where he wanted."

James appears to have been, in his youth, of a very docile but timid disposition: he was an apt scholar and soon acquired a proficiency in letters which reflected no discredit on his instructors. Buchanan in a manly dedication to the young monarch, of his treatise, *De Jure Regni*, written when James was in his thirteenth year, speaks of him in the following favorable terms: "I have deemed its publication, he says, "expedient, that it may at once testify my zeal for your service, and admonish you of your duty to the community. Many circumstances tend to convince me that my present exertions will not prove fruitless; especially your age, yet uncorrupted by perverse opinions; a disposition above your years spontaneously urging you to every noble pursuit; facility in obeying not only your preceptors, but a prudent monitors; a judgment and dexterity in disquisition, which prevent you from paying much re

o authority, unless it be confirmed by solid
ent. I likewise perceive, that, by a kind of
l instinct, you so abhor flattery, the nurse of
y, and the most grievous pest of a legitimate
chy, that you as heartily hate the courtly sole-
and barbarisms, as they are relished and affected
ose who consider themselves the arbiters of
elegance, and who, by way of seasoning their
sation, are perpetually sprinkling it with majes-
rdships, excellencies, and, if possible, with other
sions still more nauseous. Although the bounty
re and the instruction of your governors, may,
sent, secure you against this error, yet am I
lled to entertain some slight degree of suspicion,
ril communication, the alluring nurse of the
should lend an unhappy impulse to your still
mind ; especially as I am not ignorant with
scility the external senses yield to seduction.
, therefore, sent you this treatise, not only as a
r, but even as an importunate and sometimes
ent dun, who, in this turn of life, may convey
eyond the rocks of adulation, and may not
offer you advice, but confine you to the path
you have entered ; and if you should chance
iate, may reprehend you and recall your steps.
obey this monitor, you will ensure tranquillity
rself and your family, and will transmit your
o the most remote posterity." ♦

easy to perceive, under all this tone of com-
e anticipation, some strong misgivings on the
f his venerable preceptor. The very pointed
r in which he applauds the prince's instinctive

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abhorrence of flattery, and dwells on the many risks which he runs of being seduced by it, was in fact only a subtle way of instilling that sort of sentiment in which James was most deficient. Instead of being adulation, one of the earliest propensities which James evinced was an exceeding avidity for it; and far from requiring that "authority should always be confirmed by solid argument," it was in general enough, that some favorite or minion solicited the acquiescence of his judgment. His facility in complying with requests, had early alarmed the sagacity of Buchanan; and hence the patriotic anxiety with which he expresses his fears that it might give an unhappy impulse to his future character. Chytraeus has, on the authority of Buchanan's nephew, recorded a curious expedient which he adopted for the purpose of correcting this foible in his pupil's character. He presented the king with two papers which he requested him to sign; and James, after having slightly interrogated him respecting their contents, readily affixed his signature to each, without the precaution of even a cursory perusal. One of them was a formal transfer of the regal authority to Buchanan for the space of fifteen days. After Buchanan, had quitted the royal presence, one of the courtiers accosted him by his usual title; but Buchanan reproving him, announced the new dignity which had been conferred upon him, and, with the humour for which he was distinguished, began to address the sovereign. He afterwards preserved the same deportment towards the king himself; and when James expressed his surprise at such extraordinary conduct, Buchanan reminded him of having resign-

the crown. This reply did not tend to lessen the confusion of James, who demanding some farther explanation, Buchanan produced the instrument by which he was formally invested with the sovereignty. Resuming the character of tutor, he then seriously admonished the young prince on the folly of assenting to the petitions of any person in so rash a manner.

The impression which the salutary lessons of Buchanan might have made, was probably much lessened by "the awe" in which, as Melvil tells us, he kept his royal pupil. Buchanan appears to have cared little about the sort of regard for himself which he inspired; and in this surely he shewed nothing of the philosopher. "The honourable task," says one of his biographers, "which the voice of his country had assigned to his old age, he discharged with simple integrity, and was little solicitous what impression the strictness of his discipline might leave on the mind of his royal pupil." Nothing can well be conceived more ridiculous than integrity like this; it is like beating and hardening a soil before the seed is sown. In estimating the merit of the discipline which he imposed, the impression which it was to leave on the mind of the pupil was the first and last thing to be considered. To give his precepts effect, he should have used every effort to make the preceptor revered and loved. Buchanan appears, on the contrary, to have demeaned himself so as to be most heartily detested by the young prince. James used, in after life, to say of some person high in office about him, "that he ever trembled at his approach, it minded him so of his pedagogue Buchanan." Of the rude sort of discipline to which he was subjected,

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two remarkable instances have been recorded ; nei of which is at all to Buchanan's credit. The having coveted a tame sparrow which belonged to play-fellow, the master of Mar, solicited him with effect to transfer his right ; and, in attempting to w it out of his hand, he deprived the poor little an of life. Erskine loudly lamented its fate, and circumstances were reported to Buchanan, who his young sovereign a box on the ear, and told that he was himself a true bird of the bloody ne which he belonged. The incident was one from w a more judicious tutor, a Fenelon or a Lindsay, w have taken an opportunity of inculcating a moe perfecting moral and political lesson ; but in the l and sarcasm of Buchanan, we see nothing but ano of those exertions of mere brutal force, which he at the moment affecting to condemn ; and a wae liberality, alike unworthy of him as a man and preceptor. The other instance of Buchanan's d pline does him still less honour ; it shows that could act as passionately from motives of pers resentment, as from any pretended desire to vindi the rights of humanity. A theme which had l prescribed to the royal pupil, was the conspiracy of Earl of Angus and other noblemen during the reig James the Third. After finishing it, James was divee himself with the master of Mar. Buchanan, who in the mean time, intent on reading, finding him annoyed by their mirth, requested the king to sist ; but as no attention was paid to the hin threatened to accompany his next injunction something more impressive than words. James, w ear had been tickled by the quaint application of

he mentioned in his theme, archly replied, that
 he would be glad to see who would *bell the cat*. Bu-
 chanan immediately threw aside his book with indig-
 nant, and bestowed upon the delinquent that species
 of discipline which is deemed most ignominious. The
 earl of Mar being attracted by the wailing which
 he heard, rushed into the room, and demanded of Bu-
 chanan, "how he presumed to lay his hand upon the
 anointed?" To this interrogation he is said
 to have returned the coarsest possible answer; desir-
 ing ladyship to kiss what he had whipped.

regent, Morton, having rendered himself unpopu-
 lar by various acts of rapacity and cruelty, so strong
 opposition was raised against him, that in 1577 he
 under the necessity of resigning the government
 into the hands of the young king. The resignation,
 however, was but temporary. In less than a year
 Morton, repairing to Stirling, contrived to gain
 the garrison to his interest, and then seizing his
 king's person, resumed his former authority. James,
 however, found means to despatch a letter secretly to
 Perth, complaining of this treatment, when great
 emotions were instantly excited. The citizens
 were moved to march to his relief, and Morton, to avert
 the storm, found it necessary to convey the king to
 Perth.

The entrance of James into his capital was cele-
 brated by a splendid pageant; the style of which
 only contributed not a little to give a fixed ascen-
 dancy to that inherent vanity of character, of the
 effects of which Buchanan was so justly apprehensive.
 He entered the West Port, a party of masks, repre-
 senting a deputation of the wise men of the east,

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hailed him as a second Solomon come to bless the nations. The story of the two women striving for the child was then represented, to signify to the people the surpassing wisdom which they might expect to find in the decrees of their young sovereign. As he advanced, Love presented him with the keys of the city; Peace harangued him in the language of Arcadia; Plenty offered her congratulations in that of Campania; and Justice, as a more home-bred deity, told him in plain Scotch, "how unco glad she was to see him." His majesty then repaired to St. Giles's Church, where Religion made a solemn address to him in *Hebrew*; after which, a worthy divine expounded, in a short sermon of two hours and a half, the causes, circumstances, and consequences of the distressed state of the kingdom of Israel, that is to say, the *modern* kingdom of Israel, inhabited by that chosen people of God, the Scotch. After sermon, his majesty repaired to the market cross, where he found Bacchus bestriding a hogshead, and distributing bumpers of wine among the people; while trumpets sounded, and the multitude helped to rend the air with their shouts. The king then descended the High Street, towards the ancient palace of Holyrood; as he entered which, the shades of all the Scottish kings from Fergus I., appeared to welcome him as the living representative of their manifold virtues.

James, who was as yet only in his twelfth year, made but a boy's use of his liberty. He was no sooner released from the stern controul of Morton, than he gave himself up to the guidance of two favorites, the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Arran, who, with the policy usual to favorites, made it their study to occu-

by the young
 aspect of the _____ and to _____ with _____
 such as presented to him that a king _____
 ought to have any thing more serious to attend to.
 They continued, by these means, to arrogate to them-
 selves the whole exercise of the royal authority; and
 converting it only for private ends of the worst descrip-
 tion, soon brought the _____ of their royal
 master into the greatest _____ contempt.

A party of the nobles, headed by the Earl of Gowrie,
 entered into a combination to rescue the young sove-
 reign from this degrading state of suzerainty. "As
 the king," says Crawford, "was returning from stag
 hunting in Athole, in his way towards Dundrennane,
 he was invited by the Earl of Gowrie to his house of
 Ruthven, near Perth. The Earl, who was at the head
 of the conspiracy, instantly sent to advertise his friends
 of what had happened. Whereupon, several of the
 discontented nobility, and all those that were in the
 English interest at hand, repaired to Ruthven, where,
 without any ceremony, they resolved to detain the
 king and keep him prisoner. The next day, when
 the king was essaying to go out, they stoped him;
 wherefore, growing into a passion and weeping, Sir
 Thomas Lyon boldly, though rudely, told him, 'it
 was no matter for his tears—better that bairns greet
 than bearded men.'"

The conspirators went through the form of present-
 ing a remonstrance to their royal captive, stating "the
 false accusations, calumnies, oppressions, and perse-
 cutions which they had suffered for two years, by
 means of the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Arran,
 the like whereof were never heretofore borne in Scot-

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land." James, yielding to the necessity of his situation, sent an order to Lennox to quit the kingdom and another for the imprisonment of Arran; and the same time, issued a proclamation discharging commissions which he had given to either of the and declaring that in so doing he acted not from compulsion, but from a view to the good of the commonwealth.

The party who had now got James into their power had certainly the good of their country at heart; it must be confessed that they employed their ascendancy in a way little calculated to win over the young prince to a cordial approbation of the course which had been forcibly imposed upon him. Disciples of the reformed religion, they suffered its ministers to have a degree of influence over them in matters pertaining to the civil administration, which to no priesthood can ever be conceded with safety. Instead of endeavoring to moderate the fiery zeal of Presbyterianism, they rather encouraged it to wander into excesses, not only personally offensive to the king, but subversive of the most important attributes of sovereign authority. It was a zeal without knowledge; which, left to itself, did not disdain to descend to acts of the pettiest hostility. When Henry the Third of France sent over an ambassador to James, the Presbyterian preachers refused to believe, that the envoy of a Catholic king could come for any other purpose than with some secret design to restore the Catholic religion; and, acting on this shrewd suspicion alone, they proceeded to inveigh against him by name from their pulpits, in a manner which set propriety and decency at defiance. And when

magistrates of Edinburgh had, at the request of the king, appointed a day for publicly entertaining the ambassador and his suite, the clergy thought it a right cunning trick of their craft, to order a general fast to be observed on the occasion, and, that there might be no evasion of it, they took care to keep the people all day in church by the length of their sermons!

The reign of the Gowrie administration did not however last long. James contrived to escape out of the hands of his keepers; and calling his old favorite, Arran, and others of like disposition around him, issued a proclamation, declaring his majesty's detention at Rathven to be an act of treason on the part of all concerned in it; and promising pardon only on condition of their making the most prompt and abject submission. An attempt by Gowrie and his friends to protect themselves from the effects of this re-action was unsuccessful; and Gowrie, being taken, was tried, condemned, and executed for treason.

Arran now ruled with undivided sway; James gave himself up entirely to his direction, and was in fact only king in name. The most important offices of the state were conferred on the favorite, and he "so ruled," says Crawford, "as to make the whole subjects tremble under him, and every man to depend upon him."

The sagacious, though austere, Buchanan thus beheld all his worst fears respecting his royal pupil realized. He saw him the confirmed slave of that propensity to flattery and favouritism, which he had early marked in his disposition, and against which he had so assiduously but vainly endeavoured to fortify his mind. The treatise which Buchanan had written, for a

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perpetual admonition to James, of the reciprocal rights of kings and their subjects, he had now the mortification to find not only proscribed at court, but, through the influence of the court, solemnly condemned by the legislature. Buchanan had ventured to maintain that all power is derived from the people ; that it is more safe to entrust our liberties to the definite protection of the laws, than to the precarious discretion of the king ; that the king is bound by those conditions, under which the supreme power was originally committed to his hands ; that it is lawful to resist, and even to punish, tyrants.* Such doctrines as these were little palatable to the sort of persons who had now the direction of James's conduct, and in a parliament which they called in the year 1584, they procured an act, condemning the Dialogue *De Jure Regni*, as also the History of Scotland, which Buchanan had written in the same spirit, as unfit to remain for a record of truth to posterity ; and commanding every person who possessed copies of them, to surrender them

* During the earlier part of James's minority, and when Buchanan was supposed to have some influence over the young king's proceedings, several coins were struck, with a remarkable inscription borrowed from the Emperor Trajan. One side presented a naked sword, supporting a crown on its point, and surrounded with this legend, *Pro Me. Si Merear. In Me.* "I give you this sword to use for me, but if I deserve it, to plunge into me." "*Hoc lemma,*" says Ruddiman, "*(quo et suum adversus reges ingenium prodit)* Georgium Buchananum Jacobi VI. præceptorem subministrasse omnes consentiunt."

within forty days, under a penalty of two hundred pounds, in order that they might be purged of the "offensive and extraordinary matters" which they contained.*

The severity with which Buchanan speaks, in his History, of the conduct of Queen Mary, is said to have been one considerable cause of its thus sharing

* So slow was the progress of rational liberty, that for a century after, the Dialogue *De Jure Regni* continued an object of legislative proscription. In 1664, the privy council of Scotland issued a proclamation, prohibiting all subjects, of whatever degree, quality, or rank, from transcribing or circulating any copies of a manuscript translation of the Dialogue *De Jure Regni*. And in 1683, the university of Oxford doomed the work to the flames, along with those of Milton, Languet, and several other political heretics! It may not be out of place to add the character which has been given of this once proscribed work, by one of the ablest political writers of our own day. "Buchanan," says Sir James Mackintosh, in his Defence of the French Revolution, "seems to have been the first scholar who caught from the ancients the noble flame of republican enthusiasm. This praise is merited by his neglected, though incomparable tract *De Jure Regni*, in which the principles of popular politics, and the maxims of a free government, are delivered with a precision and enforced with an energy which no former age had equalled, and no succeeding one has surpassed."

A. S.

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the fate of the Dialogue *De Jure Regni*. Nor can it be denied, that much ought to be conceded to the warmth of a son's resentment for a mother's wrongs. But James had never hitherto shewn any thing of the feelings of a son towards his unhappy parent, and has therefore no claim to apology on that account. He had never as yet evinced more than a passing concern for her misfortunes ; nor, though rising into manhood, had he taken any step to rescue her from the afflicting captivity to which a treacherous and cruel rival had consigned her. A generous gallantry had, time after time, given birth to schemes for her release ; but the world had long waited in vain for the hour, when filial duty and national honour were to arm a son and sovereign in the ill-fated Mary's behalf.

When Elizabeth was, at length, on the eve of consummating her cruelty to Mary, by an act of atrocity as wicked as any recorded in the annals of time,—when death on the scaffold was the threatened termination of Mary's sufferings,—James did, from a regard to decency, what affection would probably never have prompted. He sent a remonstrance to Elizabeth, protesting against the illegality of the proceedings against his mother, and pledging his credit both at home and abroad, to revenge any injury offered to her person. Elizabeth, however, paid no attention to his remonstrance ; and the murder of Mary was perpetrated.

The King of France too remonstrated against the bloody deed ; but, if Rapin may be credited, Bel-lievre, the French ambassador, had, at the same time, orders to solicit privately the execution of Mary. Had the Scotch envoy orders of the same kind ? The

supposition shocks belief; yet Rapin does add, that Gory, the Scotch envoy, also advised in private the making her away, saying, "a dead woman bites not." Ambassadors may, at times, act without orders; but it is seldom that they hazard what they are not quite sure will be agreeable to their masters.

When the tidings of his mother's fate reached James, he exhibited every outward sign of grief and indignation. Elizabeth, in writing to him on the subject, had the impious effrontery to appeal to the supreme Judge of Heaven and Earth, that she was innocent of Mary's death; but James seemed to reject, with proper disdain, her hypocritical excuses, and even set about preparations for war.

There, however, his wrath ended; for no war ensued. James soon resumed his friendly correspondence with the English court, and even descended to become a pensioner on the bounty of his mother's destroyer.

The proximity of James, on this occasion, met soon after with a reproof, which, though not very generally known, is sufficiently remarkable. An English ship happened to be seized upon the west coast by Roderick Macneil, Laird of Barray, surnamed Roy the Turbulent. Queen Elizabeth complained of it to James, as an act of piracy, committed upon her subjects, and insisted on redress. The Laird of Barray was accordingly brought to trial, at Edinburgh, for the offence. He was interrogated, why he treated Queen Elizabeth's subjects with such injustice? Macneil replied, that he thought himself bound by his loyalty to retaliate, as much as lay in his power, the unpardonable injury

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by the Queen of England to his own sovereign, his majesty's mother. Macneil was, notwithstanding, found guilty, and his life and estate forfeited. James, however, felt too sensibly the force of the defence set up, to allow the sentence to be carried into execution. He not only granted Macneil his life, but so ordered matters, that the forfeiture of property was rendered merely nominal. The crown gave a grant of the property to the tutor Kintail, who conveyed it back to Macneil, on condition of an annual payment of the trifling amount

sixty merks Scots, or 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling. This giving Elizabeth satisfaction after her own dissembling fashion, and is perhaps the only incident connected with this dark passage of Scotch and English history on which a Scotsman can look back with satisfaction.

In the year 1589, James contracted a matrimonial alliance with Ann, second daughter of Frederick King of Denmark. The lady, on her way to land, being driven back by contrary winds, impatient at the detention of his bride, crossed seas in quest of her, and, after a winter of feasting and revelry at Copenhagen, returned his queen to Scotland in May, 1590.

"The solemnity of the queen's coronation," was conducted with great magnificence, "the order of bishops falling first, and the order of nobles following."

JAMES THE SIXTH.

one of the people, took an
it in a very remarkable
ly of the presbyterian
shortly after his arrival
Denmark, "he stood up," says Calderwood,
with his bonnet off, and his hands lifted up to heaven,
and said, he praised God that he was born in the time
of the light of the gospel, and in such a place, as
to be king of such a church, the sincerest kirk in the
world. The church of Geneva keep Pasche and
Easter (Easter and Christmas). What have they for
them? They have no institution. As for our neigh-
bour kirk of England, their service is an evil said
mass in English; they want nothing of the mass but
the liftings. I charge you, my good ministers, doc-
tors, elders, nobles, gentlemen, and barons, to stand
for your purity, and to exhort the people to do the
same, and I forsooth as long as I brook life, shall
maintain the same."

Notwithstanding the warmth of this protestation,
the presbyterian clergy appear to have placed no
doubt in its sincerity; and the old warfare between the
parliament and throne was speedily revived. They sus-
pected James of a secret inclination to popery; and
there is sufficient evidence extant to shew, that he
had at least, no friend at heart to that presbyterian
church, which he publicly pretended to regard as
the sincerest kirk in the world."

A deputation from another general assembly, which
met in May, 1592, drew from James a very different
harangue from that which we have just quoted.
Addressed to the deputation, in terms of great
respect, his indignation against the clergy for

speaking with so much freedom from the pulpit against him and his nobility, and defending the conduct of the Earl of Murray, Buchanan, and Knox; who, added his majesty, "could only be defended by traitors and seditious theologues." The deputation seem, at first, to have replied with some degree of reserve; but the audience being renewed in the afternoon, Andrew Melvin spoke out with such unmeasured boldness in defence of the objects of his majesty's resentment, that the Chancellor (Arran) told him, that he had appeared to have forgotten "the errand he came for." Melvin undauntedly replied, that he would not be silenced by him or any other subject. The king renewed his censure of the good regent, (as Murray was called,) and his two adherents; and particularly objected to Buchanan's book, *De Jure Regni*. "These men," said Melvin, "placed the crown on your majesty's head." "No," replied James, "the crown came to me by succession, and not through the favour of any man." Melvin rejoined, that "they were, however, the instrument and whoever has prejudiced your mind against the is neither true to your majesty, nor to the commonwealth." The king afterwards remarked, that King had called his mother a —, and had approved "the slaughter of David" in her presence. "king or queen," said Patrick Galloway, "be a derer, why should they not be called so?"

The jealousy with which the clergy regarded James, never slept. Some new circumstance of suspicion was constantly arising to wake it into passion. When the Spanish armada invaded England nobles of Scotland, who still adhered to the

Smith, and, were banished the country. After a short absence, James was prevailed on to suffer their return. The clergy immediately sounded the alarm of the danger from popery, and railed against the king for his clemency in the bitterest terms. In particular, one Black, a minister of St. Andrew's, in a sermon declared, that the king, by permitting the return of the popish lords, had demonstrated the treachery of his heart; he said, that all kings were the devil's children; that Satan ruled the Scottish court; that Queen Elizabeth was an atheist; that the nobility were enemies to the church; and the Lords of Session a set of miscreants and bribers.

Black was summoned to answer for this extravagant abuse before the privy council; but he insisted, that the conduct or language of a clergyman in the pulpit could only be tried before the ecclesiastical courts. The king found himself too weak to inflict any punishment upon the "seditious theologues;" and his brethren, the clergy, instead of censuring his conduct, ordained a solemn fast to be kept, to avert impending judgments, on account of the ill-treatment of the faithful pastors of the church. The ministers of Edinburgh shewed especial zeal on the occasion; and to it, we are told, by an anonymous letter, which intimated that the king had some dangerous enemies on foot against them. Walter Balcanquhall, a long invective from the pulpit against the policy of the king and his ministers, addressed himself to the nobility then present, and called on them to imitate the conduct of their ancestors in wisely supporting their religion; and requested

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the principal persons present to meet at the end of the service, to assist himself and his colleagues with their advice. At this conference, a petition was prepared and ordered to be presented to the king by two noblemen, two gentlemen, and two ministers. The persons who presented the petition treated his majesty with little ceremony; and a multitude of people crowding into the presence after them, the king became alarmed, and withdrew suddenly into another room, the doors of which he ordered to be made fast. When the people learned that the king had thus evaded giving an ear to their complaints, they became quite outrageous, and, if they had not been restrained by the deacon convener, to whom it belonged to unfurl the blue blanket,* there was great danger that they would have forced open the doors, and destroyed the king and all that were with him.

James, to avoid a second petition, withdrew from Edinburgh to Linlithgow, from which he issued a proclamation, reciting the "treasonable uproar" which had driven him from the capital, and commanding the Lords of Session to remove from it as "an unsafe place for the ministration of justice," and "all noblemen and barons to despatch them to their homes, and not presume to convene either in that or any other place, without his majesty's licence, under the pain of his highness's displeasure."

The obedience shewn to this proclamation was more general and implicit than might have been ex-

* The ancient banner; the unfurling of which was a signal of danger, on which all the citizens of Edinburgh were bound to rally around it.

pected. The rage of the people sub sided wonderfully ; and their ministers, after attempting in vain to procure an association of the nobility and gentry in their defence, were under the necessity of flying to England. A meeting of parliament was called by James ; and the tumult having been declared high treason, a resolution was adopted to commence a process against the incorporation of Edinburgh. The affair, however, was finally hushed up, by the city's agreeing to pay to the king a fine of 20,000 marks.

The attention of the people was now drawn to an event which has been justly termed one of the most problematical in Scottish history—the celebrated *Gowrie Conspiracy*. James shall himself be the relater of the story of this extraordinary transaction.

On the 5th of August, 1600, says the authentic account which his majesty published, when James was residing at Falkland, going out to hunt in the morning, he was accosted by Alexander Ruthven, who informed him, that on the preceding evening he had seized a stranger, who had under his cloak a pot filled with a vast quantity of foreign gold ; that he had secured the stranger, and thought it his duty to inform the king. James suspected him to be a foreign priest, come to excite commotions in the kingdom, and wished to send authority to the magistrates of Perth to enquire into the matter ; but Ruthven eagerly persuaded the king to go in person for that purpose. The king accordingly went to Perth, with only twenty persons in his train, and was met by the Earl of Gowrie and several citizens. The king was invited to a repast at the earl's house, during which the earl is said to have looked pensive and embarrassed. When the repast



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was over, and his majesty's attendants had retired in another room, Ruthven whispered James, now was the time to go to the chamber where stranger was kept. James assenting, Ruthven ducted him up a staircase, and then through apartments, the doors of which he locked behind him, till he came to a small study, in which stood a man clad in armour, with a sword and a dagger by his side. The king, who expected to find one disarmed and bound, started, and inquired if this was the person? On this, Ruthven snatched the dagger from the girdle of the man in armour holding it to the king's breast, "Remember," he, "how unjustly my father suffered by your command; you are now my prisoner; submit to my proposal without resistance or outcry; or this dagger shall avenge his blood." James expostulated with Ruthven; entreated and flattered him. The man in armour stood all the while motionless. Ruthven tested, that if the king raised no outcry his life should be safe; and then, moved by some unknown reason, retired from the closet to call his brother, leaving the man in armour the care of the king, who was bound by oath not to make any noise in his absence.

While the king was in this critical situation, his attendants growing impatient to know whether he had retired, one of Gowrie's servants entered the chamber and told them the king had just rode away to the field. All of them rushed out into the street, Gowrie seconding their hurry, called for their horses to be got ready. By this time, his brother, Alexander Ruthven, had joined the king, and swearing there was no alternative, but that he must die, of

to bind his hands. Unarmed as James was, he scorned to submit to that indignity, and closing with the assassin, a fierce struggle ensued. The man in armour still stood as before, amazed and motionless ; and the king, dragging Ruthven towards a window, which, during his absence, he had persuaded the person with whom he was left to open, cried, with a wild and affrighted voice, "Treason! Treason! Help! I am murdered."

His attendants heard and knew the voice, and saw at the window a hand which grasped the king's neck with violence. They flew to his assistance. The Duke of Lennox and Earl of Mar, with the greater number, ran up the principal staircase, but found all the doors shut. Sir John Ramsay, with a few others, entering by a back staircase which led to the apartment where the king was, found the door open, and rushing upon Ruthven, who was still struggling with the king, struck him twice with his dagger, and thrust him towards the staircase, where Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries met and killed him ; Ruthven crying with his last breath, "Alas! I am not to blame for this action." During this scuffle, the man in armour, who had been concealed in the study, escaped unobserved. Along with Ramsay, Erskine, and Herries, one Wilson, a footman, returned into the room where the king was ; but before they had time to close the door, Gowrie rushed in with a drawn sword in each hand, followed by seven of his attendants well armed, and, with a loud voice, threatened them all with instant death. Ramsay and his party, though so unequal in numbers, faced the earl, and a smart encounter ensued ; Ramsay pierced

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Gowrie through the heart, who fell down dead without uttering a word ; and his followers having received several wounds, immediately fled. A great noise continued at the door opening from the principal staircase, where many persons were labouring in vain to force a passage. The king, being assured that they were Lennox, Mar, and his other friends, ordered them to be admitted. On their rushing forward and finding the king unexpectedly safe, nothing could exceed the warmth of their congratulations ; and James falling on his knees with all his attendants around him offered solemn thanks to God for so wonderful a deliverance.

The danger, however, was not yet over. The inhabitants of the town, whose Provost Gowrie was and by whom he was extremely beloved, hearing the fate of the two brothers, ran to arms and surrounded the house, threatening revenge and making use of many insolent and opprobrious expressions against the king. James endeavoured to pacify the enraged multitude by speaking to them from a window ; he admitted their magistrates into the house, and related to them the whole circumstances they had occurred ; these being repeated to the people their fury subsided and they dispersed. The bodies of the two brothers were committed to the custody of the magistrates of Perth, and the king returned in the evening to Falkland.

Diligent search was made for the man in arms from whom great discoveries were expected ; but Henderson, the Earl of Gowrie's steward, who, upon a promise of pardon, confessed himself to be the man, declared he was quite a stranger to the designs of

noted, and placed in the closet by his
 name d. he not even know for what end that
 action —, been an od him. Three other attend-
 ants of the earl being, victed of assisting him in his
 assault upon the ki s servants, were executed at
 with; but they coul w no light on the particu-
 r object which their n in view.

A violent dispute on subject of this conspiracy
 raised between the hi l the clergy. The latter
 asserted, that the mi detail published by the
 part was a mere fabric a to cover a plan which
 maces had formed and l for destroying two
 popular characters who w le to the pres-
 byterian interest, and v se y was odious to
 maces. They, therefore, n to return public
 thanks to God for the l escape, and some of
 em, on this account, w banished. Nor was it
 home alone that the s y of the conspiracy was
 credited. Osborn tells us, that not a Scotsman
 uld be met with beyond sea who did not laugh at
 and agree that the relation murdered all possibility
 credit.

was, indeed, a strange story. Two brothers
 give the design of murdering the king in revenge
 for father's death; and the mode which they de-
 vised the fittest for the bloody purpose, is to wile
 him to their own castle, so that there may be no
 one who committed the deed, nor any chance of
 escaping the punishment which it merited! James
 lured into a closet to be murdered, in the
 presence of a man in armour, who, though in armour,
 did there for no other purpose than to look on;
 his sins being careful that the foul deed should

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to be committed without some person to witness, and, if necessary, to swear afterwards which of the others struck the deadly blow. Gowrie has not heart enough for the job, and throws the execution of it on his brother Alexander, who, instead of poignarding James at once, as he might have done, and as any ordinary assassin would have done, first proceeds, with all the decent formality of a public executioner, to apprise James that his last hour is now come, and that he must, for quietness sake, suffer his hands to be tied! James, animated by the desperation of the moment, with a courage which nature had denied to him constitutionally, struggles with Ruthven, and, in spite of the odds against him, succeeds in dragging the assassin to the window; which window, by the way, James, as if he foresaw what was to happen, had cunningly taken care to prevail on the man in armor to open, while Gowrie had gone out for his brother. Minutes elapse before Sir John Ramsay, alarmed by the cries of the king, can reach the closet; James is all this while struggling for his life against a man armed with a dagger, and escapes without a single wound or even scratch to swear by! Ruthven, though so hard pressed, though on the brink of exposure and destruction, never asks his man in armor to lend a hand; and the man in armor as unaccountably stands by and never offers to take his part! Gowrie rushes in to his brother's aid, content with one trusty rapier, comes armed with sword in each hand! In short it would be to recapitulate all the absurdities with which the tale is fraught. It is from beginning to end a marvellous pable invention. We may well say with M

Brace. of the d d at sh-
ing t n ty sur disc of pre-
tends conspiracy; "we we or as
reverence his maje r's rep we
will reverence then but we we per-
suaded of the truth of them."

The only part of this mysterious proceeding, of which, unfortunately, there is no reason to doubt, is that the two brothers were violently put to death by the king's followers, when, if they had done any thing to merit death, they might have been as easily seized and brought to a legal trial. It is shocking to suppose, that James could have been accessory to a plot for taking away the lives of two innocent men beloved for their virtues; but he has left us no alternative between believing so, or believing another story which sets all credibility at defiance. It was the duty of James, as he regarded his character, to shew that a tragical event, in which he played so principal a part, was justifiably brought about; and since he has failed—miserably failed, in doing so, the world cannot be to blame that doth accuse him.

In 1603, the death of Queen Elizabeth opened, for James, the way to the English throne. On the Sunday previous to his departure for England, he went to the church of Saint Giles, as if to take a solemn farewell of the subjects of his native kingdom. The minister preached an appropriate discourse; and, the people seeming to be much moved, the king addressed them, at the end of the service;—expressed his great affection to them; requested them not to be dejected on account of his departure; and promised, that his power of serving them was now increased,

they should derive a proportionable advantage from his liberality.

It was thought by some individuals of consideration in England, particularly Lord Cobham, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir John Fortescue, that the accession of a stranger to the English throne, afforded a favorable opportunity for fixing, in a more precise manner than had yet been done, the bounds of the royal prerogative ; and they were, therefore, desirous of having a declaration of rights prepared for James's assent, in the same manner as was afterwards done with respect to William, at the revolution of 1688. In this wise and patriotic design, however, they were overruled by Cecil, Northumberland, and others of greater influence, who wished to curry favour with the new monarch ; and James was allowed to ascend the English throne, unfettered by a single stipulation.

The opinions which James was known to entertain, on the subject of kingly power, made this want of a compact the more to be lamented. The flatterers, with whom he had, from his boyhood, been surrounded had completely eradicated all that respect for popular rights, which his early preceptor, Buchanan, had laboured to instil into his mind ; and by his solemn proscription of the Dialogue *De Jure Regni*, he had proclaimed to the world, that it was by the tenure of divine and hereditary right alone, he held the sovereignty of one kindom, and aspired to that of another. When, accordingly, he was allowed to take possession, without ceremony, of the vacant throne of England, he did so with an idea that he succeeded to the same nearly unlimited power, which, for upwards of a century, had been exercised by the English sovereigns.

The able conduct and peculiar conjunctures of circumstances to which his predecessors were so much indebted for the preservation of the sceptre, he seems to have entirely overlooked ; and to one who could imagine that they had reigned so long by the mere force of their divine right, it was a matter of natural inference, that there could be no danger or difficulty in trusting to the same convenient sanction for whatever he should please to do ; no matter, how imprudent, unjust, intolerant, or capricious.

That this is no exaggerated picture of James's real sentiments, is proved by his public declarations on more than one occasion. In a speech to parliament in 1621, he was pleased to reprove them in very sharp terms, for not saying " that their privileges were derived from the grace and permission of him and his ancestors." And when the same parliament protested that " the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England ;" he was so enraged, that, sending for the journals of the Commons, he, with his own hand, before the council, tore out this protestation, and ordered his reprobation of such extraordinary doctrine to be recorded in the Council book.

Had James been a prince of ability and virtue, it would have been a matter of indifference what his speculative opinions were, respecting the relationship between kings and their subjects. He would have ruled well in spite of them ; nor would the want of a constitutional compact have been greatly felt. But being of a weak mind and corrupt disposition, the extravagant notion which he entertained of the royal

prerogative, could only be expected to serve as an apology for unbounded folly and great wickedness.

To the interested policy of Cecil and his party, we may, therefore, in a great measure ascribe the calamities which were brought upon the English and Scottish nations, by the arbitrary pretensions of the Stuart race. They might have established the rights of the people on a sure basis, and they did not; for the sake of sharing in the first spoils of despotism, they gave up their country into its hands for ages.

One of the first uses which James made of his newly-acquired power, was of a nature peculiarly calculated to give offence to the English nation. He was followed to England as to another Canaan, overflowing with milk and honey, by numbers of the neediest and least worthy of his countrymen; and, true to the promise which he made when leaving Edinburgh, he was not sparing to them of the good things which he had it now in his power to bestow. Wealth and honors were showered upon them with the most indecent profusion; nay, so public did the reproach become, that James was under the necessity of making some apology for it to parliament. The manner in which he excused himself presents a curious specimen of ingenuous assurance. "Had I been oversparing to them," said he, "they might have thought Joseph had forgotten his brethren, or that the king had been drunk with his new kingdom. If I did respect the English when I came first—what might the Scotch have justly said, if I had not in some measure dealt bountifully with them that so long had served me, so far adventured themselves with me, and been so faithful to me? Such particular persons of the Scottish

as might claim any extraordinary merit at my
I have already seasonably rewarded; and I
ware you that there is none left for whom I
extraordinarily to strain myself farther."

s true, that, bountiful as James was to his own
ymen, he was still more so to some of his new
ts. Sir Anthony Weldon tells us, that "they
en lived at court, and were curious observers of
man's actions, could have affirmed that Salis-
Suffolk, and Northampton, and their friends did
re than the whole nation of Scotland, Dunbar
ed. All the Scots in general scarce got the
of these English getters."

English nation had doubtless great reason to
ain of the prodigality of their new monarch;
ot because he shewed more favour to the natives
one kingdom, than those of the other; they
lament a prince intoxicated by his exaltation; a
whose ear was to be gained by any one, whether
or English, who could minister to his vanity
usement; a prince, unable to appreciate either
alue of what he gave away, or the merit of
on whom it was bestowed. "Merit, as such,"
says very truly, "was always neglected or over-
l by him; he knew it not, or regarded it not, but
red his flatterers to all others."

res, in a speech to parliament, Anno 1609,
l that "at his entrance into England, they saw
ake knights by hundreds, and barons in great
er." Osborn assures us, that in the first two
of his reign, he made the amazing number of
ousand and twenty-two knights; and from
ck's Parliamentary Debates, we learn that he

added no less than sixty-two members to Such a prostitution of honors and pre have been of pernicious example, conferred ; but to the English nation i no small aggravation of the evil, that portion of them should have been bo viduals, who were aliens to the count pense they took place. It is imposs scribe to the justice of what Harris say " Had there been an union of the two had doubtless been good policy ; bu not, these preferments could serve no to create jealousies among the Engl complaints. For why should men of a have the power of legislation ? Wh whose property lay elsewhere, and wh were at a distance, have a power of which they themselves might easily reach of, and their families be free from the will of James, who, though he seld himself, cared not to be counselled, an nerally acted unwisely."

The attachment which James had i in Scotland, for the Presbyterian chu cerest church in the world," as he v call it, led the Puritans in England, a spirit and doctrines, to indulge strong h in the sight of their new sovereign. A ed by no less than seven hundred and of this persuasion, was presented to Ja lating him on his accession to the th however, quickly convinced them, tha len into a very unscriptural delusion in

in princes." The celebrated conference at Hampton Court was summoned, for the professed purpose of entering into the objections of the puritans, against doctrine, government, and discipline of the established church; but in reality to afford James an opportunity of publicly recanting all he had ever said in favour, and of shewing with what kingly decency he could abuse and laugh at men, among whom he before blessed heaven, it was his lot to be cast. "I will tell you," said he, to the lords and bishops; "I have lived among this sort of men ever since I was years old; but I may say of myself, as Christ of himself, though I have lived among them, yet I had ability to judge, I was never of them." Singing of Scotch Presbyterianism, he added, that he agreed with a monarchy as God, and the Devil. Jack and Tom, and Will and Dick, shall, and at their pleasure censure me and my council and all our proceedings. Then Will shall stand up and say, it must be thus; then Dick shall reply, say, 'Nay, marry, but we will have it thus.'"—This, concluded he, addressing himself to the puritan delegates, was all they aimed at, "he would have them conform, or would hurry them out of the country or else do worse."* We may see from this, it was not without abundant reason the Scotch clergy distrusted James's professions of attachment to their religion; and those who may be

Barlow's Account of the Conference at Hampton Court.

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disposed to condemn the acrimonious style of warf which they waged against him from their pulpi ought to make considerable allowance for the fa that it was against an enemy who would have c stroyed them if he could, that they contended.

The English puritans, so far from having the la against them relaxed, found them, throughout t whole of James's reign, enforced with greater sever than ever. The consequence, as Oldcastle well marks, was, that "those sects who were not dang ous at first, became so at last ; for nothing is fou more true in nature and experience than this, t they who are oppressed by governments will ende vour to change them ; and that he who makes him terrible to multitudes will have multitudes to fear."

The decided part which James took against t puritans gained him, of course, boundless praise fr their prelatical opponents. Archbishop Whitgift, complimenting James on the part he took in t Conference, said, that "undoubtedly his majes spake by the special assistance of God's spirit And Bishop Bancroft (who had a step to gain whi the archbishop had not) falling on his knees, p tested that, "his heart melted with joy, and ma haste to acknowledge unto Almighty God his sing lar mercy in giving them such a king, as since Chris time the like had not been."* What can we think the honesty of men who could descend to such i pious flattery as this, or of the understanding of prince who could listen to it with satisfaction ?

* Barlow.

mes, not content with thus abjuring the religion which he had been brought up, and which he had "as long as he brooked life to maintain," red to exert all the increased authority and power he possessed to force his countrymen to abjure a. "I will have one doctrine," said he at the senate, "and one discipline; one religion in sense and in ceremony." That religion he red should be episcopacy; asserting, that it was such *divine ordinationis* as royalty itself. "No p, no king," was an aphorism for ever in his h. James, however, over-rated his power prously, in supposing that he could force back this ted dogma on the Scottish people. The doc- of presbyterianism had gained an acceptance g them which nothing could weaken; and James all his efforts to produce a change absolutely ive. He even paid a visit to Scotland, (A. D. ,) with the express design of restoring episco- ; but it was only to have the mortification of g personally convinced of the possibility of a 's being so foolish as to attempt what was impos-

though the fires of persecution were not re-lighted otland, it must have been rather from a want of r than will on the part of James, that they were

He gave proofs in England, that there was no mity, however cruel, to which his despotic spirit d not carry him. In 1611, he caused two of his ish subjects, Bartholomew Legate and Edward htman, to be burnt for heresy; the one at Smith- , and the other at Litchfield. And what can any imagine were their heresies? Legate was a Ma-
[ART 3.]

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nichean, and Wightman thought he was the prophet spoken of in the eighteenth of Deuteronomy !

The history of James's life in England was stained by but too many similar acts of arbitrary cruelty. The whole of his internal government consisted, indeed, of little else than acts of aggression on the rights and liberties of his people, frequently aggravated by peculiar features of wantonness and rigour. The murder of Sir Walter Raleigh, the glory of his age and nation, to please the court of Spain ; the pardon of his majesty's favorite, the Duke of Somerset, and his lady, for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, after having invoked, on his knees, the vengeance of heaven on himself and his posterity, if he did not yield them up to justice ; the imprisonment of the Earl of Northumberland for fourteen years, in addition to the exaction of thirty thousand pounds, on a mere suspicion, unsupported by the least proof, of his being privy to the gunpowder plot ; the committal to the tower of several members of the House of Commons and the banishment of others for presuming to assert that the people of England possessed any right which did not flow entirely from the grace and favour of their sovereigns :—such were a few of those acts which gave a character of oppression and profligacy to the domestic administration of James, seldom before exceeded in the history of England.

Nor did James confine himself to conduct, the evil of which might perish with him. In the sufficiency of his self-conceit, he must needs become a legislator and confer on England a law, which was to do the work of ignorance and inhumanity long after it should be no more. It is painful to be obliged

speak thus severely of a prince of our native line; but, can less be said of that law which first made witchcraft a crime in England, and has been the cause of consigning hundreds and thousands to an ignominious death, for an impossible offence? James had, before leaving Scotland, written and published a "Treatise on Daemonologie," in which he had endeavoured, with great shew of learning, to "resolve the doubting hearts of many," as to the "fearful abounding of those detestable slaves of the devil, witches or enchanters," and established, to his own satisfaction, that "witches ought to be put to death according to the law of God, the civil and imperial law, and the municipal law of all Christian nations." He now resolved to let his *English* subjects have the benefit of this sensible discovery; and found the parliament foolish enough to concur with him in passing that law, on which so many capital convictions have taken place for witchcraft, and which remained, for upwards of a century, a disgrace to the statute book, and to the national character.

A tyrant at home, James was a truckler abroad; and though England enjoyed an unwonted length of peace during his reign, it was a blessing gained by a sacrifice of character and advantages, for which it ill compensated. He had scarcely seized the sceptre, when he gave peace to Spain without being asked for it; and thus lost, as Cornwallis, the ambassador whom he sent to Madrid, says in a letter to Cecil, "such an opportunity of winning honor and wealth," as England never before possessed. He afterwards allowed the Spaniards, whom he had thus foolishly favoured, to ill-treat, defraud, and even mas-

sacre* British subjects with impunity. He beheld his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, and in him the protestant cause, about to be overwhelmed by a coalition of enemies; and to save both, sent over—an aid of one regiment of foot! He saw the Palatinate lost through his pusillanimity, and then weakly imagined that he could reason princes, flushed with victory out of their conquest. He allowed his unfortunate daughter, her husband, and her children, to drag on a long exile in a foreign land, without affording them any of those helps which duty and humanity require at his hands. He suffered the British flag, which had never before known dishonor, to be grossly insulted, and our merchant ships to be pillaged, by the Dutch; contenting himself with sending a remonstrance, which the Dutch, viewing it as it deserved passed over unheeded. Nay, as if there had been no fitter way for an independent prince to resent injuries, than to heap favours on his enemies; notwithstanding all the Dutch had done, he consented to deliver up to them the cautionary towns which they had deposited in the hands of Queen Elizabeth, on their paying five millions less than the sum for which they stood pledged; and thus relieved them beside from that state of dependance on Britain, which has

* Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of it as a known fact that “the Spaniards murdered twenty-six English men, tying them back to back, and then cutting their throats, when they had traded with them a while, and came to them on the land without much as one sword.”

hitherto regarded as the right arm of our colonial policy. The massacre at Amboyna was now it was wanted to place beyond doubt, whether possible to rouse a spark of the man or sovereign in him. He submitted to this unexampled insult without requiring satisfaction, and contented himself with whiningly telling the Dutch ambassador, he had never heard nor read a more cruel and base act than that of Amboyna. But," continued I do forgive them, and I hope God will; but my son⁸ shall revenge this blood, and punish this horrid massacre."

And we be surprised that such a course of conduct should have made James an object of ridicule to foreign nations, and of contempt with his own? On the continent, caricatures of him were to be exhibiting him in the most ludicrous situations.

In one place, he was represented with a scabbard without a sword; in another, with a sword stuck so close to the scabbard, that no body could draw it; and in a third, carrying a cradle after his poor daughter, the actress Palatine, who, with dishevelled hair and dirty garments, was trudging along with a child on her back. The French had their epigram too on the occasion, the point of which is, with some loss of force, preserved in the following old version.

James proved a false prophet. It was left to Charles to obtain satisfaction for this, as well as for the wrongs, which Britain had endured during the reign of his legitimate predecessors.

A. S.

While Elizabeth was England's king,
That dreadful name through Spain did ring ;
How alter'd is the case—ad sa' me !
These juggling days of gude Queen Jamie.*

But although the sword of James was truly one which nobody could draw,† he had a pen which was at almost every one's service, and which, if goose quills could do the work of armies, would have done wonders. In a speech delivered at Whitehall in 1609, he was pleased to say, that "with his own pen he had brought the pope's quarrel upon him, and proclaimed public defiance to Babylon." His majesty alluded to an Apology, which he had written, for the Oath of Allegiance, (appointed to be taken after the detection of the gunpowder plot,) in answer to an

* Tandis qu'Elizabeth fut Roy,
L'Anglois fut d'Espagne l'effroy ;
Maintenant, devise et coquette
Regi par la Reine Jaquette.

† He is said to have had, from infancy, an unquerable aversion to the sight of a naked sword, derived, it is supposed, from the shock which his mother, when pregnant with him, received from the assassination, in her presence, of David Rizzio. When conferring the honor of knighthood, it was as much as he could do to hold the sword for the moment, and he always lessened the terror by turning away his head. It is curious to observe, how completely this physical peculiarity had transferred itself to his moral character.

A. S.

made on it by two briefs of Pope Paulus, and a letter from Cardinal Bellarmine. According to Bishop Montague, his majesty had, at first intended to write instructions to the Bishop of Winchester, how an answer ought to be given; "but it fell out true, that the poet saith,

— amphora cœpit
constitui : currente rota urceus exit,

the king's pen ran so fast, that in the compass of his majesty had accomplished that which he hath his Apology; which when my lord of Surrey that then was, (Bancroft,) and my lord (Andrews,) had perused, they thought it so fit an answer both to the pope and cardinal, and no other." This Apology soon drew forth a series of replies, which induced James to follow with a "Premonition to all most mighty monarchs, free princes, and states of Christendom," copies of which were transmitted through his ambassadors to every court in Europe. It met, however, but an indifferent reception; there were persons even uncivil enough to refuse to have anything to do with it. From Winwood, it appears, there was as much manœuvring to get a copy of it put into the King of Spain's hands, as was sufficed to conclude half a dozen treaties. In the Duke of Lerma's apprising the English ambassador, that "the King of Spain would receive, much less give reading to, any book containing matter derogatory to his religion and obedience to the see of Rome." This silenced our am-

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bassador ; he did not dare to present the book ; and brought it back with him to England. This, as Harris observes, must have been a provoking affront "to one so full of his own abilities as James ! He thought doubtless, that his fellow kings, with attention, would have read his works, applauded his talents, and magnified his art and dexterity in controversy. But I was mistaken ; few foreigners spoke well of his writings." His pen appears, in short, to have been about as impotent as his sword.

Are there, then, no fair points in James's character on which one may, for a moment, rest with satisfaction ? Vain of learning in himself, he respected and patronized it in others ; but in return, he required a degree of adulation which put the sincerity of gentlemen to the blush. Even the master spirit of Bacon was forced to descend to the most disgusting flatteries to secure some share in his favour. Ben Jonson was thrown into prison for daring to say just what he thought ; and the learned Vorstius, though a foreigner, was, through his influence, (for he could crush a poor author, when he durst not look the pettiest potentate in the face,) persecuted to destruction, for differing with him in opinion. He promoted the arts, but without being able to appreciate their merits : desirous of employing Inigo Jones, but not exactly knowing how, he set him upon discovering that is, guessing, who were the founders of Stonehenge ! He sought to encourage trade ; but it was by privileges and monopolies, the greatest enemies to successful trade which power ever devised. They were, it is true, in the spirit of the age, but they were still more according to the spirit of James, who de-

ed in conferring benefits only in as far as they ed an exertion of power. One good only did and owe to James, of which we may venture to t with unqualified praise. He was the means of nplishing that translation of the Holy Scriptures b we still use, which not only exceeded all that before it in purity, but still remains, and will ably long remain, without a rival.

te portion of his dominions which he governed was that with which he had the least to do. nd made a greater stride in civilization during eign, than for a whole century preceding. The ures taken for its improvement were marked by sagacity, comprehension, and energy; a praise hich it is scarcely necessary to say, James could nally have little share. He was fortunate in the ce of his viceroys; and that is perhaps the ex- of the praise which belongs to him in regard to nd.

re same attachment to favorites, which distin- ed James before his arrival in England, con- d with him to the last. Arran was succeeded omerset, and Somerset by Villiers, who, with no r recommendations than a fine person and in- ating manners, gained so strong a hold on the 's affections, as to be raised, within the space of a years, from the rank of a private gentleman to be e of Buckingham and Admiral of England. The adancy which all his favorites, especially Buck- am, acquired over him, was of the most degrading rption. He could refuse them nothing; and e was nothing, however insulting, which he would bear at their hands. Clarendon tells us, that

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lga put on the airs of royalty, and talked to
 about him in a strain much like that of the
 re, only with less pedantry. All were infinitely
 d with the joke, and it was quite a comedy, till
 lucky knave turned the tables, and began, all
 sudden, to moralize on the vanity of honour,
 , and pleasure; to talk of the insincerity, ve-
 , and corruption, of courtiers and servants of
 own; to shew how entirely they had their own
 its at heart, and how generally their pretended
 ad assiduity were the disguise of falsehood and
 y. This discourse produced a change in some
 : countenances of the listeners, and even the
 monarch did not relish it altogether. But the
 or did not stop here; he proceeded to level a
 alar satire at the king, which made his majesty
 seriously repent that he had introduced the en-
 ument, for it painted him in his true colours, as
 at never "loved a wise man, nor rewarded an
 t one, unless they sacrificed to his vanity; while
 ded those, who prostituted themselves to his
 with wealth and honours." The mimic king,
 ng directly to James, (who had agreed to per-
 : Ferguson,) and raising his voice, "There
 he) stands a man, whom I would have you imi-
 -The honest creature was the comrade of my
 ood, and regards me with a most cordial affec-
) this very moment. He has testified his friend-
 y all the means in his power, studying my
 e, guarding me from evil counsellors, prompt-
 e to princely actions, and warning me of every
 r; for all which, however, he never asked me
 y thing; and by Jove, though I squandered

thousands upon several of you, yet in the whole course of my life I never gave him a farthing." The king, nettled by this sarcasm, cried out to Ferguson, "Augh! you pawky loon, what wad ye be at? Awa' aff my thrane, and let's hae nae mair o' your nonsense."

In the spring of 1625, James was seized with an ague, which baffled the power of medicine; and on the 27th of March, he expired, being then in the 59th year of his age.

His remains were interred, with great magnificence, at Westminster. The funeral oration, or sermon, was delivered by William, Bishop of Lincoln and keeper of the seals, and was afterwards published under the title of "Great Britain's Solomon." A grosser piece of flattery never perhaps fell from the pulpit; yet it is amusing for its ingenuity, and is important, as shewing the light in which the friends of the departed monarch were willing he should appear. The text from which it was preached was 1 Kings, xi. 41. 42. 43. *And the rest of the words of Solomon, and all that he did, and his wisdom, are they not written in the book of the acts of Solomon, &c.* "For the bulke or the mould," said the worthy bishop, "I dare presume to say, you never read in your lives of two kings more fully paralleled amongst themselves, and better distinguished from all other kings, besides themselves. King Solomon is said to be *unigenitus coram matre sua*, the only sonne of his mother,—Prov. 4. 3. So was King James. Solomon was of a complexion white and ruddy,—Canticles, v. 10. So was King James. Solomon was an infant king, *puer parvulus*, a little child,—1 Chron. xxii. 5. So was King James,

at the age of thirteen months. Solomon began his reign in the life of his predecessor,—1 Kings,

So, by the force and compulsion of that did our late sovereign King James. Solomon is crowned and anointed a king,—1 Chron.

2. So was King James. Solomon's minority was through the quarrels of the former sovereign,

So was that of King James. Solomon was above all the princes of the east,—1 Kings,

So was King James above all the princes in the universal world. Solomon was a writer in prose,—1 Kings, iv. 32. So, in a very pure and exquisite manner, was our sweet sovereign King

Solomon was the greatest patron we ever had for church and churchmen, and yet no greater than the house of Aaron now confess) than King

Solomon was honoured with ambassadors from all the kings of the earth,—1 Kings, iv. last

and so you know was King James. Solomon was the main improver of his home commodities, as

we may see in his trading with Hiram,—1 Kings, and, God knows, it was the daily study of

James. Solomon was a great maintainer of shipping and navigation,—1 Kings, x. 14; a most

valuable attribute to King James. Solomon beautified his capital city with buildings and water-works,—1 Kings, ix. 15. So did King James. Every

thing prospered in peace under his vine and his fig-tree in the days of Solomon,—1 Kings, iv. 35. And so

it did in the blessed days of King James. And towards his end, King Solomon had secret enemies—

Razan, Hadad, and Jeroboam; and prepared war upon his going to his grave; so had and so

did King James. [T 3.]

did King James. Lastly, before any hostile act that we read of in the history, King Solomon died in peace, when he had lived about sixty years; and so you know did King James.”*

Not satisfied with the praise conveyed by this parallel, which was, in many respects, curious enough, the right reverend preacher proceeded to insist, more at large, on the matchless perfections of his departed majesty. “Every action,” he said, “of his sacred majesty was a virtue and a miracle, to exempt him from any parallel amongst the modern kings and princes.” “He was,” in short, “unto his people to the hour of his death another cherubim, with a flaming sword to keep out enemies from this paradise of ours.”

Such was the glowing eulogium which a prelate, who knew James well, thought it not unbecoming in him, as a minister of truth, to pronounce over his remains; but, as Harris quaintly remarks, “for court bishops, by some fate or other, from the time of Constantine, down at least, to the death of James, and a little after, they have had the character of flatterers, and are therefore always to have great abatements made in their accounts of those who have been their benefactors.” The believers in this pious fable could never have been many; and, in modern times, it has

* Scandal might have supplied the bishop with an additional coincidence, as striking as any he has mentioned. When Henry IV. of France was told, that James delighted to be compared to another Solomon. “What!” replied he, “and is he really the son of DAVID?” (Rizzio.)

only to let it of the respect of Mr. Hume, who could believe in him when he could believe in nothing else.

What Bellingbroke says of James appears extremely just. "He had no virtues to set off, but he had failings and vices to conceal. He could not conceal the latter, and, void of the former, he could not compensate for them. His failings and his vices therefore stand in full view; he passed for a weak prince and an ill man, and fell into all the contempt wherein his memory remains to this day."

The mode by which Hume has contrived to arrive at so different a conclusion does credit to his ingenuity; but there is no other character, which, put through the same process, would not come out quite as "unspeckled and unblemished." He allows, that James's failings and his vices stand in full view, but assumes, out of a peculiar tenderness, that they were all the natural offspring of so many excellent qualities. James was pusillanimous—it arose from a love of peace; he was cunning—it was the failing of wisdom; he was profuse—it was the excess of generosity; he was pliable and childish—it was the overflowing of good nature; he was pedantic—it was the foible of a man overlearned: whereas, the naked truth, separated from all assumption, is, that he had benefited little by all he had learned; was no more good-natured than the froward child who is allowed its own way in every thing; wholly without generosity; wholly without wisdom; and lamentably destitute of the stuff which warlike men are made of.

The whole course of his life was in accordance with these deficiencies of the head and heart. It was made up of threats and compliances, of fondnesses

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and treacheries, of sacrifices and aggressions. He admitted of no limits to his will, but want of power; no hold upon his affections, but unabated adulation. He was submissive only when he could not help it, or what is the same thing, when he had not the courage to be otherwise; faithful only as long as it suited his interest or his pleasure. When he deprecated violence, it was only because he was afraid to resort to it; for when he could play the tyrant with impunity, none could delight in the part more. With princes at the head of armies, he would use words only; but when he met with a poor heretic, whom all his words could not persuade, he threw him into the fire. Malignity in power could do no worse.

As an author, James is distinguished beyond most kings; but had he been only an author, his name would probably have long ere now sunk into oblivion. Beside the works which have been before incidentally mentioned,—his *Dæmonology*,—his *Apology for the Oath of Allegiance*,—his *Premonition to all most Mighty Monarchs*, and his *Remonstrance for the Rights of Kings*,—he wrote “the *Essayes of A Prentise on the Divine Art of Poesie*.” “*Poetical Exercises at Vacant Hours*, containing the *Furies and the Lepanto* ;” “the *Trew Law of Free Monarchy* ;” some paraphrases on different passages of scripture; the “*ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ* ;” a Declaration concerning Vorstius; a “*Counterblast to Tobacco* ;” and part of a “*Translation of the Psalms of King David*.”

The “*ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ*,” the most important of these works, was addressed to his “dearest son and natural successor, Prince Henry,” and was divided into three parts; “The first teacheth your duty to-

God as a Christian; the next, your duty in office as a king; and the third informeth you, to behave yourself in indifferent things." "Notwithstanding," says a high authority, "the great losses and refinements in national taste since me, we must allow this to be no contemptible nance, and not to be inferior to the works of contemporary writers, either in purity of style, mass of composition."* Viewed merely as a exercise, it may be entitled to this commendation; but, if we regard it as a serious compendium of duties of sovereigns, it has faults for which no piece of composition can atone. It abounds in poetic sentiments, in partial recollections of history, most pernicious advice.

"Trew Law of Free Monarchy," which was issued about the same time as the *BAZIAIKON*, seems to have been intended as a companion to the first. "The bent of it," says Calderwood, "was directed against the course of God's work, in the region of our kirk, and elsewhere, as rebellious to the law." It affirms the strange doctrine, that "the king is above the law, and that he is not bound by the law, but of his good will, and for good example to his subjects." This was what James was inclined to consider as "*Free Monarchy*"! Need we be surprised, that from such doctrines there issued forth, to use the words of Lord Orrery, "a torrent of misery, which not only bore down his throne, but overwhelmed the three kingdoms?"

* Dr. Robertson.

The "Counterblast to Tobacco" may take place along with the Treatise on Witches.

The poetical portion of James's works, if it has great merit, is, at least, the freest from censure.

The "Essays of a Prentice," published when James was in his 18th year, include twelve sonnets to the gods.—"The Uranie or Heavenly Muse translated;" "The Metaphorical Invention of a Tragical Phoenix;" "A Paraphrastical Translation of the Poete Lucane;" "A Treatise of the Art of Scottish Poesie;" "The 103rd Psalm of David translated out of Tremellius;" and "A Poeme of Tyr"

The Phoenix is supposed, by Sibbald, to relate to Queen Mary. "Under the semblance of that fabled bird," he observes, "if I mistake not, the author attempts to exhibit the matchless beauty and sufferings of his unfortunate mother, whom he represents as dead; but performs his task with so much caution, and with such a timid and trembling hand, that one can scarcely recognize the resemblance." Mr. Sibbald certainly is mistaken. James never forgot his mother, to remember her person, and can scarcely therefore be supposed to have spoken of her elegiacally, as one whose

————— death maks lyfe to greif in me
She whom I rew my eyes did ever see.

Phoenix, st. 3

And, besides, the Phoenix was published, in 1604, two years before Mary's tragical end.

The "Poetical Exercises" consisted of "the Rites," a translation from Du Bartas; and a

Lepanto," an original poem, descriptive of the battle of Lepanto. The preface to this publication deserves quotation for its modesty; it would have been well for James and his posterity, had he remained always in as humble an opinion of his own fallibility.

"Receive here, beloved reader, a short poetique discours which I have selected and translated from amongst the rest of the works of Du Bartas, as a vive mirror of this last and most decreeped age. Heere shalt thou see clearlie, as in a glass, the miseries of this wavering world," &c. &c. "And in case thou find, as wel in this work as in my Lepanto following, many incorect errors both of the dytement and orthography, I must pray thee to accept this reasonable excuse, which is this.—Thou considers, I doubt not, that upon the one part I composed these things in my verie young and tender yeares, wherein Nature, except she were a monster, can admit of no perfection. And now, on the other part, being of riper yeares, my burden is so great and continuall without any intermission, that quhen ingyne and age could, my affairs and fasherie will not permit me to remark the wrong orthography committed by the copies of my unlegible and ragged hand, far les to amend my proper errours. Yea, scarslie but at stolen moments, have I the lesure to blenk upon any paper, and yet not that with free and unvexed spirit. Albeit rough and unpolished as they are, I offer them unto thee, which being well accepted, will move me to haste the presenting unto thee of my Apocalyps, and also such number of the psalms as I have perfitted, and encourage me to the ending out of the rest. And thus, beloved reader, recommending these labours to thy

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friendlie acceptation, I bid thee hartelie farewell."

Du Bartas returned the compliment which James had paid him, by translating, in return, the *Battle of Lepanto* into French heroic verse. This translation was published at Edinburgh in 1591; and among the commendatory copies of verses which accompanied it, was the following sonnet from James himself, which may be taken as a favorable specimen of his poetic talent.

SONNET.

The azure vaulte, the crystall circles bright,
 The gleaming fyrie torches powdered there,
 The changing round, the shining beamie light,
 The sad and bearded fyres, the monsters faire,
 The prodiges appearing in the aire,
 The rearding thunders and the blustering winds,
 The foules in hue and shape, and nature raire,
 The prettie notes that winged musicians finds
 In earth, the sayrie flouris, the metallled mines,
 The wholsum herbes, the hautie pleasant trees,
 The silver streams, the beasts of sundrie kinds,
 The bounded waves and fishes of the seas:
 All these for teaching man the Lord did frame,
 To do his will, whose glory shines in thame.

The personal habits of James are thus very happily described by Mr. Irving:—"King James was of a middle stature, but possessed of none of those attractions which arise from external elegance; his shape was without symmetry; his deportment destitute of ease and dignity. As his legs were hardly to support the weight of his body, he proceeded

walk by a kind of circular motion. His eyes, which were remarkably large, he was accustomed to fix on strangers with a broad uninterrupted stare, which frequently compelled the more bashful to a precipitate retreat from his presence. His skin is said to have been as soft as sarsnet. He was of a ruddy complexion; his hair of a light brown colour, but towards the close of his life interspersed with white. His beard was thinly scattered on his chin. His tongue exceeded the due proportion; a circumstance which caused him to manage his cup in a manner sufficiently disgusting. He was somewhat inclined to corpulency; but more in appearance than reality; for his extreme timidity induced him constantly to wear a quilted doublet, of stilletto proof. The fashion of his clothes he could not be persuaded to vary; and it was not without some reluctance that he ever laid aside any of his old suits. So little subject to change was his mode of life, that one of his courtiers was wont to declare, that if he himself were to awake after a sleep of seven years' continuance, he would undertake to enumerate the whole of his majesty's occupations, and every dish which had been placed on his table during that interval. His natural temperament is said to have disposed him to moderation in eating and drinking; but during the last years of his life, his compliance with Buckingham's frolicsome humour frequently immersed him in riotous excess, and at an earlier period he is known to have been engaged in scenes of low dissipation." "James became immoderately addicted to drinking, and his beverage was generally the strongest which could be procured. This course of life rendered him,

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at last, torpid and unwieldy ; and although he still pursued the amusement of hunting, of which he was excessively fond, yet when he was trussed on horse-back, he maintained his posture like a lump of inanimate matter. When his hat was placed on his head, he suffered it to remain in whatever position it happened to occupy."

James, by his queen, Anne of Denmark, had issue, Henry, who died in his 20th year, a prince celebrated for his virtues, and the darling of the people whilst living ; Charles, who succeeded to the throne ; and Elizabeth, who was married to the unfortunate Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine.

D. S.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

THE family of Maitland, to whom we are indebted for the most valuable collection existing of the ancient poetry of Scotland, and which has itself given poet of some eminence to the country, has long been one of the most distinguished in the south of Scotland. The name, as anciently written, is *Mautalant*. The first of the race who gained a name in story was a Sir Richard Maitland, baron or lord of Thirlestane in Haddingtonshire, who lived about the middle of the thirteenth century, and was famous for his valour.

Of *auld* Sir Richard of that name
 We have heard sing and say ;
 Of his triumphant nobill fame,
 And of his auld baird gray,
 And of his nobill sonnys three,
 Quhilk that tyme had no maik ;*
 Quhilk made Scotland renounit be,
 And all England to quaik.

Anon. Lines, " In Praise of Lethington."

William Maitland of Lethington, a descendant of

* Equal.

this Sir Richard, was among the number of tish chiefs who fell in the fatal field of Fl. 1513. He was married to Martha, daughter of George Lord Seaton, by whom he left a daughter,—Sir Richard Maitland, who distinguished in the arts of peace, as the old was in those of war; and Janet, who afterwards married to Hugh Lord Sommerville. person of Sir Richard's grandson, the subsequently raised to the peerage by the *Lauderdale*, which it still deservedly enjoys.

Sir Richard Maitland was born in 1496; educated at St. Andrews; and studied law in France. On his return to Scotland, he became a favourite of James the Fifth, and served the queen of that reign, Mary of Guise, in some office of trust, as appears from a poem which he afterwards addressed to the unfortunate Mary, on her arrival in Scotland.

Madame, I was true servand to thy moti
And in her favour stud ay, thankfullie,

From the same poem, we learn, that Sir Richard now in his sixty-fifth year, had become afflicted with that acutest of the deprivations of age, loss of sight.

And thoch that I to serve be nocht sa abill
As I was wont, becaus I may not see;
Yet in my hairt I sall be ferme and stat
To thy Hieness with all fidelitie.
Ay, pray and God for thy prosperitie;
And that I heir thy people, with hie voice
And joyful hairtis, cry continuallie
Viva Marie tre nobil reyne d'Ecosse!

MacKenzie says, that as early as 1553, Sir Richard had been appointed an *extraordinary* Lord of Session; but of this there seems some doubt. It is certain, however, that on the 12th November, 1561, he was appointed one of the ordinary Lords of Session, or as they are otherwise termed, Senators of the College of Justice. Sir Richard assumed, on this elevation, the title of Lord Lethington. On the 20th December, 1562, he was farther promoted to be a Lord of Council and Lord Privy Seal. The latter of these situations he was, in 1567, permitted to resign in favour of John, his second son; but the duties of his other offices he continued to discharge through all the troublesome minority of James the Sixth, till 1584, when, borne down with weight of years, he retired wholly from public life. He survived this event only about two years, dying on the 20th March, 1586, at the advanced age of ninety.

Sir Richard was married to Mary, daughter of Thomas Cranston of Corsly, who appears, by the following couplet, written by their second son, John Lord Thirlstane, to have expired on the same day with her husband.

Unus hymen, mens una : duos mors una diesque
Junxit: ut una caro, sic cinis unus erit.

By this marriage, he left three sons, William, celebrated in history as Secretary Lethington; John, afterwards Lord Thirlestane and chancellor; and Thomas, chiefly known as the prolocutor with Buchanan, in his Treatise *De Jure Regni*; as also four daughters, all of whom were respectably married, and left a numerous offspring.

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Sir Richard possessed among his contemporaries high character for talents, learning, and moral worth. He is never mentioned by writers but with respect except by Knox, who rashly charges him with having taken a bribe to prevail on his kinsman, Lord Seaton in whose castle Cardinal Beaton was confined, to liberate that crafty prelate after the death of James the Fifth. Sir Ralph Sadler, who was much better acquainted than Knox with the secret intrigues of the Scottish court, assures us, that Arran the regent, gave Lord Seaton orders to set the cardinal at liberty; though, to save appearances with England, he affected to throw the blame on Seaton and his relatives.

It is fortunate for the character of Sir Richard, that it is thus cleared of the only stain attempted to cast upon it; for the release of Beaton was attended with consequences which might well make it a reproach to any man's memory. No sooner was the cardinal at liberty, than he had the address enough to defeat a treaty which had just been concluded by the commissioners of England and Scotland, for a marriage betwixt Queen Mary, and Edward Prince of Wales; an auspicious project, which had the wishes of all the wise and good of both countries, and which, had it been accomplished, might perhaps have averted a torrent of calamities from both.

The writings of Sir Richard, from which we now perhaps best estimate his real worth, are due him unexceptionable honour. They shew a knowledge of the world, a strong sense of virtue, and a generous disposition. In one of his pieces titled "On the Malyce of Poets," he shews warmly his detestation of those who make

servient to purposes of "detractioun and slander;" and adds those precepts by which he appears to have in himself uniformly guided in his poetic lucubrations.

Put not in writ, what God or man may grieve;
 All vertew love; and all vices reprove.
 Or mak sum myrrie toy, to gude purpose,
 That may the hearar and redar bayth rejoyse:
 Or sum frutful and gude moralité
 Or plesand things, may stand with charrité.
 Despyteful poets suld not tholit be
 In common weils, or godlie cumpanie,
 That sort ar redie ay to sow sedition,
 And put gude men into suspitioun.

In the piece from which we have just quoted, there is a couplet remarkable for its similarity in thought to Shakespeare's celebrated passage: "He who steals my purse," &c.

"To steal ane manis fame is gritter sin
 Nor ony gear that is the warld within."

Mr. Pinkerton remarks, that though the thought is the same, "there was no possibility of Shakespeare writing these poems;" to which it may, with equal truth, be added, that there is nothing in the sentiment peculiar, that it might not have occurred to all the world beside. The merit of the passage in Shakespeare turns wholly on the vigour and felicity of the expression.

Mr. Pinkerton, to whom Scottish literature is indebted for the revival of Sir Richard Maitland's poems

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tical remains from a long oblivion, has not do more than twenty-seven, out of a much greater ber of short pieces extant, deserving of reputation; and of these, there are a few which se have strong claims to the benefit of his apology "he made it a point rather to give three or four ces that might perhaps have been omitted, t err on the other side." Of the whole of the deed, considered critically as claiming poetical it must be confessed, that there is little, i poetry in them. They are sensible moral l conveyed in very scholar-like rhymes; but mo not be said in their praise. Almost the only in in which he has ventured on a poetic image how can there be poetry without imagery?) in his poem "On the Folye of Ane Auld Maryand Ane Young Woman," where the sity of talking covertly on a subject, which auld man" of eighty had better have let alor driven him to make one of the lowest uses of gery, to which it can be made subservient.

It would be contrary to nature, perhaps, to for much poetic fancy in a writer who paid his to the Muses at so late a period of life as Sir R Maitland. Pinkerton says, that he does not s have written a line of poetry till he had reach sixtieth year; and though a La Fare commence at the same age, and a Haley not many years e neither of them has been so successful as to m doubtful whether the sunshine of life is real season of fruits and flowers.

Two of the best of Sir Richard's pieces are a tire on the Age," and a Supplication "Agair

season of Comouns." They present strong pictures of the miseries to which a distracted country was subject at the period when they were written, and breathe the wishes of a true patriot for their removal. The importance of a "bold peasantry" to a state has been more eloquently described by Goldsmith, but not with greater truth, than in the following lines:

Riche comouns ar richt profitable
 Quhan thai, to serve their lord, ar able
 Thair native country to defend
 Fra thame that hurt it wald pretend
 For we will be our few a numer
 Gif comouns to the weir not wend
 Nobils may not beir all the cummir.

Help the comouns, bayth lord and laird!
 And God thairfore sall you rewaird.
 And gif ye will not thame supplie,
 God will you plaig thairfore justlie
 And your succession, eftir you
 Gif thai sall have na mair petie
 On the comouns nor ye have now.

"The Blind Baron's Comfort," as Dr. Percy has appropriately named one piece in the collection, is also interesting from the circumstances out of which it arose. It is said, in a note subjoined by Sir Richard, to have been penned "quhain his landis of the baronie of Blythe, in Lawderdaile, was heriet by Colleyt Foster, Inglisman, Capitane of Wark Castle, with his cumpanye to the number of thre hunder men: quha spulyeit fra the said Schir Richard, and

fra his eldest sone ; thair servandis and tenner
furthe of the said baronie, five thousand sch
youngar and elder ; twa hundred nowt (cat
threttie hors and meirs ; and insicht (furniture) 1
of his hous of Blythe worth ane hundred pound ;
the haill tennentis insicht of the haill baronie
fursabil. This spulye was committed the xvi d
Maij, the year MDLXX ; and the said Sir Ric
was threscore and xiii yeiris of age, and gr
blind ; in tyme of peace quhan nane of that cu
lippint (laid their account) for sic thing."
" comfort" which " the Blind Baron finds for
cruel spoliation, consists in a pleasant ringin
changes on the name of the estate which was
waste.

Blind man be blythe, altho' that thow be wrangi
Thoch Blythe be herreit, tak no melancholie
Thou sall be blythe, quhan that they sall be har
That Blythe has spulyeit sa maliciousle.
Be blythe and glaid, &c.

This was but wordy comfort, it must be confe
for losses of such magnitude as those which the b
enumerates ; and Sir Richard seems to have fel
for in a subsequent piece, entitled " Solace in A
he says :

Thoch I be sweir to ryd or gang ;
Thair is sumthing, I've wantit lang,
Fane have I wald
Thame punysit that did me wrang ;
Thoch I be ald.

It is as a collector of ancient Scottish po

rather than as a poet, that Sir Richard's name will live. The Maitland collections sit in the Pepysian Library, at Magdalen Cambridge, consist of two volumes; a folio, of Sir Richard, about 1555, and continued to the year of his death; and a quarto in the name of Miss Mary Maitland, his third daughter, which appears to have been almost wholly written in the last year of her father's life, and under his

Besides correct copies of all Sir Richard's poems, these volumes contain the most authentic existing of the productions of many great contemporary poets, of whom, but for their names, nothing but their names might have

These manuscripts remained in the Maitland family, till the Duke of Lauderdale (the only one of the name) presented them, with other MSS., to Mr. Pepys, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles II. and James II. and one of the earliest of rare books in England. Mr. Pepys, in May, 1703, in his 71st year, ordered, by the Pepysian Library, at Magdalen College, to be founded, in order to preserve his collection entire. Here the Maitland manuscripts lumbered almost unnoticed for nearly a century, till the attention of Mr. Pinkerton was drawn to them by Dr. Percy; when Mr. P. made a catalogue of them, which he published, in 1786, in two volumes.

The folio manuscript amounts to one hundred and twenty-six, of which only forty-seven were published previous to Mr. Pinkerton's publication, leaving one hundred and twenty-

nine, five are duplicates, and fifty-two has been deemed by Mr. Pinkerton undeserving of The quarto manuscript comprehends ninety-six but forty-two of them are duplicates of poem folio, and only twenty-eight have been selected worth publishing.

Among the pieces in Mr. Pinkerton's selection several epitaphs on Sir Richard Maitland; Thomas Hudson; another by Robert Hudson two by anonymous hands. One of the last, relative to the circumstance of Sir Richard and his expiring on the same day, closes with a couplet.

But yit quhat DEATH has prest to do, their
to devyde,
LOVE hes againe, surmounting DEATH, defy'

But the lines, which, upon the whole, do justice to the character of the worthy knight those of T. Hudson; they are encomiastic, being either fulsome or ridiculous.

The sliding tyme so slilie slips away,
It reaves from us remembrance of our state
And, quhil we do the oair of tyme delay,
We tyne* the tide, and so lament too late.
Then to eschew such dangerous debait
Propone for patrón, manlie MAITLAND knyt
Learne be HIS lyf to live in sembil raite,†

* Lose.

† In like manner.

With love to God, religion, law, and rycht;
 For as he was of vertu lucent lycht,
 Of ancient bluid, of nobil sprit and name,
 Belov'd of God, and everie gracious wycht,
 So died he auld, deserving worthy fame;
 A rare example set for us to see
 Quhat we have been, now ar, and aucht to be.

A. M.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON, one of the most eminent modern Latin poets, was a descendant of the family of the Johnstons, of Caskieben, in the united parish of Keith-hall and Kinkell, Aberdeenshire. He was the son of John Johnston, by Christian Forbes, daughter of William, seventh Lord Forbes, and was born the year 1587, at the house of Caskieben, of which the poet has recorded this curious circumstance that, though six miles distant from the lofty mountain of Banochie, it is covered by the shadow of that mountain, at the time of the equinox, though on no other occasion.

Arthur, as he himself records, received the greater part of his education at the school of Kintore.

*Hic ego sum, memini musarum factus alumni
Et tiro didici verba Latina loqui.*

From school he was sent to the Marischal College Aberdeen ; but after a short time, went abroad, pursued his studies at the University of Padua, where in 1610 he took the degree of M.D. He afterwards travelled over the greater part of Europe, and at last settled in France. He remained in that country for about twenty years, during which he was twice married, and had a family of thirteen children. In 1632, he returned to his native country, and such

which he brought along with him, that he was immediately appointed physician to

France, Dr. Johnston had acquired considerable reputation as a Latin poet ; and it was not long before he came to be celebrated in this respect in his country. In 1632, he published at Aberdeen, two books, " *Epigrammata*," both of which met with favorable reception among the learned, and which he thought that they saw in many parts of them, the spirit of the best of the Roman classics

When, therefore, Dr. Johnston took an opportunity to show his severity, an attempt which had then been made by Dr. Eglesham, to depreciate Buchanan's Translation of the Psalms, he was not content with writing a stupid criticism that Buchanan had entirely failed in the spirit of the original, was vain enough to show that the hundred and fourth psalm was a specimen of what might be expected from a man not qualified for the task. He presented this to the public for ridicule, and Johnston, who was a friend of Buchanan, did not spare him.

It was not enough, however, that while Johnston was thus abusing Eglesham, for attempting to rival Buchanan, he caught himself a double portion of the same abuse, if so it may be called, which he conferred on another. He resolved to try whether he could defend both the writer he defended, and the work he defended. In the following year, he published a specimen of a new translation of the Psalms of David, which he dedicated to

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Bishop Laud ; and encouraged by that prelate's probatation, he completed a translation of the which was printed at London in 1637, and at deen in the same year.

The merit of this translation, as compared with of Buchanan, became immediately the subject of celebrated controversy, in which, however, Job did not live to take himself any share ; for, going to Oxford, in 1691, to visit one of his daughters, who was married to a divine of that place, he was seized with an illness, of which he died in a few days, in the fourth year of his age.

The controversy just alluded to, was commenced by Lauder, famous or rather infamous for his rascality to rob Milton of his laurels. Never in his career, except when stabbing a reputation, he ever seized the opportunity of attempting to raise a monument for Johnston, on the ruin of Buchanan's ; and a zealous abettor, in a well intentioned, but a very English gentleman, of the name of Benson, an auditor of the imprests, who has got a niche in the churchyard for his pains.

“ On Poets tombs, see Benson's titles writ,”

* * * * *

“ On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name

No less than three editions of Johnston's Psalm were printed at Benson's expense ; one of them in quarto on the plan of the Delphin classics, and with a frontispiece of Johnston, by Vertue, was designed for the use of the Prince of Wales. The auditor added a preface

me from himself, in which he set no bounds to his commendation of Johnston, and spoke with surprise the esteem in which the learned had hitherto been pleased to hold the version of Buchanan. The defence of Buchanan against this joint attack of rosy and simplicity, was undertaken by Mr. Love and

Thomas Raddiman, who not only covered the assailants with confusion, but, by their able expositions of the beauties of Buchanan, raised his version of the Iliad into even higher repute than it before possessed. * Benson lived to have a full sense of the folly into which he had been betrayed ; and, in chagrin at the forward attempt which he had made to gain a name by letters, threw up the pursuit entirely, and would not look at a book for several years before he died.*

Dr. Warton has endeavoured to rescue Benson from contempt, with which he is too commonly spoken of. "He translated," he says, "faithfully, if not very literally, the second book of the Georgics, with useful notes; he printed elegant editions of Johnston's Iliads; he wrote a discourse on versification; he rescued his country from the disgrace of having no monument erected to the memory of Milton, in Westminster Abbey; he encouraged and urged Pitt to translate the *Æneid*, and he gave Dobson £1000 for his translation of *Paradise Lost*." *Notes on the *Æneid**.—Another instance of his liberality is recorded, which merits notice. In 1735, a book was published, entitled, "The Cure of Deism." The author, Elisha Smith, was at that time confined in the Fleet prison, for a debt of £200. Benson, pleased

Ruddiman, while he maintained the superiority of Buchanan's translation, was not sparing of due praise to that of Johnston. He was pleased to see that for elegance and purity of diction, sweetness and smoothness of verse, in short all the ingredients which are required to the composition of a great and successful poet, Johnston was inferior to none, and prior to most of the age in which he lived. "I add," he says, "I will allow farther, that in my judgment he deserves the preference to the far greater number of those that have lived since or before him."

A more recent critic, Lord Woodhouselee, in his *Life of Kaimes*, is of opinion, that although Johnston's version "as a whole is certainly inferior," there are a few of his psalms, which in comparison will perhaps be found to excel the corresponding paraphrase of his rival." He instances particularly the 24th, 30th, 42nd, 74th, 81st, 82nd, 102nd, and above all, the 137th. The same ingenious critic, in his *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, commends Johnston for the scrupulous care with which he uniformly avoided the application to the Allusion of epithets suited only to the Pagan mythology, an error into which Buchanan has more than once fallen, as, for example, when he transfers the first line of the speech of Venus to Jupiter, in the 10th *Æneid*, to the address to the Deity, which begins the 4th Psalm.

O pater, O hominum divûmq; æterna pote

with the work, inquired after the author, and, being informed of his unfortunate state, he sent him some letter, enclosing the means for discharging his whole debt, fees, &c.

Dr. Beattie, who does not think much of any of the attempts which have been made to transfer the psalms into a modern poetic dress, condemns Buchanan for a want of emphatic conciseness and unornamented simplicity. "Johnston," he adds, "is not verbose, and has, of course, more vigour: but his choice of a couplet which keeps the reader always in the midst of the puerile epistles of Ovid, was singularly judicious."

Buchanan, whose genius was as remarkable for its versatility as its compass, has employed no fewer than twenty-nine varieties of metre in his version; but Johnston has confined himself entirely to the elegiac stanza, except in one psalm, the 119th, in which each verse presents a new measure.

The merit of Johnston's version dwindles, after all, to very narrow limits. What Buchanan had done long before, Johnston has not, on the whole, done so well; and out of a mass of therefore abortive labour, there are only about half a dozen psalms which are worth preserving, as better than those of his rival. Had Johnston been less envious of the fame of Buchanan, he would have benefited his own. The same pains and toil which he wasted on this fruitless competition, might, if employed on some different and original subject, have conducted him to an undisputed mortality.

Beside the works which have been incidentally mentioned, Johnston wrote a translation of the Song of Solomon into Latin Elegiac Verse; and "Musæ didicæ," or commendatory verses on a number of the most distinguished contemporaries. He also

edited the "*Deliciæ Poetarum Sco*
to which he was a large and val
and of which Dr. Johnson has be
that "it would do honour to any co

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

“There have I seen a *Hamilton* submitting his
 verses to the correction and criticism of a fair circle,
 who did not trust alone to beauty the most superior,
 for the preservation of their empire over mankind.”

Col. Caustic. Lounger, No. 14.

WILLIAM Hamilton, of Bangour, the poet of the
 polite world in Scotland, at the beginning of the
 eighteenth century, was born in 1704. He was de-
 scended from an ancient family, of independent cir-
 cumstances, in Ayrshire; and, born to elegant society,
 needed nothing which a liberal education could sup-
 ply to render him its ornament. Amidst the lighter
 diversions of gay life, he cultivated a taste for liter-
 ature, and acquired an intimate acquaintance with
 the best writers, both of modern times and of anti-

The bent of his own mind was to poetry, and
 he wrote some early essays in it, which, being shewn
 among his friends, obtained a degree of appro-
 bation which incited him to persevere in his court to
 Muses. When the rebellion of 1745 broke out, he
 took the side which most men of generous tempera-
 ment were apt to take in those days—he joined the
 Pretender, and celebrated his first suc-

cess at Preston-pans, in the well-known *Jacobi of "Gladsmuir."* After the battle of Cul which put an end to the contest, he fled in mountains, and passed through many perils and ships before he succeeded in effecting his escape to France. His exile, however, was short. He had many friends and admirers among the fortunate behind him, who took the earliest opportunity of securing his pardon from government, on which he returned home, and resumed possession of his paternal estate. His health, however, which was naturally delicate, and probably not a little injured by his literary adventures, requiring the benefit of a warmer climate, he not long after returned to the continent and took up his abode at Lyons, where he continued to reside, till a lingering consumption carried him off in the fiftieth year of his age.

A volume of poems, by Hamilton, was first published at Glasgow in 1748, and afterwards reprinted; but it was a pirated publication, made not only without the author's consent, but without his name: as might be expected, abounded in errors. It remained to his friends, after his death, to publish his original manuscripts the first genuine and complete collection of his works. It appeared at Edinburgh in 1760, with a head by *Strange*, who had been a fellow adventurer with Hamilton in the same cause.

The poems of Hamilton failed for some time to attract any particular notice, and were become, indeed, almost forgotten; when an able critic, the *Lounger*, from the pen of the late Professor *Richardson*, of Glasgow, awakened the public

in sense than they seemed before to entertain of
merits.

The poems of Hamilton," says Mr. Richardson, display regular design, just sentiments, fanciful imagination, pleasing sensibility, elegant diction, and rich versification." The justness of this encomium is illustrated by an analysis of Hamilton's principal poem, called *Contemplation*, or the *Triumph of Love*. It dwells particularly on the quality of fanciful imagination, as being that of all others which distinguishes it chiefly characteristic of poetical composition. It admits, that Hamilton is "not endowed with all powers of invention, nor with those of every poet."—"His imagination is employed among beautiful and engaging, rather than among awful and magnificent images; and even when he presents us with awful objects, he is more grave than lofty, more sublime than sublime, as in the following passage :"

Now see the spreading gates unfold,
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair
To the solemn house of pray'r;
And as I go, O thou, my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part.
Religion, enter in my breast,
Thou mild and venerable guest!
Shut off, in contemplation drown'd,
From each thought impure in holy ground;
And cautious tread, with awful fear,
The courts of heaven—for God is here.
And my grateful voice I raise;
Angels, swell a mortal's praise,

To charm with your own harmon
The ear of Him who sits on high

"It is not asserted," adds Mr. Rich exemplifying "the pleasing sensibilit ascribes to Hamilton, that he "display ment tumults and ecstasies of passion, t the higher kinds of lyric and dramatic He is not shaken with excessive rage with overwhelming sorrow; yet when grave or affecting subjects, he expresse and engaging softness. He is never vi rupt, and is more tender than pathe "the Braes of Yarrow," one of the ever written, may put in a claim to suj tion. But even with this exception, I our poet more remarkable for engagin than for deep and affecting pathos."—" ner, when he expresses the joyful senti scribes scenes and objects of festivity, very often, he displays good humour an fulness, rather than the transports of brilliancy of wit." Mr. Richardson ex characteristics by some of Hamilton's d female beauty. One of the passages whi presenting a picture of the gentler and l is peculiarly happy, and conveys a stro of Hamilton's poetical powers.

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines of sprightly m
To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts

at best the lover's fires provoke,
 e lively step, the mirthful joke,
 e speaking glance, the am'rous wile,
 e sportful laugh, the winning smile.
r soul, awak'ning every grace,
ill abroad upon her face ;
 bloom of youth, still to survive,
 charms are there, and all alive.

MacKenzie, the ingenious editor of the *Lou-
 rced* the judgement pronounced by his criti-
 spondent, by a note, in which he observes,
 l not methinks require the enthusiasm of a
temporis acti, like Colonel Caustic, to receive
 ar satisfaction in tracing the virtues and the
 of a former age, in the verses of one who ap-
 have so warmly caught the spirit of the first,
 so warmly felt the power of the latter. Nor
 e altogether without a moral use, to see, in the
 record of a former period, the manners of
 country in times of less luxury, but not per-
 less refinement, when fashion seems to have
 d superiorities fully as intrinsic as any she
 at at present ; to have added dignity of sen-
 o pride of birth, and to have invested supe-
 rity with superior grace and higher accom-
 ts."

ume of Hamilton has also found a warm vin-
 n Lord Woodhouselee, who thus speaks of
 is Life of Kaimes :—" With the elegant and
 ished William Hamilton, of Bangour, whose
 manners were long remembered with the
 t recollection by all who knew him, Mr.

Home (Lord Kaimes) lived in the closest habits of friendship. The writer of these Memoirs has heard him dwell with delight on the scenes of their youthful days, and he has to regret, that many an anecdote, to which he listened with pleasure, was not committed to a better record than a treacherous memory. Hamilton's mind is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy, and a chastened taste; and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favorite mistress; but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression. His poems had an additional charm to his contemporaries, from being commonly addressed to his familiar friends of either sex, by name. There are few minds insensible to the soothing flattery of a poet's record."

Notwithstanding this concurrence of high critical authorities, in favour of Hamilton's claims to poetical renown, the attention of the public appears to have been only called to, not fixed upon, his works. Although they have been since inserted in the new edition (by Johnson and Chalmers) of the *English Poets*, there has been no demand for a separate edition; nor is Hamilton among those writers whom we often hear quoted either by the learned or the gay.

Are we then to conclude, that too high a station has been attempted to be assigned to him? The public voice seems to pronounce in the affirmative; and it is not often that the public voice is in the wrong. In the present instance, however, the

g reason to question the perfect justness
 tion. Although Hamilton's claims may
 a place in the highest class of our poets ;
 e few of a secondary order who can, with
 e rank above him.

ed at which Hamilton wrote must always
 al circumstance for consideration, in form-
 r estimate of his merits. He was one
 of his countrymen, who, after that long
 rkness which elapsed between 1615 and
 ined only by the passing meteors, Stirling
 ond, returned to life and nature, in re-
 e use of the common language, either in
 r English garb. After the accession of
 e English throne, it had, some how or
 d to be thought creditable, among our
 ning, to write in any language but what
 ning alone could understand. Either dis-
 ultivate that more polished dialect of the
 Saxon, which had now become the lan-
 e court, because it happened to be that of a
 unhappily regarded with a rival feeling,
 al of the success they might attain in it,
 themselves into the arms of the Latin
 whom they passed a joyless solitude of

Men of genius no longer thought or
 a trammels ; for, be the degree of famili-
 a foreign or dead language what it
 n never rival the ease with which one
 language of his nativity ; and what
 they no longer wrote for the multi-
 at whose inspiring approbation there can
 thing as prosperity in national literature.

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Genius was thus not only repressed, but was not only obscured, but wedded to obscurity. The author who writes in a living tongue, though known at first, only to a few, may hope in time to be known to all ; but the posterity, by whom alone the Laureates of those days could expect to be remembered, the posterity of scholars, always a limited community, and not always a very caring one about the honours of departed genius. Many a worthy man may thus have been suffered to drop into oblivion, nor can we be at all sure, that it is by those whose reputation has chanced to survive, that we can judge of the literary talent which existed in Scotland during the long and gloomy, yet classic, period which we have been speaking.

At the dawn of the eighteenth century, the magic spell was, at length, broken ; and Ramsay the native Scottish dialect, and Hamilton in English shewed how much fonder the Muses were of wood, even in homespun attire, than in the clothes of a Horace or an Ovid. It may, with some reason, be asserted, that in the works of Hamilton there is more genuine poetry, than in the whole of Latin poets who preceded him ; and that he is not so highly esteemed as he deserves to be, while they have long ceased to be read to the general reader, except by name.

As a first adventurer in English composition, Hamilton must be allowed to have obtained no other success. In his language, he shews nearly the purity of a native ; his diction is various and full ; and his versification but rarely tainted with provincial errors. He delights, indeed, in a cl

words, which, though not rejected by the best English writers, have a certain insipidity, which only a refined English ear perhaps can perceive; such as *beauteous*, *bounteous*, *dubious*, and even *melancholeous*. The same peculiarity may, I think, be remarked of most of the early Scottish writers in the English language; in Thomson it is particularly observable. We sometimes meet also in Hamilton with false quantities; but they seem oftener to proceed from making a Procrustian of a poetic licence, than from ignorance or inadvertence, as in the following verse.

Where'er the beauteous heart-compeller moves,
 She scatters wide perdition all around:
 Blest with celestial form, and crown'd with loves,
 No single breast is *refractory* found.

Elegy on the Youngest Grace.

Lord Woodhouselee calls Hamilton's poems the "easy and *careless* effusions" of "an elegant fancy and a chastened taste." This is not quite compatible with "the *regular design*" which Richardson discovers in them; nor, indeed, with what Lord Woodhouselee himself elsewhere tells us, that "it appears from Hamilton's letters, that he communicated his poems to his friends for their critical remarks, and was easily induced to alter or amend them by their advice." The poem of Contemplation, for instance, he sent to Mr. Home, (Lord Kaimes,) who suggested some alterations, which were thus acknowledged in a letter from Hamilton, dated July, 1739. "I have made the corrections on the moral part of Contemplation, and in a post will send it to

Will. Crawford, who has the rest, and will transmit it to you. I shall write to him fully on the subject." The Will. Crawford here mentioned was the author of the beautiful pastoral ballad of *Tweedside*, "which," says Lord Woodhouselee, "with the aid of its charming melody, will probably live as long as the language is understood." Hamilton had evidently too passionate a devotion to the Muses, to be careless in his attentions to them. His poems themselves bear all the marks of studious production; they shew great ease, but it is the ease resulting from art. The writing of poetry, indeed, seems to have formed the chief business of Hamilton's life. We find this very pleasantly manifested in one of his letters to Mr. Home, dated September, 1748. Mr. Home had sent him some remarks on Horace, of the same tenor, it would appear, with those which he afterwards published in his *Elements of Criticism*, and Hamilton thus alludes to them: "I am entirely of your opinion with respect to your observations on Horace. He certainly wanders from his text—but still they are the wanderings of Horace. Why we are never contented with our lot, but still envy the condition of others, was a noble subject, and it were to be wished he had adorned it as well as he could from his own experience; satisfied, as he seems to have been, with his own pursuits and the fame they had acquired him. Let me put Horace's question to myself. Why don't I acquiesce in the determination of heaven, to which I have myself so much contributed? Why don't I rest contented with that small, perhaps, indeed, but sincere, portion of happiness furnished by my poetry and a few kind friends? Why concern

myself to please Jeannie Stewart, or vex myself about that happier man to whom the lottery of life may have assigned her? *Qui fit Macenas, qui fit.* Whence comes it? Alas! whence, indeed?

Too long by love, a wandering fire, misled,
My better days in vain delusion fled.
Day after day, year after year, withdrew,
And beauty blest the minutes as they flew;
Those hours consum'd in joy, but lost to fame,
With blushes I review, but dare not blame:
A fault which easy pardon might receive,
Did lovers judge, or could the wise forgive!
But now to Wisdom's healing springs I fly,
And drink oblivion of each charming eye.
To love revolted, quit each pleasing care,
Whate'er was witty, or whate'er was fair.

Your's, &c.

Almost the whole of Hamilton's poems are of an amatory cast; but it would seem, that we must add him to the number of poets, not a few, to whom love, with all its pangs, has been only a fancy's dream. As Lord Woodhouselee truly remarks, his "heart perpetually owned the dominion of some favorite mistress; but his passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression." The "Jeannie Stewart," of whom he speaks so lamentingly in the letter before quoted, complained to Mr. Home, that she was teased with Hamilton's dangling attentions, which she was convinced had no serious aim, and hinted an earnest wish to get rid of him. "You are his friend," said she, "tell him, he ex-

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poses both himself and me to the ridicule of acquaintance." "No, madam," said Mr. H who knew how to appreciate the fervor of Hamilton's passion, "you shall accomplish his cure yet and by the simplest method. Dance with him at night's assembly, and shew him every mark of kindness, as if you believed his passion sincere had resolved to favour his suit. Take my word, you'll hear no more of him." The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete.

In poetry, however, no man could breathe a freer flame. In some rather conceited lines, "Upon finding his picture was in a Lady's Breast," he chafed for

Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given ;

And then passionately exclaims :

I cannot blame thee : were I lord
Of all the wealth these breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a God alive.

A noble burst of fancy ! The most genuine criticism will seek in vain for a more expressive image than the boundless avarice of love.

To the merit of the poem of Contemplation, Professor Richardson has done such ample justice, that it leaves little room for additional observation. He marks, with great truth, that Hamilton is here more grave than lofty, more solemn than sublime. When he attempts "to soar the heights of Deity," he

cover the designs of the Creator with respect to the present and future state of man, to

————— search the perfect laws,
That constant bind th' unerring cause,

his conceptions are without either the grandeur suited to the subject, or the novelty which might excuse the attempt to scan what Milton had scanned with almost more than mortal ken before. Some of the questions, into which he throws his cogitations, are strange enough.

When Time shall let his curtain fall,
Must dreary nothing swallow all ?
Must we th' unfinished piece deplore,
Ere half the pompous piece be o'er ? &c.

Mr. Richardson has observed, with equal truth, that he is "more tender than pathetic;" but he has passed unnoticed the marked effect which this cast of mind has had on the character of this particular poem. The "struggles, relapses, recoveries, and final discomfiture, of a mind, striving with an obstinate and habituated passion," might have been supposed to present many situations of deep interest; but it cannot be said, that deep interest is the sort of feeling excited by any part of the poem of Contemplation. We see love alternately driven away and returning, without feeling moved to more than a smile at the archness of the sly intruder. We see him triumph at last, without pitying his victim, though compelled to admire the elegance of the strains in which the vanquished Strephon resigns himself to his fate.

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Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more ;
Then from my dark and closing eye
The form belov'd shall ever fly,
The tyranny of love shall cease,
Both laid down to sleep in peace ;
To share alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

Of the poems by Hamilton, not devoted to love, the most deserving of notice is "The Episode of the Thistle," which appears to have been intended as part of a larger work, never completed, called "The Flowers." It is an ingenious attempt, by a well devised fable, to account for the selection of the thistle as the national emblem of Scotland. The poet opens the subject with the following elegant apostrophe :

Thrice happy plant ! fair Scotia's greatest pride ;
Emblem of modest valour, unprovok'd
That harmeth not ; provok'd that will not bear
Wrong unreveng'd.

* * * * *

—————How oft beneath
Its martial influence, have Scotia's sons
Through every age with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground ! while o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame, unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament ! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride !

The poet then proceeds to relate how the illustrious plant first rose to renown. The Scots and Picts had long been inveterate enemies ; but,

when Achaius reign'd,
By the disposing will of gracious Heav'n
Ordain'd the prince of peace, fair Ethelind,
Grace of the Pictish throne, in rosy youth
Of beauty's bloom, in his young heart inspir'd
Spousal desires ; soft love and dove-ey'd peace
Her dowry. Then his hymeneal torch
CONCORD high brandish'd, and in bonds of love
Link'd the contending race.

This union had not long taken place, when the Picts were invaded by the Saxons under Athelstane. Hungus, King of the Picts, solicits the aid of his new friend and relation, Achaius, who joins him with a chosen band of Scottish warriors. The two armies are on the eve of battle, when, as Achaius lay slumbering in his tent, the tutelar saint of Scotland, St. Andrew, appeared to him in a vision :

in his right hand he held
A cross, far beaming through the night ; his left
A pointed thistle rear'd. " Fear not," he cry'd,
" Thy country's early pride, for lo ! to thee
Commission'd, I from Heav'n's eternal king,
Ethereal messenger of tidings glad,
Propitious now am sent : then be thou bold,
To-morrow shall deliver to thy hand
The troops of Athelstane. But, oh ! attend,
Instructed from the skies, the terms of fate
Conditional assign'd ; for if misled

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By sacred lust of arbitrary sway,
Thou, or of thee to come, thy race shall wage
Injurious war, unrighteous to invade
His neighbour's realm; who dares the guilty deed,
Him, Heaven shall desert in needful hour
Of sad distress, deliver'd o'er a prey
To all the nations round. This plant I bear,
Expressive emblem of thy equal deed :
This, inoffensive in its native field,
Peaceful inhabitant and lowly grows ;
Yet who with hostile hands its bristly spears
Unpunish'd may provoke? And such be thou,
Unprompt t' invade and active to defend."

The Saxons are defeated ; and Achaius, returning home, is not unmindful of the heavenly dream.

————— to inspire
Love of heroic worth and kindle seeds
Of virtuous emulation in the soul
Ripening to deed, he crown'd his manly breast
With a refulgent star, and in the star,
Amidst the rubies' blaze, distinguish'd shines
The sainted cross, around whose golden verge
Th' embroider'd thistle, blest inclosure ! winds
A warlike foliage of ported spears
Defenceful.

He confers similar insignia on a chosen number of his followers, and institutes the order of the Thistle,

Inviolat and sacred, to preserve
The ordinance of Heav'n.

The poet then glances briefly at the fortunes of the

stle, till

————— In Britain's shield
 The northern star mingles with George's beams.
 Unsorted light! and with Hibernia's harp
 Bathing the spirit of peace and social love,
 Harmonious power! the Scottish thistle fills
 A distinguish'd place, and guards the English rose.

The plan of this episode, and the political sentiments which it is made the vehicle, are alike deserving of notice. History might supply us with a more authentic origin for our national emblem, but it could not supply us with one more fraught with moral purpose, or more accordant with every patriotic feeling. The blank verse which the author has adopted in this poem, does not seem to have been altogether adapted to his powers; yet a reader must be struck with the facility with which more than one of the passages which have been quoted are modulated.

The only piece which Hamilton wrote in his native language was "the Braes of Yarrow," designated by Mr. Richardson, as "one of the finest ballads ever written." Another critic, whose opinion of the ancient ballad poetry of Scotland must be allowed to have considerable weight, has passed a very different judgment upon it. "It is," says Mr. Pinkerton, "in every bad taste, and quite unlike the ancient Scottish manner, being even inferior to the poorest of the old ballads with this title. His repeated words and lines, forming an eternal jingle, his confused narration and affected pathos, throw this piece among the rubbish of poetry." Although a warm participator in Mr. Rich-

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Anderson's general admiration of Hamilton, I am inclined in this instance, to agree with Mr. Pinkerton. The jingle and affected pathos of which he complains, indeed sickening.

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she we
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow, &c.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow, &c.

It is for those who can attune their voices to the rant, to discover where the pathos of it lies. Simplicity and melody were never surely so departed from before.

There exists in MS. a fragment of a poem by Hamilton, not published in his works, called the "Maid of Gallowshiels." It is an epic of the heroic kind, intended to celebrate the contest between the piper and fiddler, for the fair Maid of Gallowshiels. Hamilton had designed to extend it to twelve books but has only completed the first and a portion of the second. Dr. Leyden, who owes himself indebted to the friendship of Dr. Robert Anderson for his knowledge of this MS. gives the following account of it in his preface to the "Complaynt of Scotland."—"In the first (book) the fiddler challenges the piper to a contest of musical skill, and proposes that the maid herself should be the umpire of the contest."

Sole in her breast the favourite youth shall reign,
Whose hand shall sweetest wake the warbled strain
And if to me the ill-fated piper yield,
As sure I trust, this well contested field,

h in the sacred dome his pipes I raise,
 trophy of my fame to after days ;
 t all may know as they the pipes survey,
 fiddler's deed and this the signal day.
 ll Gallowshiels the daring challenge heard,
 blank they stood, and for their piper fear'd ;
 rless alone he rose in open view,
 l in the midst his sounding bagpipe threw.

The history of the two heroes is related with various
 odes ; and the piper deduces his origin from Colin
 Gallowshiels, who bore the identical bagpipe at
 battle of Harlaw, with which his descendant re-
 es to maintain the glory of the piper race. The
 nd book, the subject of which is the trial of skill,
 mences with the following exquisite description
 e bagpipe."

in his artful hand the bagpipe held,
 e, the piper wide surveys the field.
 all he throws his quick discerning eyes,
 views their hopes and fears alternate rise.
Glenderule, in Gallowshiels long fam'd
works of skill, the perfect wonder fram'd ;
shining steel first lopp'd, with dexterous toil,
a tall spreading elm the branchy spoil.
 clouded wood he next divides in twain,
 smoothes them equal to an oval plane.
 eather folds in still connected rows
 ither plank conformed, the sides compose ;
 wimble perforates the base with care,
 stin'd passage opening to the air ;
 once inclosed within the narrow space,
 opposing valve forbids the backward race.

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Fast to the swelling bag, two reeds combin'd,
 Receive the blasts of the melodious wind.
 Round from the twining loom, with skill divine
 Embost, the joints in silver circles shine ;
 In secret prison pent, the accents lie,
 Until his arm the lab'ring artist ply :
 Then duteous they forsake their dark abode,
 Fellows no more, and wing a sep'rate road.
 These upward through the narrow channel glide
 In ways unseen, a solemn murmuring tide ;
 Those thro' the narrow part, their journey bend
 Of sweeter sort, and to the earth descend.
 O'er the small pipe at equal distance, lye
 Eight shining holes o'er which his fingers fly.
 From side to side the aërial spirit bounds :
 The flying fingers form the passing sounds,
 That, issuing gently thro' the polish'd door,
 Mix with the common air and charm no more.

This gift long since old Glenderule consign'd,
 The lasting witness of his friendly mind,
 To the fam'd author of the piper's line.
 Each empty space shone rich in fair design :
 Himself appears high in the sculptur'd wood,
 As bold in the Harleian field he stood.
 Serene, amidst the dangers of the day,
 Full in the van you might behold him play ;
 There in the humble mood of peace he stands,
 Before him pleas'd are seen the dancing bands,
 In mazy roads the flying ring they blend,
 So lively fram'd they seem from earth t' ascend.
 Four gilded straps the artist's arm surround,
 Two knit by clasps, and two by buckles bound.
 His artful elbow now the youth essays,
 A tuneful squeeze to wake the sleeping lays.

ng bellows thus the smith inspires
he polish'd lock, the forge's fires ;
in ashes lie the flames below,
sounding lungs of bellows blow ;
ting high, o'er the illumin'd room
e brown light, and gilds the dusky gloom ;
g sounds in narrow prisons pent,
heir cells, loud rumbling for a vent.
ests now the deafen'd ear assail ;
r sweet is breath'd a sober gale :
e hawk his mountain nest forsakes,
is prey his rustling wings he shakes ;
pell'd by th' unharmonious shock,
tering and abrupt through all the rock.
flies, she shapes to smother space
wing vans, and swims the aërial space.

G. R.

HAMILTON OF GILBERTFIELD.

THE name of Hamilton of Gilbertfield has suffered in celebrity from its similarity to that of a greater poet; but, if not illustrated by works of such merit as those of Hamilton of Bangour, it is connected with productions of too much merit to justify a slight regard. A writer, whose strains could inspire an Allan Ramsay with emulation, could not have been of a class doomed to be forgotten. Oblivion will be kind to him on this account alone, as Sir Walter Raleigh beautifully tells us she has been to the adorer of Laura :

*Oblivion laid Petrarch on Laura's tomb.**

Mr. Hamilton, of Gilbertfield, was the son of Hamilton of Ladylands. He entered the army early in life; but, after considerable service, returned to his paternal home with no higher rank than that of a lieu-

* Raleigh must of course be presumed to express somewhat hyperbolically his opinion of the Italian poet. The line occurs, I believe, in a set of verses in commendation of some very inferior poet, on whose appearance Oblivion is said to have performed this service for Petrarch.

tenant. His time was now divided between the sports of the field, the cultivation of several valued friendships with men of genius and taste, and the occasional production of some effusion of his own, in which the gentleman and the poet were alike conspicuous. His intimacy with the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, three of his Epistles to whom are to be found in the common editions of Ramsay's works, commenced in an admiration, on Ramsay's part, of some pieces which had found their way into circulation from Hamilton's pen.

When I begoud first to con verse,
And cou'd your "Ardry whins" rehearse,
Where bony Heck ran fast and fierce,
 It warm'd my breast ;
Then emulation did me pierce,
 Whilk since near ceast.

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little,
Ye're never ragget, shan, nor kittle,
 But blyth and gabby ;
And hit the spirit to a tittle
 Of standart Habby.

Ramsay to Hamilton.

Towards the close of his life, Hamilton resided at Letterick, in the county of Lanark, and there he died at a very advanced age in 1751.

His principal productions are to be found in Watson's *Choice Collection of Scots Poems*. One of these, an Elegy on Habbie Simpson, the piper of Kilbarchan,

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records a very poetic circumstance in the ancient manners of our country.

“—— wha will cause our shearers shear?
Wha will bend up the brags of weir.”

It appears, that, in former times, it was the custom for a piper to play behind the reapers while at work; and to the poetical enthusiasm thus excited and kept alive, we are probably indebted for many of those airs and songs which have given Scotland so unrivalled a celebrity, while the authors of them remain as unknown as if they had never existed.

In 1722, Mr. Hamilton published an abridgement, in modern Scottish, of Henry the Minstrel's *Life of Wallace*; but it has not added any thing to his fame. Dr. Irving has only recorded the general opinion, when he says, that it was “an injudicious and useless work.”

C. H.

SAMUEL COLVIL.

It is a matter of literary history, of which the Scotch have perhaps no great reason to be proud, that among the crowd of imitators of Butler's admirable poem of Hudibras, Scotsmen should hold the foremost place. There has been a London Hudibras* and an Irish Hudibras,† and even a Dutch‡ Hudibras; but it is generally allowed that they all fall short of what is called the Scotch Hudibras, or more properly speaking "The Whigs' Supplication," by Samuel Colvil; and that again is as far exceeded by the Knight of the Kirk, and other works of Meston. To be the best of imitators, however, is but sorry renown. They are, indeed, *servum pecus*. To use a simile which Butler, in his Characters, seems to have provided for these Scotch followers—an imitator "catches his wit like the itch, of somebody else that had it before, and when he writes he does but scratch himself; his muse is not inspired, but infected with another man's fancy."

* "Vulgus Britannicus; or, The British Hudibras: containing The Secret History of the Late London Mob," &c. 1710.

† "The Irish Hudibras; or, Fingalean Prince," 1695.

‡ "Hogan Moganides; or, The Dutch Hudibras," 1674.

Of Colvil's personal history nothing is known. His first appearance as a writer is supposed to have been in 1673. A work printed at Edinburgh in that year is extant, entitled "An Historical Dispute of the Papacy and Popish Religion," which bears to be written by "Sam. Colvil," but whether this was the same individual who wrote the "Whigs' Supplication" is not certain. The latter work was published at London, in duodecimo, in the year 1681. It was much read, and has even continued to be read, down to a late period. Many editions of it have been printed, and one at St. Andrew's in 1796.

The degree of popularity which a work has maintained is usually allowed to indicate its degree of merit: but this conclusion, which would hold in any other case, scarcely holds in the present. Colvil has borrowed so largely from the original *Hudibras*, that it is impossible to say, how far he is indebted for the reputation of his work to his own genius, and how far to Butler's. It is not the design and manner, merely, which he has borrowed; he has actually adopted a great many entire passages, without the slightest alteration.

As Butler's *Hudibras* was a satire on the zealots of the reign of Charles the First, so Colvil's relates to the insurrection of the Scottish Covenanters, in the reign of Charles the Second. After much wrestling of the spirit, they resolve to indite a supplication to the king; and *the Gude Man*, their chief, despatches his 'squire to London, to present it to his Majesty. The 'squire meets, in London, with his prototype, Ralpho, and a dispute commences between them, on the merits of Presbytery, which the former defends against the rail-

ery of the latter. The supplication is presented to the king with a long speech from the 'squire, whose farewell to London closes the poem.

The plan of the "Supplication" is better than its execution. Its portraitures of character are feebly drawn, and the narrative tediously protracted. There is abundance of that odd combination which forms so material a feature of the Hudibrastic school; but it is, too generally, oddity without wit.

So we may prove

Cameleons, beef and cabbage eaters—

* * * * *

That horse are men, and owls are ounces—

* * * * *

That tallow cakes are amber-grease;

That sun and moon are Cheshire cheese.

The author is occasionally, however, both spirited and ingenious; and, had he struck out a new path for himself, instead of dully plodding in that of another, might have acquired a respectable rank among minor poets. The following telescopic view of things not to be seen in the moon, may serve as a fair specimen of his style.

Cavaliers on horseback prancing,
 Maids about a May-pole dancing,
 Men in taverns, wine carousing,
 Beggars by the highway lousing,
 Soldiers forging ale-house brawlings,
 To be let go without their lawings:
 Stirs in streets, by grooms and pages,
 Mountebanks playing on stages,

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Gardens planting, houses bigging,
States and princes fleets outrigging ;
Antic fashions of apparels,
Mates and princes picking quarrels,
Wars, rebels, and horse-races,
Proclaim'd at several market places,
Captors bringing in their prizes,
Commons cursing new excises,
Young wives their old husbands hurning,
Judges drunken every morning,
Augmenting law-suits and divisions,
By Spanish and by French decisions ;
Courtiers their aims missing,
Chaplains, widow ladies kissing,
Men to sell their lands itching
To pay th' expences of their kitchen,
Frequent changes, states invading,
Pulpits forcing and persuading,
Great jars for cloves and maces,
For bishops, lordships, and their graces ;
Preachers contradicting fast,
This year, what they preach'd the last,
Making, in the conscience, room
For a change, the year to come.

A. C

ALEXANDER ROSS, A.M.

ALEXANDER ROSS, the author of "the Fortunate Shepherdess," was the son of a small farmer, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, and county of Aberdeen, and born about the year 1700. He studied at Aberdeen, and took the degree of Master of Arts. On quitting the University, he obtained the appointment of Schoolmaster to the parish of Birse, in his native county; and shortly after married.

In 1733, he removed to the parish of Lochlee, in Angusshire; and here, in the humble and laborious occupation of a teacher of youth, was suffered to linger out a life, extended to the more than ordinary term of eighty-three years. He died in the month of May, 1783, leaving a son and four daughters.

"Ross," says Dr. Irving, "has been described as a man of simple manners, of a religious deportment, assiduous in discharging the duties of his station." And this character, concise as it may appear, will, as Dr. Irving neatly and truly adds, "be found to include every essential quality."

It has been conjectured, that Ross's original destination was the church, and that he had been obliged through poverty of circumstances to abandon the pursuit. The course of study necessary for taking orders in Scotland is not however so expensive, nor the incidental helps so few, that a young man, after having attained the degree of M.A., could have had much difficulty in perfecting his scheme of life, had he stea-

dily pursued it. A condition still more poetical than sheer poverty may be assigned to Ross. He married when others find it prudent to wait; and thus brought early cares upon him, which obliged him first to hal by the way, and then, for want of some generous hand to help him forward, kept him a schoolmaster for life.

Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, was first published at Aberdeen in the year 1768, together with a few Scottish songs. In the exordium, he thus feelingly depicts the penury of his condition.

Come, Scots, thou, that anes upon a day
Garr'd Allan Ramsay's hungry heart-strings play
The merriest sangs that ever yet were sung,
Pity anes mair, for I'm outthrow as clung.
'Twas that grim gossip, chandler-chafed want,
With threed-bair claitthing and an ambry scant,
Made him cry on thee, to blaw throw his pen
Wi' leed* that well might help him to come ben,
And crack amo' the best o' ilka sex,
And shape his houghs to gentle bows and becks.
He wan thy heart, well wordy o't, poor man :
Tak yet anither gangrell by the han,
As gryt's my mister, an' my duds as bare,
And I as sib as he was, ilka hair,
Mak me but half as canny, there's no fear,
Tho' I be auld, but I'll yet gather gear.

Shortly after the publication of the poem, a commendatory criticism upon it appeared in the *Aberdee Journal*, with the fictitious signature of Oliver Oldstyle accompanied by an epistle to Ross, in the *Scottish*

* Language.

dialect. The author of both productions was generally understood to be Dr. Beattie ; and they have remained so long ascribed to him without contradiction, that there can be little doubt of their being from his pen. As the criticism contains a pretty correct estimate of Ross's work, and the epistle presents Beattie in a different poetical dress from that in which he is commonly known to the public, no apology can be necessary for transcribing them at length from the fugitive record in which they appeared.

To the Printer of the Aberdeen Chronicle.

SIR,

I have read the "Fortunate Shepherdess," and other poems, in broad Scotch, just published at Aberdeen, by Mr. Alexander Ross, of Lochlee. This writer has given us the provincial dialects of Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeenshire, in great perfection ; and I am convinced his work will be highly amusing to all who relish that sort of composition. A nice critic might, perhaps, take exception at his plot, at the prolixity of some speeches, and at the impropriety of some particular incidents and sentiments ; but Mr. Ross, in his preface, hath made so modest an acknowledgement of these and other faults, which he thinks may be found in the performance, that it is impossible for a good-natured reader not to excuse them. Many genuine strokes of nature and passion, and many beautiful touches of picturesque description, are to be seen in this work. There is even an attempt at character, which, in one or two instances, is by no means unsuccessful. In his songs there is an easy turn of humour

INERT SCOTSMEN.

of them have long been known
of this country, who sing them
and good humour. I beg leave
cetious author, by the channel of
lowing lines, which r
s, and cannot, I think, ~~endure~~;

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

OLIVER OLDSTILE.

Alexander Ross, at Lochles, author of the
shepherdess and other poems in the broad

loss, thou wale of hearty cocks,
crouse and canty with thy jokes!
y hamely auldwarld muse provokes
Me for awhile.

To ape our guid plain countra' folks
In verse and stile.

Sure never carle was haff sae gabby
E're since the winsome days o' Habby,
O mayst thou ne'er gang, clung, or shabb
Nor miss thy snaker!

Or I'll ca' fortune nasty drabby,
And say—pox take her

O may the roupe ne'er roust thy wear
May thirst thy thrapple never gizen
But bottled ale in mony a dizen,
Aye lade thy gantr;

And fouth o'vives a' in season,
Plenish thy pantry

Lang! thy stevin fill wi' glee
 The glens and mountains of Lochlee,
 Which were right gowsty but for thee,
 Whase sangs enamour
 us, and teach wi' melody
 The rocks to yamour.

O shair your head, but, o' my fegs,
 Ye've set auld Scots* on her legs,
 Lang had the lyen wi' befts and flegs,
 Bumbaz'd and dizzie;
 Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs,
 Wae me! poor hizzie!

Since Allan's death naebody car'd
 For anes to speer how Scots far'd,
 Nor plack nor thristled turner war'd
 To quench her drouth.
 For frae the cottar to the laird
 We a' rin South.

The Southland chiels indeed hae mettle,
 And brawly at a sang can 'ettle,
 Yet we right couthily might settle
 O' this side Forth.
 The devil pay them wi' a pettle
 That slight the No

Our countra leed is far frae barren,
 It's even right pithy and aulfarren,
 Oursells are neiper-like I warran

* The name Ross gives to his muse.

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

For sense and smergh.
In kittle times when faes are yarring,
We're no thought ergh.

Oh! bonny are our greensward hows,
Where through the birks the birny row,
And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
And saft winds ruse;
And shepherd lads on sunny knows
Blaw the blythe fushie.

It's true, we Norlans manna fa'
To eat sae nice or gang sae bra',
As they that come from far awa,
Yct sma's our skaith.
We've peace (and that's well worth it a')
And meat and claith.

Our fine new spangle sparks, I grant ye,
Gie' poor auld Scotland mony a taunt ye
They're grown sae ugertfu' and vaunt ye,
And capenroited.
They guide her like a canker'd aunty
That's deaf and doited.

Sae comes of ignorance I trow,
This that crooks their ill fa'r'd mou'
Takes sae coarse, they gar fouk sp
For downright skonner;
For Scotland wants na sons enew
To do her honour.

I here might gie a skreed o' names,
Dawties of Heliconian dames!

The foremost place Gawin Douglas claims ;
 That canty priest.
 And wha can match the fifth King James
 For sang or jest?

Montgomery grave, and Ramsay gay,
 Dunbar, Scot,* Hawthornden, and mae
 Than I can tell ; for o' my fae,
 I maun break aff ;
 'Twould take a live lang simmer day
 To name the haff.

The saucy chieks—I think they ca' them
 Criticks, the muckle sorrow claw them,
 (For mense nor manners ne'er could awe them
 Frae their presumption.)
 They need nae try thy jokes to fathom ;
 They want rungumption.

But ilka Mearns and Angus bairn,
 Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn,
 And chieks shall come frae yont the Cairn—
 —Amounth right yousty,
 If Ross will be so kind as share in
 Their pint at Drousty.†

In the Aberdeen Chronicle, there is the following note, explaining who was the individual whom the author of the epistle here meant :—" Author of the Vision, a poem remarkable for pathos and elegance of depiction." The author of the Vision, however, was an Ramsay, and Scot was only a *nom de guerre*.
 Life of Ramsay.

A. S.

An alehouse in Lochlee.

The plot of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*, to which Dr. Beattie hints some exception might be taken by a nice critic, is certainly by no means pleasing. Ambition triumphs over the affections of the heart; and the humble, yet sincere lover, is discarded for a rival, whose chief recommendation is his wealth. But in the progress of the tale, there are beauties developed, which would justify even a warmer eulogium than Dr. B. has pronounced upon the work. "The celebrated Dr. Blacklock," says Dr. Irving, "as I have learnt from one of his pupils, regarded it as equal to the pastoral comedy of Ramsay." And Mr. Pinkerton, who unfortunately could see nothing in the *Gentle Shepherd* to entitle it to a place among good compositions, says of Ross:—"Some of the descriptions are exquisitely natural and fine. The language and thoughts are more truly pastoral than any I have yet found in any poet, save Theocritus."

The songs published along with the *Fortunate Shepherdess*, include some which have not only, as Dr. B. remarks, been long known to the people of Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeenshire, but are very general favorites in Scotland; "*The rock and the wee pickle tow*;" "*Married and woo'd and a'*;" "*The bride's breast knot*;" &c. There are also several songs interspersed through the poem itself; and one which is very pleasing in the third canto, entitled the "*Braes of Flaviana*." It is to the tune of the *Lass of Patie's Mill*.

Of all the lads that be
On Flaviana's braes,
'Tis Colin bears the gree,

An' that a thousand ways ;
Best on the pipe he plays,
Is merry, blyth, an' gay,
' An' Jeany fair,' he says,
' Has stown my heart away.

Had I ten thousand pounds,
I'd all to Jeany gee,
I'd thole a thousand wounds
To keep my Jeany free :
For Jeany is to me,
Of all the maidens fair,
My jo, and ay shall be,
With her I'll only pair.

Of roses I will weave
For her a flow'ry crown,
All other cares I'll leave,
An' busk her haffets round ;
I'll buy her a new gown,
Wi' strips of red an' blew,
An' never mair look brown,
For Jeany'll ay be new.

My Jeany made reply ;
' Syn ye ha'e chosen me,
Then all my wits I'll try,
A loving wife to be.
If I my Colin see,
I'll lang for naething mair,
Wi' him I do agree
In weal an' wae to share.'

Although the "Fortunate Shepherdess" was re-

ceived so favorably among the learned, its appearance, at first, to have been slow. A station was not called for till 1778 ; but editions have multiplied, and the work is in the most valued of the cottage classics thro' that part of the north east of Scotland, Buchan dialect is spoken.

The second edition was dedicated, by the Duchess of Gordon, in terms which in sense of obligation ; but the favours received not have been great, which still left the bard poet of his age to depend on the drud country-school for the means of subsistence.

Ross seems to have continued his com Muses till long after the divine flame had His grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson of Lentrathan, in Forfarshire, informs us, ring " the days of old age and infirmity," composed a poem, entitled "*The Orphan*," announcing his intention of committing it to the press with others of his productions ; but was upon by Dr. Beattie, one of his best friends, to relinquish a scheme, that seemed to endanger reputation which he had already acquired.

* Campbell's Introduction to the History of Scotland.

ARMSTRONG.

aks of the Liddel, in Roxburghshire, have
 r of giving birth to John Armstrong, one of
 learned and polished poets our country has
 l.

————— Such the stream,
 ose Arcadian banks I first drew air.
 till now, except in Doric lays
 to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
 own in song ; though not a purer stream
 h meads more flow'ry, more romantic groves,
 towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood !
 ll thy hospitable swains be blest
 innocence ; thy mountains still
 ith the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods
 flourish ; and thy vales look gay
 inted meadows and the golden grain.

Book III. Art of Preserving Health.

's father was minister of the parish of
 rough which the Liddel flows. After
 the usual course of education at Edin-
 more than ordinary reputation, young
 ok the degree of M.D. on the 4th of
 12. His thesis, the subject of which
 urulente, was published as the forms

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of the university require. Armstrong sent a copy of it, three days afterwards, to Sir Hans Sloane, accompanied by the following ingenuous letter in the language.*

“ Vir eruditissime dignissimeq.

Indolis tuæ suavitatem late cognitam, plurimum commendat, quod juveni obscuri tibi noto, patrocinio tuo favere haud dedigneris. studiorum suorum primitias, qualescunq. sin tremulâ manu offert. Ut munusculi prelium sentio quam sit exiguum) aliquo modo patroni tati responderet—sed absit tyroni talis spes. Laus atq. candore tibi propriis solis confido. Hinc in opusculum tenue, incultumq. te benignè accepto spero. Interim, ut, probitatis exemplum atq. sophorum cœlibus decus, diu vivas atq. vale nixè precatur.

Tui observantissimus,

JOANNES ARMSTRONG

Dabam Edinburgi, 7^o die
Februarii, A.D. 1732.

To Sir Hans Sloane, Bart.
President to the Royal Society and Colledge of Physicians, London.”

Whether this letter attracted any notice from the learned president, we are not informed. It appears

* Sloane MSS. No. 4036.

that two years afterwards, Dr. Armstrong transmitted to the Royal Society a paper on the "Alcalescent disposition of Animal Fluids," which was read, though not printed, in their transactions. It is preserved among the MSS. of Dr. Birch, then Secretary of the society, in the British Museum, (No. 4433.)

It seems, that while a student, Armstrong had begun to pay his court to the Muses. One of his first attempts was a descriptive sketch, in imitation of Shakespeare, which, he informs us, met with the approbation of Thomson, Mallet, and Young. He wrote, also, about this period, part of a tragedy in imitation of Shakespeare.

In 1735, we find him in London attracting some notice by a humorous fugitive piece in 8vo., entitled "An Essay for abridging the study of Physic; to which is added, a Dialogue between Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the practice of Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious society; as also an Epistle from Usbeck the Persian to Joshua Ward, Esq." It was dedicated "to the Antacademic Philosophers, to the generous despisers of the schools, to the deservedly celebrated Joshua Ward, John Moor, and the rest of the numerous sect of inspired physicians, by their most devoted servant and zealous admirer." This work was said, at the time, to exhibit the very spirit of Lucian; but now that the impostures which it exposed are forgotten for others of greater novelty, but little of this spirit can be discovered. The satire is just, but wasted on ephemeral topics.

In 1737, he published "A Synopsis of the History and Cure" of that class of diseases which furnish

"the sect of inspired physicians," with their most lucrative practice ; and shortly after, "*The Economy of Love*," a poem. The object of both productions seems to have been the same, and though it was an object sufficiently consistent with professional assiduity, it brought no honor to his character; either as a man of letters or a moralist. In the one, he allured with syren power the youth of the land to those indiscretions for which the other presented the cure ; it was, in short, altogether a business matter, in which self-interest supplied the cunning, and genius the capital. As a physician, and a poor physician, he panted after practice ; and not content with encountering the quacks who engrossed it, with the might of learning and skill, he was ungallant enough to call in the Muses, to assist him in his interested rivalry. It would seem, however, that he failed in obtaining the reward he anticipated. The "*Economy of Love*" sold rapidly, but it brought but little practice to the author of "*The Synopsis of the History and Cure*."

At a later period, Dr. Armstrong appears to have suppressed the most obnoxious passages of "*The Economy of Love*," in a new edition which bore to be "revised and corrected by the author." He would have done better could he have suppressed it entirely. It is still a licentious poem, and remains very properly excluded from every collection of poetry—even from his own collection of his works. From one of the cases on literary property, it appears, that the whole sum he received for it from his publisher, Mr. Millar, was only fifty guineas.

The "*Art of Preserving Health*," by which Dr. Armstrong made ample atonement to his injured re-

1744, was published in 1744. It raised him into a place among the first poets of his age, universally read and admired.

'46, he was appointed one of the physicians hospital for lame and sick soldiers, behind sham-house, through the influence, it is be-
of Dr. Mead, whom he had thus handsomely
in his last poem :

me ! belov'd by all the graceful arts,
long the fav'rite of the healing powers ;
lge, O Mead ! a well design'd essay,
s'er imperfect : and permit, that I
little knowledge with my country share,
on the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
with new graces dignify the theme.

'51, he presented the public with " Benevo-
an epistle to Eumenes ; and in 1753, " Taste,"
le to a young critic. In 1758, he published
hes or Essays on various subjects," under the

Launcelot Temple, Esq. The sale of this
as remarkably rapid, owing, in some measure
y, to a fable of the day, that Mr. Wilkes, then
zenith of his popularity, had assisted in its
ion. Its merit was not of the highest order,
s not among the collections of Essays that are
nerally read.

'60, Dr. Armstrong was honored by the dis-
ied appointment of physician to the forces in
ry. While engaged on this service, he trans-
to Mr. Wilkes, in England, an epistle in
which soon afterwards found its way into

print, under the title of "Day, an epistle to Wilkes, Esq. of Aylesbury," "without the ledge," as was pretended in a prefatory adment, "or consent of the author, or of the gen to whom it is addressed."

On the peace, Dr. Armstrong returned to I and resumed, but with little success, his pract physician. In 1770, he published a *Collectio* works in two volumes, containing the product ready mentioned, with the exception of the *Ex* of Love, and Day, the Epistle to Mr. Wilk the following hitherto unpublished pieces.—"tions of Shakespeare and Spenser." "The U Almanack, by Noureddin Ali." "The Force riage," a tragedy which was offered to Gau 1754, but rejected ; and some additional "Ske In an advertisement prefixed to these volun A. modestly says, he had, at last, "taken the upon him to collect his works, and to hav printed under his own inspection ; a task that long avoided ; and to which he would hardl submitted himself, but for the sake of pre their being, at some future time, exposed in a mangled condition, and loaded with more fau they originally had."

In 1771, he took "a short ramble throug parts of France and Italy," in company w. Fuseli, the painter, and published a disconten count of it on his return. In 1773, he clo literary career, by the publication of a quarto of "Medical Essays," in which he accounts not having such extensive practice as some brethren, on the ground of his not being qual

employ the usual means of forcing his way, by a ticklish state of spirits, and a distempered excess of sensibility.

The peculiar circumstances under which "Day," or the Epistle by Mr. Wilkes, was published, have already been noticed; it still remains to relate some consequences which arose out of it, of a very disagreeable description, and which there is reason to believe, tended in no small degree to embitter the latter years of Dr. Armstrong's life. The poem contained a lively satire on the follies of "the day;" but of so general a nature, that the author had doubtless hoped to see

———— his taxing like a wild goose fly,
Unclaimed of any man.

In one unlucky line, however, he happened to hit off a character so suited to what Churchill, with whom he had been on habits of intimacy, either thought of himself, or conceived the public thought of him, that nothing would persuade him but that he was personally held out to ridicule. The offensive

line occurs in the following passage:

"What news to day? I ask you not what rogue,
What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue;
What forward blund'ring fool was last preferr'd,
By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd;
With what new ~~what~~ the gaping town is smit;
What crazy scraps ~~the~~ *reigns the present wit*;
What stuff for winter the two Booths have mixt,
What bouncing mimic grows a Roscius next."

It is needless to say, how reasonable it was in Mr.

Churchill to conclude, that there could be no "crazy scribbler," except the author of the *Ro* in the writer's eye ; or to point out the modesty which he so readily arrogated to himself the clatter of the reigning wit of the day ; and still it necessary to dwell on the good grace with an author, who required such large allowances of deliberate licentiousness of his own pen, shot enraged at so mere a chance medley on the part of another. Churchill was resolved to be revenged in his poem, called "*The Journey*," thus repay accidental hit, by twenty mortal stabs at the reputation of a man whom he had once owned as his friend and joined with all the world in admiring as a

" Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of us
Read musty lectures on Benevolence ;
Or con the pages of his gaping Day,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot ;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of life
But not one hour of darkness ; when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when mem'ry wakes
When for our past misdoings conscience takes
A deep revenge, when by reflection led
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead
Let ev'ry muse be gone ; in vain he turns,
And tries to pray for sleep : ~~as~~ *Ætna* burns,
A more than *Ætna*, in his coward's breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids the
Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring

Englishmen hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.

About the same time, a coolness took place between Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Wilkes, on account of the obloquy which the latter was perpetually endeavouring to cast on the Scottish nation in his North Briton; and this led to the disclosure of some rather embarrassing circumstances, respecting the publication of the Epistle which had provoked the ire of Churchill. Armstrong had always affected to disapprove of its publication, and spoke of it as a production designed only for private perusal. How far this was the real state of the case, will be seen from the following letters, which now appeared in succession in the Public Advertiser, the favorite vehicle of Wilkes, but which have never been republished in any of the biographical collections.

To the Printer of the Public Advertiser.

SIR,

I am not surprised that the patriot of Prince's Court* attacks Sir John Dalrymple for his detection of that pseudo patriot, Algernon Sydney, as that same Algernon received the wages of iniquity, as our present worthy patriot does, undoubtedly, at least probably, from the rivals and enemies of our country. But the patriot seems to quit his proper and usual

* Prince's Court was, at that time, the residence of Mr. Wilkes.

tract in deceiving only his intimates and friends. I am assured that Sir John Dalrymple is neither the one nor the other. He always took more delight in exposing his friends than in hurting his enemies. We know, at least I am assured of the fact, that a very worthy and ingenious friend of this impostor trusted him with a jeu d'esprit of a poem, incorrect indeed, but which bore every mark of a true, though ungoverned, genius. This poem, though rough as it was, he carried to A. Millar, late Bookseller in the Strand, and published it in his friend's name, without his knowledge. This is a fact, Mr. Printer; therefore, I think Mr. W. should let alone Scotch writers.

DIES.

(*Public Advertiser*, March 23, 1773.)

In the *Public Advertiser* of March 24, 1773, there is a letter, which, after quoting the preceding attack of DIES as one of the various calumnies circulated against Mr. Wilkes, thus proceeds—

“Your correspondent, sir, is pleased to appeal to a dead Bookseller; I *appeal to the living* author, who is now in London. He desired the poem might be published: it was written for the public eye: he directed the Bookseller to call on Mr. W. for the copy. The Bookseller produced his credentials, under the author's own hand, upon which Mr. W. gave him the manuscript of the poem. It was afterwards published in the kindest way for the author's reputation, as a *Fragment*. I believe he will not chuse to restore the passages, which were omitted in the first edition of 1760. When he does, the kindness, and perhaps the

of the Editor will appear, I am told, in a very strong and favourable light. The Poem was not published till the Bookseller had received a second positive order for that purpose, from the author, after several objections to the publication had been transmitted to him in Germany, and amendments made by himself. It was a favourite child, not without merit, although scarcely quite so much as the fond father imagined. Mr. Churchill wrote the four following lines on that poem, which were never forgiven. They are in the *Journey*.

‘Or con the pages of his gaping *Day*,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all, but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a *lettered Scot*.’

TURNER.”

To the Printer of the Public Advertiser.

SIR,

I thought that Mr. W’s Scotch friend would, ere this day, have forgot that “*Day*,” which it must be confessed added very little reputation to his former literary fame. The cynical empiric ought to remember that it was by his own express orders that *Day* came to light. I doubt not but the ingenious author of the *Sketches* has given the aid of his literary talents to Sir John; but methinks he ought to vouchsafe to content himself with giving private applause to what is, in part, his own work, and to avoid puffing up its merits before a public, not very fond of his misanthropical, scotchified, and dull observations. His vain attempts at humour are long known, and as long

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despised. If ever Mr. W. honoured him with his company, sure I am, it was more to laugh at his cynical folly and absurdity, than to receive either information or delight from his conversation.

"I desire him, however, to confine his rancorous belchings to the private conversation of his very few friends left. I may be tempted to drag him forth, by name, to public chastisement, for I cannot, with patience, see the hero, to whom we owe our liberty, reviled by the poisonous breath of a man, already detested for his known aversion to mankind. This may serve, for this Day, in answer to Dies.

Nox.

(*Public Advertiser*, April 1, 1773.)

These letters, as may well be supposed, gave great offence to Dr. Armstrong.

On the 7th of April, he called on Mr. Wilkes, at his house, and accused him of being the author of this attack on his character, in very abrupt terms.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1792, the substance of this conversation, as minuted down (apparently by Mr. Wilkes) immediately after it took place, is preserved, and it is curious.

Mr. Wilkes, on being charged with the attack, observed that he had been roughly treated in the letter signed Dies. "Yes," said the Doctor, "but I believe you wrote that on purpose to bring on the controversy—I am almost sure of it." Wilkes refused to answer interrogatories, and referred the Doctor to Mr. Woodfall, the printer.

Dr. A.—"Whoever has abused me, sir, is a villain ;

our endeavours, sir, to set Scotland and England
 ner, are very bad."

Wilkes remarked, that the Scots had done that,
 ighly, by their own conduct; said that he had
 attacked the Doctor personally, but on the con-
 had complimented him in conjunction with
 shill in his mock *Dedication to Mortimer*. He
 led to the Doctor, if he had not himself in-
 ed against Scotland, in the severest terms?

e Doctor answered, "I only did it in joke, sir;
 lid it in bitterness: *besides, it was my country.*"
 ter some further conversation, Dr. A. observed,
 as happier with you than any man in the world,
 great many years, and complimented you not a
 in the *Day*."

. W.—"I am abused, in *Dies*, for that publica-
 and for the manner of it, both which you
 ved."

. A.—"I did so."

. W.—"I was abused at first, I am told, in the
 script of *Dies*, for having sold the copy, and put
 money in my pocket, but that charge was sup-
 ed in the printed letter."

. A.—"I know nothing of that."

e interview then terminated, without further
 nation.

ere are two things of which no person will, pro-
 r, have any doubt, after perusing these singular
 edings: first, that Wilkes was really, as Arm-
 g affirmed, the author of the whole of the corres-
 ence in the *Public Advertiser*, and attacked him-
 in order to furnish some sort of apology for be-

traying his former friend ; and second, that the story told in that correspondence, about Armstrong's privity to the publication of " Day," is the true one. The whole of the little plot has the marks of Wilkes's finesse about it, nor is it possible to assign any motive which could induce Armstrong to start a controversy, that was so sure to end to his own disadvantage. When the charge is advanced he does not attempt to deny it—he is angry because he cannot ; he goes to complain, but obtains no satisfaction ; and then sits down in silence under the exposure.

The deception disclosed was, after all, of a very venial description ; and Armstrong, though he had reason to feel deeply hurt at the artifice and treachery of Wilkes, had none to be ashamed of the part he had himself acted in this transaction.

Dr. Armstrong died at his house in Russel-street, Covent-garden, on the 7th September, 1779 ; and, to the surprise of his friends, who thought him poor, left behind him more than three thousand pounds, saved out of a very moderate income.

The character of Armstrong seems, on the whole, to have been of an amiable, though somewhat splenetic cast. By his friends, among whom he numbered some of the ablest and worthiest men of his time—Thomson, Granger, Theobald, Birch, Mead, Sir John Pringle, &c. he was much respected and esteemed. Several of them have borne strong testimony to the goodness of his heart, and general sincerity of his conduct.—He was blunt in his manners, and not very choice in his conversational language ; but these asperities were quickly forgot in the liveliness of observation and dry

... were accompanied. He is said to have been indolent and inactive, and fonder, at all times, of making one of a social party of literary friends, than of attending to any serious occupation; and to this, perhaps, as much as to that "distempered excess of sensibility," of which he talks in his Commentaries, we may ascribe the little success he experienced in his profession. In Dr. Birch's papers* there is a Tavern invitation from Armstrong to the Doctor, which, as illustrating the personal habits of some of the literati of those days, is curious. The following is a copy—

DEAR SIR,

If you are to be at leisure next Friday, Mr. Spence† and I shall be glad to meet you about two at Richard's Coffee-house, within Temple-bar, from whence we shall adjourn to any Tavern you please, to dine together. If Friday is not convenient for you, please leave word at the bar here: at meeting we shall agree upon some day next week. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble and obliged servant,

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

"Rawthwell's,‡
Wednesday Evening,
October 6, 1742."

With the author of the Seasons, Dr. Armstrong was,

* No. 4300 Birch's papers, British Museum.

† The collector of the Anecdotes.

‡ Where was Rawthwell's?

from his first coming to London, in the habits of peculiar intimacy; and he is generally understood to have been his coadjutor in the composition of the "Castle of Indolence," to both a most congenial subject. The sixty-eighth stanza was entirely written by Armstrong.

The reputation of Armstrong, as a poet, must rest chiefly on his "Art of Preserving Health;" but that has merit enough of itself to bear him on the wings of renown through many a distant age. In point of classical elegance, purity, and simplicity of style, as well as truth of sentiment, it is not perhaps excelled by any poem of the Didactic kind, in the English language. The subject was one "unattempted, yet in prose or rhyme."

—the secret wilds, I trace,
Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
Through paths the Muses never trod before.
Book I.

The field was encompassed with difficulties, for though it opened many sources of poetical ideas, still the leading theme was of the most ordinary matters of human existence;—eating, drinking, and sleeping; pain, sickness, and disease; all the infirmities, in short, which flesh is heir to. The skill and imagination which were required to give grace and elevation to such topics as these, could only belong to a mind of the highest order. The task, as Dr. Warton remarks, (in his reflections on Didactic Poetry, prefixed to his Edition of Virgil,) was reserved to Armstrong, and he has executed it nobly.

The author appears throughout to have had Lucretius in his eye; but he has shewn himself no servile imitator. If we compare the opening invocation of Hygeia by Armstrong with the invocation of Venus by Lucretius, or both their descriptions of a pestilence, we shall be convinced that it was the rivalry of equals. The approach of Hygeia through "the blue serenity of Heaven," and the dispersion of the various baleful forms of disease and death into the loathsome gloom, are conceived and pourtrayed in the very highest spirit of poetry. The instance of wide wasting pestilence, which Armstrong has selected for a trial of his strength with the Roman poet, in grand and pathetic description, is distinguished by one extremely poetical circumstance. The instance he selects, is that of the sweating sickness, which laid England waste during the reign of the tyrant Richard. It was a notion universally entertained by the common people of that period, that the disease attacked and was fatal to Englishmen alone, and that it was not limited in its rage to England, but extended to Englishmen, wherever Englishmen were to be found throughout the world. A sublimer idea of the avenging power of Heaven over a guilty race, and one more calculated to inspire a deep awe into the mind, it is impossible to imagine. Armstrong appreciated it with a poet's eye, and has availed himself of its agency with very happy effect.

O'er the mournful land,
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms;
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.

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Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind ;
 In vain: where'er they fled, the fates pursu'd ;
 Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
 To seek protection in far distant skies ;
 But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
 Was then at enmity with English blood ;
 For, but the race of England, all were safe
 In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste
 The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
 Where should they fly ? The circumambient Heaven
 Involv'd them still ; and every breeze was bane.
 Where find relief ? The salutary art
 Was mute ; and startled at the new disease,
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
 To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their prayers,
 Heaven heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd,
 Fatigued with vain resources ; and subdu'd
 With woe's resistless, and enfeebling fear ;
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
 Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard ;
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
 Infectious horror ran from place to place,
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then,
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell : and oft one bed, they say,
 The sick'ning, dying, and the dead, contain'd.

Armstrong has been reproached with exaggeration in his description of the "moist malignity" and variability of the English climate, in which all the seasons are said to "mix in every monstrous day." It

must be confessed that the picture is overcharged; and perhaps in no part of the work is more exceptionable matter to be found, than in the passages on his subject.

“————— Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene :
Good heaven ! For what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change ?”

The author here assumes it as a fact, that “ a dismal change” in the climate has taken place, when it would have served the purposes of both truth and poetry better, to have corrected a vulgar prejudice, and illustrated that interesting operation of mind, by which “ our fathers talk” of the days of their youth, as days when all nature smiled around them.

————— “The brooding elements,
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague ?
Or is it fix’d in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main ?”

his, it must be confessed, is very genuine bombast.

The colours, in which Dr. Armstrong has painted the English climate, are so greatly exaggerated, as to have sometimes suggested a doubt, whether it was really the English climate which the Doctor had in his mind’s eye at the time ; that climate so appropriately invoked by his friend and countryman Thomson, by the epithet of “ merciful.”—Looking into the *Beauties of Scotland*,” something extremely like a solution of this doubt has presented itself, and which, correct, will afford a striking example of the influence of early impressions on the mind.

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The topographist, describing the banks of the Liddel, Armstrong's native stream, previous to its junction with another river, called the Hermitage, says, "this part of the country is mountainous, high, cold and moist, and lies under the thick and solitary gloom of continual fogs."

Let us contrast this with what Armstrong says of England.

Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our seasons droop : incumbent still,
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.

The descriptions we see are the same, without even a single circumstance of variation. Is it unfair then, to conclude that they were derived from the same source, and that when Armstrong thought he was describing England, he was only recording his recollections of the scenery of his youth?

N. J.

DR. OGILVIE.

JOHN OGILVIE, D.D. was the son of the Reverend Mr. Ogilvie, one of the ministers of Aberdeen. He was born about the year 1733, and educated at the Marischal college, Aberdeen. He qualified himself with very little difficulty for the church, and obtained a license to preach long before he was acknowledged by that tuneful fraternity, among whom he seems to have been most ambitious to be enrolled.

About the period, at which Dr. Ogilvie began to write verses, there were in Scotland several of the profession of which he was a member, who were inspired, either by the poetical spirit, or the spirit of reforming the abuses which had crept in upon genius; and amongst those, Ogilvie took his station, destined both to aid, in giving refinement to the morality of the age, and in adding to the treasures of the higher departments of literature.

Dr. Ogilvie officiated as minister of Midmar, in the county of Aberdeen, from the year 1759, up to a late period of his life, having never hazarded his licence to preach by writing for the stage; an act for which other distinguished persons have been punished in consequence of the general persuasion, that the most effectual mode of raising disgust at the grossness of the dramatic exhibitions of earlier days,

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is by writing or preaching against them, and introducing to the public, in their theatres, the images of the passions.

The literary works which he produced during period, were, however, extremely numerous. events of his life, indeed, are nothing but a succession of appearances in prose or rhyme. In 1758, he published the *Day of Judgement*, a Poem ; in 1759, an edition of the *Day of Judgement* corrected, with an *Ode to Melancholy*, *Ode on Sleep*, *Ode on Time*, to the *Memory of Mr. H. M.* an *Elegy*, *Lines to the Memory of the late pious and ingenious Mr. H.* with a paraphrase of the third chapter of *Habb* in 1762, *Poems on several subjects*, to which was added, an *Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients* in two letters, inscribed to the Right Hon. James Desborough ; in 1763, *Providence*, an *Allegorical Poem* in three books ; in 1765, *Solitude, or the Elysium of the Poets*, a *Vision*, to which was subjoined an *Elegy* ; in 1769, *Paradise*, a Poem, and two volumes of *Poems on several subjects* ; in 1777, *Reason and Poem* ; in 1774, *Philosophical and Critical Observations on the nature, characters, and various species of composition* ; in 1783, an enquiry into the causes of the Infidelity and Scepticism of the Time ; in 1793, the *Theology of Plato*, compared with the principles of the Oriental and Grecian Philosophers ; in 1801, *Britannia*, an Epic Poem, in twenty books, which was prefixed a *Critical Dissertation on the Machinery* ; and in 1802, an *Examination of the Evidence from Prophecy*, in behalf of the Christian Religion.

Dr. Ogilvie closed a long life, devoted to literary pursuits, and to the faithful discharge of his duties as a Christian minister, in the year 1814, and 81st of his age.

In speaking of the literary character of Dr. Ogilvie, the first thing that must strike every one is the vast disparity between the quantity he has written, and the degree of celebrity which he has acquired. The name is scarcely known in poetry, and in prose still less; notwithstanding the pile of volumes which attests the pains taken to raise it into notice.

It is difficult to imagine, that while a Beattie, a Reid, a Blacklock, and many others of the same era with Ogilvie, have obtained their due meed of praise, such neglect could have been the portion of genius deserving of a better fate. It is unquestionably true, however, that Ogilvie was a man of very great genius, and that his works shew it. Are the public then to blame, that they have suffered them to fall into such obscurity? This it would be vain to affirm, unless it could be accompanied with some hope of seeing them yet read, of which it must be confessed there is no hope. The truth is, that the public were not to blame. Ogilvie, with powers far above the common order, did not know how to use them with effect. He was an able man, lost. His intellectual wealth and industry were wasted in huge and unhappy speculations. Of all his books, there is not one which, as a whole, can be expected to please the general reader. Noble sentiments, brilliant conceptions, and poetic graces, may be culled in profusion from the mass; but there is no one production in which they so predominate (if we except

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some of his minor pieces) as to induce it to be lected for a happier fate than the rest. Had the talent which Ogilvie threw away on a number of jects been concentrated on one, and that one ch with judgement and taste, he might have riv in popularity the most renowned of his contemporaries.

Among Ogilvie's larger works, that of "Prudence" is, perhaps, entitled to the first place. In preface to it, he says, "the subject of the pre essay falls so naturally under the cognizance of a reflecting mind, that we have no reason to be surpr when we find it treated in the most copious manner by many writers, both ancient and modern. I however, certain, in general, that philosophical dissertations, in whatever degree intrinsically valuable, their effect on the bulk of mankind, when they not enlivened with those graces which contribute to amuse the imagination. It is on this account that we find a moral work, in which we find the most important truths are accurately investigated, overlooked as uninteresting; when a series of incidents, which calculated to impress upon the mind some beneficial rule of conduct, is perused with satisfaction, and yet the author fails to establish a favourable prepossession. much stronger is the impulse which leads us to seek for *pleasure*, than that which prompts us to desire *instruction*." Under the deepest impression of the truth of this maxim, Ogilvie commences his poem, and conducts it with such a strict adherence to the form which he condemns, that, in spite of himself, he falls into the ranks of those who fail from that excessive anxiety to instruct, which calculates upon the necessity

doing all idea of causing amusement. But
 are, in this poem, several passages of great pos-
 beauty, which, if they formed parts of a more
 lar work, would often be quoted as evidences of
 irst school.—The following lines upon Contem-
 gn are delightful.

“ I turn’d my wandering steps aside,
 sought the deepest shade. There close immur’d,
 re scarce a zephyr stirr’d the rustling boughs,
 t I sat, and gave my thoughts to range
 worlds remote, as working fancy led
 stream of meditation; blaming now,
 now absolving Providence. Alone
 not long. A mountain’s clifted side
 through a visto) shew’d a gloomy cave,
 w and deep, where scarce the quivering ray
 sprinkled glimmering twilight. The high roof,
 d like the arch of heaven, hung awful o’er
 solemn vault below; through whose wide bound
 ong loud voice in many a lengthening moan
 on the listening ear. Advancing slow
 this dark cell of solitary thought,
 k’d a venerable sage; his cheek
 w’d by Time, and o’er his hoary head
 old white hand of slowly stealing Age
 shower’d its lucid silver: sweetly mild
 oks, his mien; and, rais’d to heaven, his eyes
 d like fair Evening’s dewy star that shines
 placid radiance: graceful was his form,
 simple his attire; his bending hand
 ’d on an ivory staff, the prop of age;
 firm his step, as one whose youthful blood

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Warm'd, not inflam'd, by Reason's temperate cheer,
Had ting'd the florid cheek, nor felt the blast
Of cold consumption. With slow step he scal'd
The cliff, and walking to the shade, on me
Bent a soft look, that pitied while it awed."

In another part of "Providence," he describes *Lucy* in a strain of equally elevated poetry.

" Her keenly-piercing eye
Glanc'd o'er the scene, that lighten'd as she came
With hasty step, and shook her dazzling wings
That sparkled in the sun : a wavy robe
Mantled her bosom, sweeping as she trod
In loose luxuriance, and the zephyr sigh'd
Soft through its swelling folds. Her right hand held
A globe, where nature's towering fabric rose
A living picture ! All the scenes that glow
Gay-rob'd and lovely, in some airy dream
Where spring comes tripping o'er the low green dale
And strews its lap with flowers. These o'er the piec
Profusely shone. Her left a magic rod
Sustain'd ; that, waving as she will'd, transform'd
The face of things, as wildly working thought
Call'd up discordant images, or, rul'd
By reason, form'd them gradual, to confirm
Some truth, yet dubious to th' inquiring mind."

Among Dr. Ogilvie's minor poems, there is a very pleasing and interesting one, called "Solitude;" the best work, perhaps, as a whole, which he has produced. The design of it is to give the reader an idea, in short a compass as possible, of the character, merits and peculiar excellencies of the most eminent British

poets. The author has contrived, for this purpose, a sort of poetical Elysium for their residence, and endeavoured to vary the scenery of it, according to the manners of the different poets with whom it is peopled. Some of these pictorial descriptions are sketched with great taste and discrimination. We have Chaucer tuning his pipe amid a rustic scene, where

Rich, yet confus'd, the intermingling sprays
Uncouthly gay their simple flowers display'd ;
Nor here had fashion plann'd the wildering maze,
Nor art's soft touch th' entangling shrubs obey'd.

But o'er the whole, majestic nature strode
Her form, disdainful of the mimic hand ;
The brightening wilderness before her glow'd,
Behind, gay plenty cloth'd the 'broider'd land.

A little hamlet in the midst appear'd,
Where antique figures stood expos'd to view ;
Of rough materials was the structure rear'd,
And round its walls the clasping ivy grew.

Not far a laurel's spreading boughs were seen,
Beneath whose unbrage sat a careless swain ;
The Dryads tripping o'er the daisied green,
And bleating flocks confess'd his powerful strain.

Shakespeare sits "in regal glory," on "a cliff which
o'erhangs the main," and there, obsequious to Fancy's

— varying call,
The fairy region, at the magic sound,
Girt with the hanging wood or mouldering wall,
Now bloom'd a villa, or a desert frown'd.

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And airy tenants o'er the dimpling stream
Hung loose ; or high in aim, in effort bold,
Suck'd hues ethereal from the dazzling beam,
To tinge the violet's velvet coat with gold :
Or spoil'd the citron of its rich perfume,
Or caught the light-drop in the liquid air ;
Or from the wren's breast pick'd the little plume,
To braid the tresses of the Naiad's hair.
O'er all bright Ariel shone. His devious wing
Now swept soft fragrance in the spicy gale ;
Or, fluttering from the dewy lip of spring,
Brush'd nectar'd balm, and shower'd it o'er the
dale.

O'er the dim top a gloomy arbour bow'd,
The boughs dark-shadowing veil'd the vaulted blue ;
But opening, fair beneath, the visted wood
Gave the gay climes that radiant burst to view.

Here Shakespeare sat.

All these external descriptions, however, are greatly surpassed by those passages in which the author depicts the subjects in which each poet delighted. In the following sketch of Spenser, he has caught the very spirit and sweetness of that divine author :

“ I mark'd a fairy train
Like clouds gay gleaming 'mid th' aërial blue ;
In floating radiance o'er th' illumin'd plain,
A glittering tribe, the light assembly flew.
Where art with nature's rich luxuriance strove,
Half prun'd, half rambling, rose the leafy sprays ;
A shepherd swain amid the gloomy grove
Play'd, wildly-sweet, his simple roundelays.

hardy knight he told, of fairy queen,
Of lover wan, by weeping brook reclin'd ;
Of wizard old, that spread his nets unseen ;
Of damsel fair, to wicked wight resign'd.

Meanwhile, around him hung the shining throng,
So sweetly-various flow'd th' enchanting strain ;
the Fay that bore his laurel wreath along
Was rapt, and stretch'd her eager arm in vain.

Not till the swain's melodious plaint was o'er,
Ceas'd the soft, silent, sympathetic tear ;
The syren's warbling from the vocal shore,
Thrill'd with such melting notes th' enraptur'd ear.

Of Milton, it is beautifully said—

Awhile in converse high the angel guest
Held him ; then sweeping o'er the sounding strings,
Which strains he pours, as 'mid the climes of rest
Thrill the high audience when Urania sings."

The grandeur and universality of Shakespeare's
enius, are represented by some noble images :

Graceful he mov'd, and scann'd the waste of air,
As his strong arm th' avenging bolt could wield ;
Or catch the tempest by the ragged hair,
Or bid an earthquake overwhelm the blasted field."

Ossian, Dr. Ogilvie thinks equal to Shakespeare :
Not distant far another bard was seen,
(*The place was varied, but their height the same.*)

This opinion he defends in a note, which does
credit to his ingenuousness, whatever may be thought

of its critical acumen. "The author is aware, that by placing Ossian in so exaltation, he will give offence to some very curious even to some good-natured readers, which he would please by any concession in his power. The former will accuse him of presumption, of all poetical taste, for placing any British poet on a level with Shakespeare, who has so long justly maintained an undisputed pre-eminence. The latter, of partiality to a poet, who (in contrast with the absurd distinction which has prevailed among the Britons for some time) must, in a peculiar manner, be deemed his countryman. To the first of these objections I would observe, that his intention in placing each other the two greatest natural geniuses any age or country can boast, is not so much to represent them as equally excellent, as, by placing them in one view, to give the reader as just an idea as possible of their separate characters. This will in a great measure obviate the objection of partiality, by which, in the present case, I must be sorry that any reader supposed him to be prejudiced. He gives his own opinion of the Ossian, and is incapable of this illiberal possession."

The manner in which the son of Fingal is introduced is strikingly picturesque.

The power of musing to his thoughtful mind
 Had lent her eagle pinions. O'er the mountains
 He hung :—The spirit of the hollow wind
 Wak'd on his harp the long-lamenting strain

fell his hoary locks ; the fanning air
 h'd through the venerable hairs ; his head
 own adorn'd ; his swelling chest was bare ;
 limbs the warrior's rougher vesture clad.

in o'ershadowing dimm'd his piercing sight,
 felt his vigorous form the waste of time ;
 all and ardent as the sons of light,
 the rude beech, he look'd, he trod sublime.

The author, at the close of the poem, subjoins an
 sting note, in which he mourns the neglect
 most of the poets, whom he celebrates, ex-
 ped from their countrymen. " Let us not,
 er," he adds with great candour and good
 " be so partial as to ascribe this series of un-
 events altogether to ingratitude, or even to the
 aste of a rude and undistinguishing people.
 reflection will suggest other, and perhaps juster
 s, from which these effects may be traced. The
 s which form an accomplished writer, and those
 qualify a man for rising in life, are in them-
 essentially different, and are very seldom
 l in any one person. Indeed, it is scarcely
 le, that this union can take place unless in
 uncommon and particular instances. The man
 tters is formed in solitude ; the man of the
 in society. It is evident, that before these can
 properly blended, an affluent fortune must concur
 native genius, and with a disposition suited to
 a moderate use both of solitude and society.
 e these advantages do not meet together, the
 of letters becomes proud, sullen, reserved, from
 at S.]

the inward consciousness of superior merit, joined with little experience of life or manners; and thus the disagreeable companion effaceth the impression which is made by the writer. Diffidence and modesty, which are likewise the attendants of genius, however amiable in themselves, are yet, by no means, calculated to render their possessor opulent. They are shades, indeed, which heighten the graces of merit to the discerning; but they are shades likewise, which conceal it from the giddy and superficial. If we add to these causes, the envy which eminence, in any profession, naturally excites, we shall account, at least in a great measure, for the narrow and contracted circumstances in which men of genius are permitted to live."

The quotations which have been made from Dr. Ogilvie's works, have, it is hoped, sufficed to shew that he was indeed a man of great, though unhappily-directed, talents. Had he been fortunate enough to have hit on some subject of striking interest, it would not now have been necessary to select passages from the immense body of his works, in testimony of his claims upon the applause of the world.

Dr. Ogilvie was one of the few Scotsmen of whom Dr. Johnson entertained a favorable opinion. The sanctity of the character of Ogilvie, the religious tendency of his writings, in some measure abated the fierce antipathy with which the great English critic regarded the nation whose literary efforts have raised them to so high a rank in the intellectual history of mankind. It was to Dr. Ogilvie that the unreasonable Johnson uttered the sarcasm relative to Scotch prospects. When in London, Ogilvie one day, in

his company, observed, in speaking of grand
that Scotland had a great many wild pros-
"Yes, sir," said Johnson, "I believe you
great many. Norway, too, has noble wild
ts, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious
ild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the
prospect which a Scotsman ever sees, is the
el that leads him to London." "I admit,"

Ogilvie, "that the last prospect is a very
e; but I deny that it is *as wild* as any of
e have enumerated."

W. B.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

Mr. Macpherson, so celebrated for his share in the production of the reputed poems of Ossian, was born at Kingussie, in the county of Inverness, in the year 1738. He was the son of a respectable, but not affluent, farmer. After receiving the necessary elementary education, he was entered of the King's College, Aberdeen, in the session or term of 1751-52. When he had studied about two years at this university, an act was passed, adding two months to the length of its annual terms. The increased expense attending such a protracted absence from their homes, induced all the poorer students to remove to the Marischal College, where the term continued of the usual duration. Of this number was Macpherson.

As a student, Macpherson was not distinguished beyond his fellows, except for a love of poetical idling, in preference to abstruse study. He is blamed for diverting the attention of the younger students from their more serious pursuits, by his humorous and doggrel rhymes.

In 1758, when as yet but in his twentieth year, he published a heroic poem in six cantos, called the *Highlander*. It presented the indications of a strong but uncultivated genius. The author himself was so

little pleased with it, that he is said to have endeavoured to withdraw it from circulation ; but great exertion could scarcely have been necessary to suppress what no person inquired after. It has never, it is believed, been reprinted.

Macpherson had been destined for the church, but he does not appear to have ever taken orders. For a short time, he taught a school at Ruthven, in Badenoch, whence he removed to be private tutor in the family of Mr. Graham, of Balgowan.

In 1760, he surprised the world with the publication of "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language." The avidity with which these seemingly long-neglected remains of a rude and remote period were sought after and examined, was only to be equalled by the delight which readers of taste experienced, in discovering in them a vein of poetry which would have done honour to the most polished periods of the national history. Mr. Gray, Mr. Home, Dr. Blair, and many other competent judges, were loud in their praises. As these "Fragments" were represented to be only specimens of a larger body of poetry, of a similar description, which was dispersed over the Highlands, it was eagerly proposed to Macpherson to undertake a mission, to trace out and preserve every thing else of the kind extant. Macpherson entered willingly into the scheme, and a handsome sum of money being subscribed among his friends and admirers to defray the attendant expenses, he gave up his situation in Mr. Graham of Balgowan's, and set off a relic-hunting through the Highlands.

The success of his researches, as reported by himself, exceeded all anticipation. He discovered one complete Epic poem of six books, called, "Fingal;" and another as complete of eight books, called, "Temora," both composed by "Ossian, the son of Fingal." A translation of the former he published in 1762, and of the latter in 1763; and so extensive was their sale, that he is said to have cleared by them no less than £1,200.

The authenticity of these poems was at first believed by many in its fullest extent, even by men of high character in the literary world. Dr. Blair, in particular, was so persuaded of the truth of Macpherson's statement, that he wrote an elaborate Dissertation to prove the antiquity, and illustrate the beauties, of the poems. There were others, however, of equal reputation for critical acumen, who could not be persuaded of the possibility of picking up complete Epics in this way, among the traditional literature of a country; and who, besides, from the style of the poems themselves, openly pronounced them to be forgeries. Some few again, who doubted, but were willing to believe, and among these, Mr. David Hume, put the question upon a very simple issue:—"Shew us the original poems, from which you say these translations have been made; and tell us how they have been thus wonderfully preserved during so many centuries.

Nothing could have been fairer than this appeal; but Mr. Macpherson, from motives of which all reasonable men could form but one opinion, haughtily refused to give the public any satisfaction on the subject. Dr. Blair, however, who felt his critical character endangered by this silence, exerted himself to pro-

cure at second-hand a variety of testimonies in favour of the authenticity of the poems. He published eleven letters from gentlemen and clergymen of respectability in the Highlands, all tending to prove that, in 1763, there were living in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, several persons, who either possessed ancient Gaelic manuscripts, or could recite long passages from traditionary Gaelic poems, which agreed in their subject, and often in their composition, with those published in English by Macpherson. Still the public were not satisfied. All this was but secondary evidence, in a case where, if the pretext set up by Macpherson were true, the most direct evidence was to be had. Where, it was again asked, are the original poems themselves?

The question continued in this unsettled state, when in 1764, Mr. Macpherson received an invitation to accompany Governor Johnston to Pensacola, as his secretary. Shortly after his arrival in America, however, he disagreed with his employer, and immediately returned home, paying a visit in his way to several of the West India Islands, and the North American Colonies.

He now resumed his literary pursuits, and produced "An Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Scotland," a work which, he says, "he was induced to proceed in by the sole motive of private amusement;" and which, he might have added, was calculated only to amuse others. As a piece of history, nothing could be less authentic or instructive; it was a dream throughout, at variance with the best authorities and with the most obvious probabilities. It has accordingly long ceased to be of the least weight in history, and only deserves remembrance for the elegance

of its style, and the fine fancy which pervades it. The description which he gives of the Paradise of the ancient British Nations, breathes all the fire of some of the finest passages of Ossian; and, as it may serve at once to shew the literary character of the work, and its value as matter of history, may merit quotation.

“The ancient inhabitants of Britain,” he says, “to enjoy the felicity of a future state, ascended not into heaven with the Christians, nor dived under the ocean with the poets of Greece and Rome. Their Flath-Innis, a noble Island, lay surrounded with tempest in the western ocean. Their brethren on the continent, at an early period, placed the seats of the blessed in Britain; but the Britons themselves, as we shall have occasion to shew, removed their Fortunate Island very far to the west of their country.” ●●●●

“The Scottish bards, with their compositions in verse, conveyed to posterity some poetical romances in prose. One of those tales which tradition has brought down to our times, relates to the Paradise of the Celtic nations. The following extract will contribute to illustrate the detached information, which the writers of Greece and Rome have transmitted from antiquity, concerning the Fortunate Islands.

“In former days, (says the bard,) there lived in Skerr, a magician of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate; he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day, his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night. He thirsted after things unseem. He sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his

He often sat in silence beneath the sound of groves, and he blamed the careless billows that hid between him and the green isle of the west.

One day, as the magician of Skerr sat thoughtful on a rock, a storm arose from the sea : a cloud, whose squally skirts the foaming waters commanded, rushed suddenly into the bay, and from its womb, at once issued forth a boat, with its white sail bent to the wind, and hung round with an hundred moving oars. But it was destitute of mariners ; it seemed to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged magician. He heard a voice, though he saw no human form. ‘ Arise, behold the boat of heroes,—arise, and see the green isle of those who have passed away.’

He felt strange force on his limbs, he saw no port, but he moved to the boat. The wind immediately changed. In the bosom of the cloud he sailed on, seven days gleamed faintly round him, seven days added their gloom to his darkness. His ears were stunned with shrill voices. The dull murmur of waves passed him on either side. He slept not, but his eyes were not heavy ; he ate not, but he was not hungry. On the eighth day, the waves swelled into mountains, the boat was rocked violently from side to side. The darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried out, “ The Isle,” “ The Isle !” The billows opened wide before him, the calm of the departed rushed in light on his eyes.

It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, placid, distinguishing light, which called forth every object to view in their most perfect form. The isle lay large before him, like a pleasing dream of the

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soul ; where distance fades not on the sight ; nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gentling hills of green, nor did they wholly wan clouds : but the clouds were bright and transient and each involved in its bosom the source of a beautiful stream, which, wandering down the valley, was like the faint notes of the half-touched lute to the distant ear. The vallies were open and level to the ocean ; trees loaded with leaves, which swayed to the light breeze, were scattered on the declivities and rising grounds. The rude wind blew not on the mountain, no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright ; the sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the sea. He hastened not to the west for repose, nor seemed to rise from the east. He sits in his height and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle. In each vale flows its slow moving stream. The pure water over the banks, yet abstains from the fields ; showers disturb them not, nor are they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hills are the dwellings of the departed—the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.”

Thus far, says Mr. Macpherson, is the faithful translation. Incoherent fables succeed the description, and the employments of the heroes in their Fortunate Island, differs in no respect from the amusements of the most uncultivated inhabitants of a mountainous country. The bard clothes his departed heroes, with grace, and are more active, than those they left behind them in this world ; and he describes, with elegance, the beauty of the women. After

transient vision of the noble isle, the magician of Skerr returned home in the same miraculous manner in which he had been carried across the ocean. But though, in his mind, he comprehended his absence in sixteen days, he found every thing changed at his return. No trace of his habitation remained ; he knew not the face of any man. He was even forced, says the tale, to make inquiry concerning himself ; and tradition had scarcely carried down his name to the generation, who then possessed the island of Skerr. Two complete centuries had passed away since his departure ; so imperceptible was the flight of time in the felicity of the Celtic Paradise.

The departed, according to the tale, retained, in the midst of their happiness, a warm affection for their country and living friends. They sometimes visited the first ; and by the latter, as the bard expresses it, they were transiently seen in the hour of peril, and especially on the near approach of death. It was then, that at mid-night, the death-devoted, to use the words of the tale, were suddenly awakened by a strange knocking at their gates ; it was then that they heard the indistinct voice of their departed friends, calling them away to the noble Isle. " A sudden joy," continues the author of the tale, " rushed in upon their minds, and that pleasing melancholy which looks forward to happiness, in a distant land." It is worthy of being remarked, that though those who died a natural death, were not excluded from the Celtic Paradise, the more pleasant diversions of the Flath-Inn-is or the noble Isle, rendered the Celtic Nations careless about a transitory life, which must terminate in happiness. They threw away with indifference, the

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burden, when it galled them, and became in measure independent of fortune in her worst efforts. They met death in the field with elevation and mind; they sought after him with eagerness, well pressed with disease, or worn out with age. The same cause, and not to a want of docility of action and temper, we ought to ascribe their success in the arts of civil life, before the Phœnicians and Greeks, with their commerce, and the Romans with their arms, introduced a taste for luxury in the regions of the west and north.

In 1773, Mr. Macpherson produced a translation of the Iliad of Homer, into the same sort of prose as his poems of Ossian. Men of taste and tasteless persons from his preface, had long solicited him to undertake the work; and there were not wanting persons, who, now that it was completed, pronounced it to be one of the first productions of the age. "The pomp and magnificence of his diction," we were told, "conveyed without diminution the dignity of Homer, and the smoothness of his periods placed the power and elegance of the English language in a more favorable point of view than it had hitherto attained in." It is certain, however, that such was not the opinion either of the mass of good judges, or of the public at large; from the former of whom it received no praise without ridicule, for the bad taste in which it was conceived; and from the latter, with the neglect of

acrimony than ever by Dr. Johnson. In the course of the tour which Dr. Johnson made, in company with Mr. Boswell, to the Hebrides, he made various inquiries concerning the traditionary poems said to exist among the Highlanders; but the information he obtained only tended to confirm the pre-conceived notions of Johnson, who, always prejudiced against Scotsmen and Scottish literature, had condemned Macpherson, almost without examination, as a literary impostor. In his *Narrative of the Tour*, speaking of these poems, he says, "I believe they never existed in any other form than that which we have seen. The editor or author never could shew the original; nor can it be shewn by any other. To revenge reasonable incredulity, by refusing evidence, is a degree of insolence with which the world is not yet acquainted, and stubborn audacity is the last refuge of guilt. It would be easy to shew it, if he had it; but whence could it be had? It is too long to be remembered, and the language had formerly nothing written. He has doubtless inserted names that circulate in popular stories, and may have translated some wandering ballads, if any can be found; and the names and some of the images being recollected, make an inaccurate auditor imagine, by the help of Caledonian bigotry, that he has formerly heard the whole." Again: "I have yet supposed no imposture but in the publisher; yet I am far from certain that some translations have not been lately made, that may now be obtruded as parts of the original work. Credulity, on one part, is a strong temptation to deceit on the other, especially to deceit of which no personal injury is the consequence, and which flatters the author with his own ingenuity. The

Scots have something to plead for their easy reception of an improbable fiction: they are seduced by their fondness for their supposed ancestors. A Scotchman must be a sturdy moralist, who does not love Scotland better than truth: he will always love it better than inquiry; and if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it. Neither ought the English to be much influenced by Scotch authority; for of the past and present state of the whole *Erse* nation, the Lowlanders are at least as ignorant as ourselves. To be ignorant is painful, but it is dangerous to quiet our uneasiness by the delusive opiate of hasty persuasion." These observations, which, it must be allowed, Macpherson had amply provoked, by his contempt of the "reasonable incredulity" entertained by the public, and which, with all their severity, mingled no small degree of truth, gave so much offence to Macpherson, that he wrote a letter to Dr. Johnson, threatening him with personal chastisement. This absurd proceeding produced from Dr. Johnson the following severe answer:

"Mr. James Macpherson,

"I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered to me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable.

ble ; and what I hear of your morals, inclines me to pay regard, not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

S. J."

Macpherson was recalled to reason by this manly defiance. He made no attempt to carry his threats into execution ; nor does he appear to have taken any further notice of Johnson, if we except some embellishments, which he is said to have furnished to the answer to the *Tour to the Hebrides*, which appeared in 1779 from the pen of Mr. Macnicol. It appears that the manuscript of this answer was sent to Macpherson at London for publication ; and Macnicol used to say, that most of the scurrilous passages, in which the answer abounds, were interpolated after it went into Macpherson's hands.

Mr. Macpherson now directed his attention to the composition of a "*History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover*," which he produced in 1775, in two vols. 4to. In the course of this work, he found it necessary to give quite a new complexion to many important transactions of this period, and to the characters of most of the eminent men concerned in them ; but aware how much the apocryphal character of his pen must have indisposed the public to credit any more of his discoveries, he took the prudent step of publishing, at the same time, the proofs upon which he had proceeded, in two quarto volumes, under the title of "*Original Papers, containing the Secret History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover* ; to which are prefixed, *Extracts from the Life*

of James II., as written by himself." These papers were chiefly collected by Mr. Carte.

This history had one great fault, if it may so be called, with which no person expected to have been able to reproach the author of "the Introduction"—it was too true. It deprived the history of our glorious revolution of much of that lustre and beauty in which it had stood hitherto arrayed; and proved, that in that, as in all great turns of national affairs, much of base selfishness and intrigue were combined with genuine patriotism and benevolence.

The Whigs, whose credit as a party is so mixed up with the events of the revolution, were much irritated at the light thus thrown on its sacred history, and observed no bounds in their censure of the author. The volumes of "Original Papers," however, formed such a panoply of evidence, as all their vituperation could not demolish; nor were the world unamused to observe, that the same individual who had before professed such disdain of original documents now triumphed on the strength of them. Were they to blame for again concluding, that had it been in the power of Mr. Macpherson to produce the original poems from which he had professed to make his translations, he would have done so?

The political tact displayed in this history appears to have recommended Mr. Macpherson to the notice of Government, by whom he was employed to combat the arguments of the revolted Americans for Independence. He wrote a pamphlet for this purpose, which was published in 1776, and circulated with much industry, intituled, "The Rights of Great Britain asserted against the claims of the Colonies, being an answer to the Declaration of the General

Congress." Under the same auspices he also composed "A short History of the Opposition during the last Session of Parliament, 1779," which attracted a good deal of notice, and was, on account of the splendid elegance of its style, very generally ascribed to Mr. Gibbon.

As a reward for these services, Mr. Macpherson was appointed agent for the Nabob of Arcot, and in this capacity exerted his talents in several appeals to the public, in behalf of that unfortunate prince.—Among other productions, he wrote the "Letters from Mohammed Ali Chan, Nabob of Arcot, to the Court of Directors; to which is annexed, a state of Facts relative to Tanjore, with an appendix of Original Papers," published in 1777; and he is generally supposed to have been the author of a fragment of a work which appeared in 1779, under the title of "The History and Management of the East India Company, from its origin in 1660, to the present times: vol. 1, containing the affairs of the Carnatic; in which the rights of the Nabob are explained, and the injustice of the Company proved."

In 1780, Mr. Macpherson who was now, by his own genius and industry, in very opulent circumstances, and had acquired a name of considerable weight in the political world, was brought into Parliament for the borough of Camelford. He was re-elected for the same place in 1784 and 1790; but it does not appear that, during the whole of his Parliamentary career, he ever was a speaker.

It had always been the secret wish of Macpherson's heart, to return and enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* on his native soil, and in 1789 an opportunity occurred

of gratifying this national and peculiarly Scottish feeling, in its fullest extent. The estate of Retz, situated in the parish in which he was born, was for sale: he became the purchaser; changed the name from Retz to Belville, and having erected upon it a splendid mansion, commanding a very romantic and picturesque view, retired thither to spend the remainder of his days.

Mr. Macpherson was now unhappily, however, in a very declining state of health, and did not long enjoy the pleasure of this dignified retirement. He died at Belville, on the 17th February, 1796. Mrs. Grant, in her Letters from the Mountains, gives the following interesting particulars of his death. "Finding some inward symptoms of his approaching dissolution, he sent for a consultation, the result of which arrived the day after his confinement. He was perfectly sensible and collected, yet refused to take any thing prescribed to him to the last; and that on this principle, that his time was come, and it did not avail. He felt the approaches of death, and hoped no relief from medicine, though his life was not such as one should like to look back on, at that awful period: indeed, whose is? It pleased the Almighty to render his last scene most affecting and exemplary. From the minute he was confined, till a very little before he expired, he never ceased imploring the divine mercy, in the most earnest and pathetic manner:—people about him were overawed and melted by the fervour and bitterness of his penitence: he frequently and earnestly entreated the prayers of good serious people, of the lower class, who were admitted. He was a very good natured man, and now that he had got all his

schemes of interest and ambition fulfilled, he seemed to reflect and grow domestic ; and shewed, of late, a great inclination to be an indulgent landlord, and very liberal to the poor, of which I could relate various instances, more tender and interesting than flashy or ostentations. His heart and temper were originally good : his religious principles were, I fear, unfixed and fluctuating ; but the primary cause that so much genius, taste, benevolence, and prosperity, did not produce or diffuse more happiness, was his living a stranger to the comforts of domestic life, from which unhappy connexions excluded him."

By his will, dated in June, 1793, after distributing among his relatives and friends property to a large amount, he bequeathed £1000 to Mr. John Mackenzie, of Fig-tree-court in the Temple, to defray the expense of printing and publishing *Ossian in the original* ; directed £300 to be laid out in erecting a monument to his memory, in some conspicuous situation at Belville ; and ordered that his body should be carried from Scotland, and interred in Westminster Abbey. His remains were, accordingly, brought from the place where he died, and interred in Poet's-corner.

Immediately after Macpherson's decease, the Highland Society of Scotland, with the view of bringing to a termination, if possible, the still undecided controversy, as to the authenticity of the poems ascribed by him to Ossian, appointed a Committee of their number, to institute a regular inquiry into the subject.

In the time of nominating this committee, the society were peculiarly fortunate. Dr. Blair, Professor



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Ferguson, Dr. Carlyle, and Mr. John Home, principal advisers and promoters of the original publication of Macpherson, and many other gentlemen of ability who had been intimately acquainted with Macpherson, and had either assisted him in his searches, or witnessed the prosecution of his inquiries, were then living ; and the immediate descendants of the last of the Caledonian bards remain to support his testimony as to the manner in which Macpherson had become possessed of an antient Gaelic manuscript which was said to have supplied him with the materials of his poems.

While the committee were proceeding with their labours, a powerful antagonist of the antiquarian poems started up in the person of Mr. John Laing, who, at the end of his *History of Scotland*, published in 1800, gave an elaborate dissertation on their merits. He contended, that the works of Macpherson contained several false and gross allusions to the History of Britain during its transition to the Romans ; that the manners of the Highlanders, as described in these poems, differed widely from those which are represented by the writers who treat of the same period, and in particular that the manners depicted in Ossian are much more modern than those which appeared in the Highland period considerably later ; that these could not betray many palpable imitations of the *Æneid*, the Roman classics, of the Scriptures, and of other antient sources, and, therefore, could not have been produced by Ossian, who must have been unacquainted with the sources ; that all the traditionary poems now collected in the Highlands refer to the time

comprehending the ninth and tenth centuries; that no Gaelic manuscript, as yet found, is older than the fifteenth century; that the poems ascribed to Ossian nearly resemble, in their style and modes of expression, the Highlander, formerly published by Macpherson as his own composition, and that it is more than probable, that the Erse manuscripts produced by Macpherson were translations of his own pieces from the English, &c.

The objections of Mr. Laing met with two zealous respondents in Mr. Archibald M'Donald of Liverpool and the Rev. Dr. Graham of Aberfoyle, the former of whom published "some of Ossian's lesser poems rendered into verse, with a Preliminary Discourse, in answer to Mr. Laing's Critical and Historical Dissertation on the Antiquity of Ossian's Poems;" and the latter "An Essay on the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, in which the objections of Malcolm Laing, Esq. are particularly considered and refuted; to which is added, An Essay on the Mythology of Ossian's Poems, by Professor Richardson of Glasgow College."

The public judgement, however, still remained suspended until, in 1810, the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society made its appearance. It was drawn up by Mr. Mackenzie, the chairman of the committee, and was well calculated to reconcile even the most opposing opinions on the subject. After detailing the course of inquiry which the committee had pursued, and referring to a copious appendix of documents, they thus state what they conceive and what posterity will probably agree with them in considering to have been the real state of the case.

lection Mr. M. obtained in the form of what was given to the world. The poems and fragments the committee has been able to preserve, contain the substance, and sometimes almost the literal expression, the *ipsissima verba*, of passages given by Macpherson in the poems of which he has published translations, but the committee has not been able to obtain any one poem, the same in title and in the poems published by him. It is inclined to think that he was in use to supply chasms, and to give cohesion by inserting passages which he did not add, and to add what he conceived to be dignity and verisimilitude to the original composition, by striking out passages, by softening incidents, by refining the language; in short, by changing what he considered as too simple or too rude for a modern ear, and by elevating what in his opinion was below the standard of good poetry. To what degree, however, he exercised those liberties, it is impossible for the committee to say.

and excellent in its place, afforded him an opportunity of putting together what might fairly enough be called an original whole ; of much more beauty and with much fewer blemishes than the committee believes it now possible for any person or combination of persons to obtain."

It will be observed, that the committee say, that they have "*not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published ;*" and this, notwithstanding the originals left by Mr. Macpherson for publication. The fact is, that the latter had no character of authenticity, and that they fully justified the suspicion so long entertained by the public, that Mr. Macpherson was all but the sole author of the poems which he ascribed to Ossian. Agreeably to the will of Mr. Macpherson, these pretended originals were published in a very splendid form, accompanied by two dissertations, one by Sir John Sinclair, and the other by Dr. Macarthur, besides a translation by the latter of an Italian dissertation on the Ossianic Controversy, written by the Abbé Cesarotti, who had translated the poems of Ossian into Italian ; but both Editors appear to have fallen into a mistake as to the object which was to be served by the publication. They have laboured hard to keep up the old fiction that Macpherson was a mere translator ; whereas Macpherson's own design in directing this publication, was doubtless to put an end to this fiction ; and to inform posterity to whom their gratitude is truly due for the poems of Ossian.

Macpherson's character, it is true, loses something in point of moral rectitude and sincerity by this re-

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sult; but it gains in originality of genius, what will at
age hence make his obstinacy of pretence as a trans-
lator forgotten.

J. E.

CHARLES SALMON.

CHARLES SALMON is a name, which may be pronounced in many a poetic circle without exciting a single recollection ; yet it was the name of one whom Ferguson not only loved as a friend, but owned as no unworthy rival, in his court to the Muses. Like Ferguson, he was early lost to the world ; but, less happy in his poetical fortunes, the memorials which he left of his genius have, with a few exceptions, been either lost through the casualties of private possession, or remain dispersed and neglected among some of the many fleeting repositories to which the effusions of youthful genius are so often irrecoverably consigned.

The particulars, which the writer of the present imperfect attempt at some notice of Salmon's life, is able to communicate respecting him, are few, but interesting. They were communicated to him by one who knew Salmon well, and esteemed because he knew him.

Charles Salmon was a native of Edinburgh, and is supposed to have been born between the years 1745 and 1750. His parents filled some inferior employment about the theatre, during the management of Mr. Digges ; but though in humble circumstances, they appear to have given their son a good

education. He evinced always a superior taste in composition, and was fond of quoting rhetorical rules. He was bred to the business of a printer, in the house of the celebrated Walter Ruddiman ; and in Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, he made his first juvenile attempts in rhyme, unknown, it is believed, to his employer.

A love of social pleasures and of poetry, go too commonly together. Salmon became, at an early age, the boon companion of most of the fine spirits of his own rank in life, and of a rank a little above it in Edinburgh, and few were the clubs of good fellows, of which he was not a member. He sung an excellent song, and yielded to few in conversational talent, delighting his associates by his vivacity, good humour, and occasional fits of ardent enthusiasm. Among the most valued friends he acquired, was Robert Ferguson the poet. He inherited from his parents a strong attachment to the cause of the Pretender, whose name, indeed, he shared with a brother, called Stewart Salmon ; and this devotion to a hopeless cause gave an air of romance to his character, which did not lessen the interest it inspired. A club still subsisted in Edinburgh, called the Royal Oak Club, composed wholly of professed Jacobites, and of this society Salmon became poet-laureate. In this capacity, he composed a song, called " The Royal Oak Tree," which became a standard favorite with the club, and was sung on all their great occasions. The following copy of the words is taken from an obscure collection of Jacobite songs, published by Robertson, of the Horse Wynd, Edinburgh ; in which, however, it appears without the name of the author.

THE ROYAL OAK TREE.

Tune.—The Mulberry Tree.

true sons of Scotia, together unite,
 I yield all your senses to joy and delight ;
 e mirth its full scope, that the nations may see
 honour our standard, the great royal tree.

All shall yield to the Royal Oak Tree ;

Bend to thee,

Majestic Tree,

Cheerful was he who sat in thee,

And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shall be.

en our great sov'reign, Charles, was driv'n from
 his throne,

I dar'd scarce call the kingdom or subjects his own,

Pendril, the miller, at the risk of his blood,

I the King of our Isle, in the King of the Wood.

All shall yield, &c.

ummer, in winter, in peace, or in war,
 acknowledged, with freedom, by each British tar,
 t the oak of all ships can best skreen us from harm ;
 t keep out the foe, and best ride out the storm.

All shall yield, &c.

gard'ners and florists of foreign plants boast,

I cull the poor trifles of each distant coast ;

re's none of them all, from a shrub to a tree,

ever compare, great Oak Royal, with thee.

All shall yield, &c.

almon is also supposed to have written, about

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this time, a song, which he was fond of singing,

On a bank of flowers, on a summer's day,
Where lads and lasses met ;
On the meadow green, each maiden gay,
Was by her true love set :
Dick fill'd his glass, drank to his lass,
And Charles's health around did pass.
Huzza they cry'd, and a' reply'd,
" The Lord restore our king."

Salmon, at last, found himself immersed in a course of life to which the finances of a journeyman printer were wholly unequal ; and in conjunction with George Fulton, another journeyman printer, (afterwards distinguished as a teacher in Edinburgh) came to the prudent resolution of quitting Edinburgh. A printing concern had been commenced by James Jackson, at Dumfries, the first of the kind established in that place, and thither Salmon and Fulton directed their steps, in the hopes of obtaining employment. In this they were not disappointed ; they were immediately engaged.

For Salmon, this change was productive of no small anticipatèd good. He had neither the disposition nor the fortitude to resist the fascinations of Scotland, and his poetic and convivial talents soon made him acquainted with as much cultivated society as he had been in Edinburgh. He found that he had changed a large circle of dissipation for a smaller, in which the syren pleasure held him more completely within her grasp. The society in which he here engaged was of a better description, in point of rank

at of Edinburgh, but in other respects it was a great deal worse. Habits of drinking and idling prevailed at this period among the young men of Dumfries, to an extent unequalled perhaps in any other town in Scotland. The narrowness of Salmon's finances compelled him to partake with some reserve in their libations; yet occasions would occur, when, abandoning himself to the impulse of the moment, he would vie with them in their worst excesses.

Among the friends whom he had left at Edinburgh, there was none his separation from whom he more regretted than Robert Ferguson; and it would seem that the regard had been mutual. Salmon had not been long at Dumfries when he was surprised one afternoon by the sight of his old friend bursting in upon him, attired in a light walking dress, and covered all over with dust. Ferguson had walked all the way from Edinburgh to see him.

At the suggestion of some of the more prudent of his gay companions, Salmon issued proposals for publishing a collection of his poetical effusions, under the modest title of, "Poems by a Printer." From the fortunes which afterwards befel him, this collection never saw the light; but there is reason to believe he had accumulated a sufficient number of poems to have formed a very respectable volume. Several of them had appeared in Ruddiman's Magazine and the Dumfries Weekly Magazine, established by Jackson, on a similar plan, and may perhaps still be found. The friend, to whom the writer of this memoir is indebted for such information as it contains, remembers to have heard him recite two of them, or rather parodies, of the Deserted Village

and Splendid Shilling, as parts of his intended publication. The subject of the former was "*Auld Reekie*," and of the latter, "The Threadbare Coat." There were also a variety of occasional pieces, addressed to the friends with whom he associated, including some names which would have vouched for the regard in which, though poor and humble, Charlie Salmon was held by individuals of the first respectability.

Whatever prospects of poetical renown Salmon may have formed, one night of fatal dissipation came and destroyed them all. In a fit of intoxication, he fell into the company of a recruiting serjeant, and the same friend who had last seen him with a white cockade in a paper cap, working a press to the song of "The crown is Charlie's right, is it no? is it no?" saw him next morning enlisted under the black cockade, or, as Salmon was wont with other jacobites to call it, the curse of God. Poor Salmon! When asked by one of his friends how he could have been so misled, he answered, with a smile at his own simplicity, "I listed for a lieutenant."

The regiment in which he had enlisted was the Seaforth Highlanders, and without waiting to excite what he dreaded more than the bitterest reproach, the commiseration of pretended friends, he hastened to join it. In the memorable mutiny which some time afterwards broke out in this regiment at Edinburgh, when they seized possession of Arthur's Seat, and set the power of government at defiance, Salmon is said to been called upon, in consequence of his knowledge of English and superior address, to take the management for his comrades of the negociation which ensued for their return to duty. The regiment was ultimately embarked

ndia, and Salmon was heard of no more.
 the merits of a writer of whose works we know
 ttle, it would be rash to form any conclusive
 ment. The pieces which have happened to sur-
 the general fate of his productions, may perhaps
 ose which were least entitled to have any in-
 ce on the decision. He appears to have been
 r a writer who promised much, than who had
 ed much. The elegy which is subjoined, and
 is the best of his productions that can be traced
 addiman's Magazine, shews a fine tone of feel-
 out abounds in puerilities and imitations.

Elegy, written in the Abbey Church, Edinburgh.

1.

from the mansions of the great and gay,
 here idle pleasure wastes her fleeting breath,
 this sad cell I'll take my lonely way,
 d view the havock made by time and death.

2.

as I enter, let no swelling rage,
 thoughts impure, my pensive bosom load,
 weet religion all the man engage :
 r this was once the sacred house of God.

3.

e oft Devotion, with her pious train,
 silent contemplation spent her days,
 ak'd to extacy the glowing strain,
 th grateful accents, to her Maker's praise.

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4.

No more shall youth and beauty grace this shrine
Or pious sages to the portals throng ;
No more the arch shall meet the voice divine,
Receive the sound, or echo back the song.

5.

The pride and glory of our country's fled,
The great supporters of the nation's laws,
The statesmen, heroes, and the kings are dead,
Who fought thro' fields of blood in freedom's c

6.

Vast heaps of kindred here bestrew the ground,
And skulls and coffins to my view arise ;
Here's friend and foe profusely scatter'd round,
And here a jaw, and there a thigh-bone, lies.

7.

Perhaps this hand has, in some bloody fray,
With lusty sinews grasp'd the flaming brand,
Fought thro' the dreadful carnage of the day,
And drove Oppression from its native land.

8.

Yet fame and honour are but empty things,
The fleeting sunshine of uncertain day ;
For statesmen, peasants, beggars, lords, and kin
All fall alike to cruel Time a prey.

9.

Tho' men, mere men, may unregarded rot,
And buried in their native dust consume,
Shall Scotland's great commander be forgot,
And moulder, unregretted, in the tomb?

10.

Will no kind bard in grateful numbers sing
The mighty wonders of each hero's arm?
Will no kind friend protect a clay-cold king,
Collect his bones, and keep them safe from harm?

11.

Would some sweet muse assist me in the song,
I'd dwell with rapture on the glowing strain,
Roll the smooth tide of harmony along,
Till echo undulate applause again.

12.

When night's dark curtain hid the beams of day
From these sad eyes, my soul should banish sleep;
Again I'd raise the sympathetic lay,
And teach the sullen monument to weep.

13.

Ye sons of Scotland! tho' you cannot raise
Your long-lost monarch from the silent bier,
Their deeds are worthy of the highest praise,
And simple gratitude demands a tear.

14.

For you they bore the faulchion and the shield,
For you each piercing winter blast they stood,
For you they struggled in the hostile field,
For you they wither'd in their crimson blood.

15.

Let no base slander on their mem'ry fall,
Nor malice of their little faults complain ;
They were such men, as, *take them all in all,*
We shall not look upon their likes again.

16.

Here lies the partner of the hero's bed,
Whose every feature wore unequall'd grace :
Can Love's soft murmurs raise this death-struck beam-
Or take the pale complexion from the face ?

17.

Go then, ye fair ! exert your utmost skill,
Employ each art to keep your beauty fast ;
Try each perfume, use paint, do what you will,
Of this sad colour you must be at last.

18.

Ah, me ! how melancholy seem these walls,
To earth returning with a quick decay !
Take heed, O Man ! for, as each atom falls,
So wastes thy little spark of life away.

19.

O thou, my soul, from worldly vices fly,
And follow Innocence where'er she strays ;
See with what ease an honest man can die,
None but the wicked wish for length of days.

SOLUS.

Edinburgh,
May 25, 1771.



MAURICE, PRINTER, FENCHURCH-STREET.







LIVES
OF
EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

Poets.

ALEXANDER HUME.

THE Reformation in religion, though favorable to the general developement of the national intellect, was extremely inauspicious to the Scottish muse. The Roman Catholic clergy, with the systematic design of averting enquiry into their doctrines or practices, had given peculiar encouragement to every sort of mental exercise, which, by occupying the imaginations of the people, might exclude the calmer workings of reason and reflection. They patronized plays and masques; they recommended the reading of romances in preference to all other works; and even within those walls, sacred to devotion, were not ashamed to manifest a fonder acquaintance with the Tales of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, than with the works of that Divine Master, whose

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mission of salvation it was their duty to promulgate. Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, has thus distinctly marked out these ungodly practices to reprobation.

The battayles done, perchaunce in small Britayne,
In France or Flanders, or to the worlde's ende,
Are told in the quere, of some, in wordes vayne,
In midst of matins, instead of the Legende;
And other gladly to hear the same intende,
Much rather than the service for to heare;
The Rector Chori is made the messenger—
And in the morning, when they come to the quere,
The one beginneth a fable or a historie;
The other leaneth their eares it to heare,
Taking it instead of the invitorie;
Some other taketh response in time and memory;
And all of fables or jestes of Robinhood,
Or other trifles that scantly are so good!

In the same spirit, we find Hoccleve, an author of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, who although no priest, was a candidate for the honors of the priesthood,* deliberately advising Sir John Oldcastle to desist from the study of "holy writ," and peruse *LANCELOT DE LAKE*, *VEGECE* or the *SIEGE OF TROIE* or *THEBES*; or, if he be absolutely determined to read the Bible, to confine his studies to *JUDICUM*

* "He whilom thought to have been a priest, but now is married, having long waited for a benefice." Particulars of his history, as collected from his poems, in *Art. HOCCLIVE*.—*Chalmers' Biog. Dict.*

REGUM, JOSUE, JUDITH, PARALIPOMENA, and
 IACHABE, "than which," he adds,

"More authentic shalt thou fynde none
 Ne more pertinent to chivalrie."

Works of romance being thus fostered by the clergy, and highly suited besides to the habits of a rude and martial age, took naturally a strong hold on the minds of the people, and formed their chief sources of mental recreation for several ages. The Reformation, which broke down so many old prejudices, did not, however, spare this among the number. As Mahomet began his mission by proscribing the Persian romances, which were, previously, the delight of the Arabian tribes, so the Reformers, both of Scotland and England, distinguished the commencement of their religious warfare, by an instant proscription of the whole race of fabulous heroes and ideal personages, whose exploits it was the chief province of the antient ballads and songs to hand down to posterity.

Both elrich elfs, and brownies stayed,
 And green-gown'd fairies daunc'd and play'd,
 When old John Knox and other some
 Began to plott the bags of Rome;
 They suddenly took to their heels,
 And did no more frequent these fields.

*Cleland.**

L. Ramsey, in his "Practice of the Divill," gives the foremost place to the reading of the stories of

* "Cleland, Lieutenant Colonel of the Camero-

And much to blame are those of carnal brood
Who loath to taste of intellectual food,
Yet surfeit on old tales of Robin Hood,
Of Frier's cowles, or of Saint Benet's hood,
Of Patrik's broiles, or of St. George's launce,
Of Errant knights, or of the Fairy daunce;
But yee, who are born of intellectual seed,
Scorn your best part with honey'd gall to feed

Among the devices to which the reformed
had recourse, to counteract the popular attack
to their old ballads and songs, the first and less
genuous was that of changing the application
them from carnal to spiritual matters, by means
various adroit substitutions and interpolations.
1597, there appeared, at Edinburgh, "A Cor-
dious Book of Godlie and Spiritual Sangis and
latis," (generally attributed to an unknown author
the name of Wedderburn,) the whole of which

nian regiment, who fell in the battle of Dunkeld,

ely pious travesties of the profane ballads and
gs then most in vogue. The impression which
reading of them produces is like that derived
n all serious distortions, less amusing than painful.
the following specimens, the words in italics dis-
guish the “godly and spiritual” deviations from
profane texts.

I.

With huntis up, with huntis up,
It is now perfite day ;
Jesus our king is gane an hunting,
Quha likes to speed they may.

II.

The wind blawis cauld ; furious and bald,
This lang and mony a day ;
But Christ's mercie, we mon all die,
Or keep the cald wind away.

III.

Hey ! now the day dawis ;
Now Christ on us cawis,
Now welth on our wawis
Appeiris none.

Now the word of God rings,
Whilk is king of all kings,
Now Christis flock sings,
The nicht is neere gone.

IV.

Tell me now and in what wise,
How that I suld my lufe forga,
Baith day and night, ane thousand sighs
Thir tyrans waikens me with wae.

the present family of Marchmont is lineall
ed. He was originally destined for the
according to the custom of that period, |
study of the law, for several years, at one
versities in France. His professional pro
his return to Scotland, is thus related by
an "Epistle to Maister Gilbert Moncrief
to the King's Majestic, wherein is set dow
perience of the Author's Youth."

Quhen that I had employ'd my youth and
Four years in France, and was return'd ag
I lang'd to learn and curious was to knaw
The consuetudes, the custome, and the lav
Quhairby our native soil was guide aright,
And justice done to everie kind of wight.
To that effect, three yeares, or near that sj
I haunted maist our highest pleading plac
And senate, quhair great causes reason'd v
My breast was bruisit with leaning on the

The puir abusit ane hundredth divers wayes ;
 Postpon'd, differ'd with shifts and mere delayes,
 Consumit in gudes, ourset with greif and paine ;
 Your advocate mann be refresht with gaine,
 Or else he fails to speake or to invent
 Ane gude defence or weightie argument.
 Ye " spill your cause," ye " trouble him too sair,"
 Unless his hand anointed be with mair.

Disgusted with the bar, Mr. Hume sought preferment at court, but met with no success.

— to the court I shortly me address,
 Believing well to chuse it for the best ;
 But from the rocks of Cyclades, from hand
 I struck into Charybdis' sinking sand.

He afterwards candidly confesses :

I little gain deserved, and less I gat.

Some matrimonial speculation appears to have next crossed his wayward fancy.

True Damon's part to play, I would me bind,
 But Pythia as kind, yet I could never find.

He, at last, resolved to seek in the bosom of the church for that comfort which he had wasted his youth in pursuing elsewhere ; and, entering into orders, was appointed rector or minister of Logie in Fifeshire, the names of ecclesiastical offices then floating between prelacy and presbytery.

Mr. Hume appears to have determined on this

change of life, less from worldly motives, an awakened sense of the importance of truth, and a conviction of the superiority of the gospel calling over all others. He soon gave proof both of his zeal and his ability, by the publication of that collection of poems which has secured for him a niche in the Temple of Fame, entitled "*Hymnes or Sacred Songs; with a right use of poetry may be espied* ; which, when added, the Experience of the Author's Youth, certain precepts serving to the practice of piety." The work was dedicated to "the favourite Lady Elizabeth Melvil," whom he considered a successful cultivator of sacred poetry.*

In an address to the Scottish youth, written on the occasion of this dedication, the author thus piously denounces the false direction which he conceived the poets of the country had hitherto taken.—"In the courts, in the houses of great men, and in

* This lady is by courtesy generally styled Lady Culross. She published "*Ane Godlye Drayme* in Scottish meter, by M (rs) M (elvil) woman in Culross." Edin. 1603, 4to. A later edition gives her name in full,—"*A Godly Drayme* by Elizabeth Melvill, Lady Culros, written at the request of a special friend. Aberdeen: printed by E. Raban, Laird of Letters, 1610." The work was long popular among the Scotch Presbyterians. Armstrong relates, in his *Essay on the Scottish Church*, that he recollected having heard it sung by the people in a plaintive air.

bleis of yong gentlemen and yong damesels, the chief pastyme is to sing profayne sonnets and vaine ballatis of love, or to rehears some fabulos faïtes of Palmerine, Amadis, or uther such lyke reveries, and suche as either have the airte or vain poeticke, of force they must shew themselves cunning followeris of the dissolute ethnicke poets, bothe in phrase and substance, or else they sal be had in no reputaunce. Alas! for pitie! Is this the richt use of a Christiane's talent?"—"Some time," he adds, "I delighted in such fantasies myself, after the manner of riotous young men; and had not the Lord in his mercy pulled me aback and wrought a great repentance in me, I had doubtless run forward and employed my time and study in that profane and unprofitable exercise, to my own perdition." He then proceeds to reason with his readers as to the possibility of sacred history furnishing a sufficiency of suitable incidents for poetry. "Would thou entreat," he says, "of prodigious miracles? Look the books of Genesis or Exode, or the works of our Saviour, of the prophets and apostles. Would thou have a subject of valiant deeds of arms? Read the books of Josua and the Judges, and of the Kings of Israel and Judah. Would thou have store of wise sentences? Read the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. Would thou have a subject of love? Look the Song of Songs; the love betwixt Christ and his Church. Would thou rejoyce or lament—praise or dispraise—comfort or threaten—pray or use imprecation? Imitate the old Hebrew, David, in his psalms, as a pattern of all heavenly pösy."

The aim of Mr. Hume's own poems, however, is

alone, without having recourse to either fable, and without touching on the "naught of fleshly and unlawful love," on which that poetic genius should ever be employ unnecessary, at this time of day, to enter question, how far he was correct in this : narrowing the limits of poetry, which, without romance, would be like beauty plucked of but it must be allowed, that, in as far as he tended to invite the cultivators of poetry to familiar acquaintance with the beauties of nature, as well as to a more habitual reference "nature to nature's God," it was an effort able to the good taste as to the piety of the age. Nor was the experiment without the recommendation of a very singular degree of success. The collection of these sacred poems, entitled, by the author, "The Day Estivall," is altogether an extraordinary production for the age in which it was produced. It is the picture of a summer's day from the dawn to twilight; painted with a fidelity to nature, and a tasteful selection of coloring, and a tasteful selection of

O perfite light! quhilk schaid away,
 The darkness from the light,
 And set a ruler ou'r the day,
 Ane other ou'r the night.

Thy glorie, when the day forth flies,
 Mair 'vinely dois appear;
 Nor at midday unto our eyes
 The shining sun is clear.

The author then proceeds with his description, which is divided into four parts—the dawn, morning, mid-day, and evening. The dawn is thus sweetly introduced :

The shaddow of the earth anon
 Remooves and drawes by;
 Sine in the east, when it is gon,
 Appeares a clearer sky.

Quhilk sune perceaves the little larks,
 The lapwing, and the snype;
 And tunes their sangs, like nature's clarks,
 Ou'r meadow, mure, and stryp.

The description of morning presents some equally pleasing passages; the conclusion particularly invites quotation, on account of the free use which a celebrated poet, of a later period, has made of one of the stanzas.

Sa silent is the cessile air,
 That everie cry and call
 The hills and dales, and forest fair,
 Again repeat them all.

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*The rivers fresh, the callor streames,
Ou'r rocks can saftlie rin ;
The water cleare, like crystall seames,
An' maks a pleasan' din.*

The fields and earthly superfice
With verdure green is spread,
And naturallie, but artifice
In party colours clad.

The flourishes and fragrant flowres
Through Phœbus' fostering heat,
Refresht with dew and silver showers,
Cast up an odour sweet.

The clogged busy humming bees,
That never think to drown,
On flowers and flourishes of trees
Collect their liquor brown.

No one can doubt, that Ramsay had the second of these verses before him, when he wrote of His Majesty's How.

*Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fu's, and maks a singan din ;
A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as gla
Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grass*

It is singular, that being so well acquainted with this poem, Ramsay did not include it in his "green." It had certainly a juster claim to a title, than one half of the pieces which it included.

In the description of mid-day, we meet with some interesting traits of the popular habits at the period when the author wrote, which would seem to indicate a state of comfort, vastly superior to any thing we know of in our own times. The sun has reached its zenith,

Nocht guided be na Phaeton,
Nor chained in a chyre;
Bot by the high and holy one,
Whilk does allwhere inspire :

* * * *

The labourers that timely raise,
All wearie, faint, and weake,
For heat, hame to their houses gaes,
Noone meate and sleepe to take.

The callour wine in caves is sought,
Mens' brothing breists to cule,
The water cald and cleare is broughte,
And sallads steeped in ule.

Some plucks the honie plum, and peare,
The cherrie and the pesche;
Some likes the reamand London beare
The bodie to refresh.

Wine and oil and "London Beer"* are rare things

* The tradition in England is, that there was no malt liquor known by the appellation of *beer*, as distinguished from the ancient liquor called *ale*, till the reign of Henry VIII. But had this been the case,

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to be found among the comforts of Scottish labourers two centuries ago ; and one cannot help suspecting that the reverend author, notwithstanding his systematic exclusion of fiction, must, in this instance, have slightly availed himself of the poetical prerogative. He probably ascribed to the people in common, luxuries which belonged only to the higher orders.

The return of animation and activity with the cool of the evening is thus spiritedly delineated.

Furth fairis the flocks to seek their fude
On everie hill and plaine,
Ilk labourer as he thinks gude
Steppes to his turne againe.

The rayons of the sun we see
Diminish in their strength ;
The schade of everie tower and tree
Extended is in length.

Great is the calme, for everie quhair
The wind is sitten downe,
The reik throws right up in the air,
From everie tower and towne.

"London Beer" could scarcely have become an article of general use in Scotland within fifty years after, when Hume wrote. The fact is, that beer was known in England at a period much anterior to the reign of Henry the Eighth. In Rymcr's *Fœdera*, (12th tome, p. 471) there is mention made of a licence from Henry VII. in 1492, to a Fleming, for exporting fifty tons of ale, called "bere" or "beer."

A. S.

Their firdonng the bony birds,
 In banks they do begin,
 With pipes of reides the jolie herds
 Hald up the merrie din.

The maveis and the philomeen,
 The sterling whissiles lowd,
 The cuschets on the branches green
 Full quietly they crowd.

The twilight, or "gloamin," at length closes the
 cene.

The gloamin comes, the day is spent,
 The sun goes out of sight,
 And painted is the occident
 With purpour sanguine bright.

* * * * *

O! then it were a seemly sight,
 While all is still and calme,
 The praise of God to play and sing
 With cornet and with shalme.

But now the herds wi' mony schout
 Call other be their name,
 "Ga Billie, turn our good about,
 Now time is to gae hame."

Wi' belly fu the beasts belive
 Are turned fra the corn,
 Quhilk soberly they hameward drive,
 Wi' pipe and lilting horn.

* * * * *

All labourers draw hame at even,
 And can to other say,

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"Thanks to the Gracious God of Heaven
Qulhik sent this summer day."

The poem altogether is of an extremely pleasant cast. The author paints to the eye; and in a way which shews him to have been a fond and gentle observer of nature. At the same time, it is possible not to perceive marks of deficiency from the restraint which he had imposed on himself with respect to the class of subjects, worthy of notice in his opinion, included within the "right poetry." As if it were only in external nature the Almighty hand is to be discovered, the affections of the heart have no place in his description while almost every other living being is depicted woman alone is not once mentioned from the beginning to the end of the poem. How different Milton sung of the morning!

"When the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Who can be insensible to the charm which this couplet throws over the whole of this passage? the point will not admit of argument. A "Sun Day" without "a tale under the hawthorn," is just contrary to nature, as a Winter's day without snow and a story by the fire-side.

Still, as already observed, Hume deserves praise for setting even the limited example which he did

greater attention to nature than had before been general with our poets. His example, it is true, produced no followers ; but that is to be ascribed partly to the neglect into which the Scottish tongue and Scottish poetry fell, on the removal of James the Sixth to England, and partly to the civil and religious dissensions which agitated the country, and “withered the laurels on the brows of her bards.”

In every age which generous spirits bore,
The muse was cherish'd, and had strength to soar ;
Disturb'd by civil tumult, she withdrew,
From cities far, and lay conceal'd from view :
So the bright passion flower, in sunshine days
Its varied colour to the light displays ;
But when the black'ning sun pours down a storm,
Close folds its leaves, and hides its radiant form ;
Nor can the careful florist then behold
Its purple lustre, and its beams of gold.

Welsted.

Beside the “Hymns or Sacred Songs,” Mr. Hume wrote a poem, which has never been published, on the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It is entitled, “The Triumph of the Lord after the maner of men,” and delineates a triumphal procession, similar to those of the ancient Romans, in which the spoils of the conquered enemy are exhibited in succession. The opening passage may suffice for a specimen.

Richt as the prynce of day beginnes to spring,
And larkes aloft melodiouslie to sing,
Bring furthe all kynde of instrumentis of weir
To gang befor, and mak ane noyce cleir ;

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Gar trumpetis sounde the awful battelis blast,
On dreadful drummes gar stryke alarum fast ;
Mak showting shalmes, and peircing phipheris sh
Cleene cleave the clouds, and pierce the hiest hill,
Caus nichtelie the weirlie nottis breike,
Or Hieland pipes, Scottes and Hybernicke,
Let heir the shraicks of deadlie clarions,
And syne let off ane volie of cannons.

Leyden, who had an opportunity of seeing th
poem, says, that it shews considerable invention, (combination and arrangement only it is presumed and that the versification is vigorous and flowing.

J. H.

JOHN BELLENDEN.

THE ascertained facts in the life of John Bellenden, the poetic and elegant translator of Boëce, are few, and encumbered with conjectures. He was the son of Thomas Bellenden, of Auchinoul, who was director to the chancery during the minority of James the Fifth. The time and place of his birth are unknown. He is supposed to have received his education in France; but for no better reason than that his works are "frequently intermixed with words of Gallic derivation." The inference from his works ought rather to be the reverse, for it appears certain from them, that in very early life he was employed about the person of the young monarch.

And fyrst occurrit to my remembring,
 How that I wes in service with the kyng,
 Pat to his grace, in yeires tenderest,
 Clerk of his Comptis. *Vertue and Vyce.*

Bellenden rose into great favor with the prince, and was rewarded by the appointments of Archdeacon of Murray and Canon of Ross; but we learn from the same poetic authority just quoted, that he afterwards lost the employments which he held in the royal household, through the envy of some persons of greater interest.

—hie envy me from his service cast,
 Be thaym that had the court in governing,
 As bird bot plumes is herryt of her nest.

James, however, retained his personal regard for Bellenden, and so strong an impression of his literary talents, as to select him from all the learned men about his court, to execute a task which his majesty had much at heart, and which did honor to the intelligence and patriotism of so young a prince. The history of Scotland had been excellently written by Hector Boëthius, or Boëce, but it was in the Latin language, and thus a sealed book to the great mass of the Scottish people. James, who was a friend to the spread of information, though circumstances had entangled him in an opposition to the reformed religion, employed Bellenden to translate it into the Scottish tongue,

— the tale of our progenitours,
 Their greit manheid, wisdom, and hie honours
 Quhair we may clear, as in a mirrour, see
 The furious end somtymes of tyranie;
 Somtymes the gloir of prudent governours,
 Ilk state apprysit in thair facultie.

Vertue and Vyce.

The translation was completed and published in 1536, in folio. Bellenden introduced into it two poems by himself, of considerable length; the one entitled "The Proheme of the Cosmographie, (published in the Evergreen under the title of *Vertue and Vyce*,) and the other, "The Proheme of t^h History;" at the end, there is an "*Epistil directit*

ye Translatoure to the Kingis Grace." His majesty, pleased with the performance, next recommended to Bellenden's attention, a similar translation of Livy's Roman history; but when he had advanced the length of the first five books, circumstances interfered to prevent its completion. Bellenden had shewn himself a strenuous opposer of the Reformation, and rather than remain to witness its triumphs, he left the country, and sought refuge at Rome, where he died, as Dempster *thinks* (ut puto) in 1550.

Such is all that can, with certainty, be stated of Bellenden's personal history. Dempster and other writers say, that he became a doctor in his day; and Mackenzie, with still greater liberality, confers on him the honor of knighthood; there appears, however, to be no authority for either assumption. Bellenden himself claims no higher title either in his translation of Boëce, or the fragment of that of Livy, (the MS. of which is preserved in the Advocates' library) than that of plain "Maister John Ballenden, Archdene of Murray." The doctorship is said moreover to have been of the Sorbonne; but the assertion is played with in a manner which shews that it is of no value. One writer tells us, that on obtaining the archdeaconry of Moray, "he *perhaps* opened his passage to this dignity, by taking the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the Sorbonne;" and another, that "as he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the Sorbonne, it may be *supposed* that he had pursued a regular course of study in the university of Paris." The whole is evidently mere conjecture.

Beside the works which have been mentioned, Bellenden is said to have written a Treatise *De Litera*

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Pythagora, and various other productions which have fallen into oblivion. In the Hyndford MSS. in the Advocates' library there are two copies of an unpublished prolusion of Bellenden's on the Conception of Christ; and to the MS. translation of the five books of Livy, there is prefixed a prologue of twenty stanzas.*

The translation of Boëce is executed with great freedom, and contains many emendations and enlargements of the original text. Hollinshed, who has published an English version of it, has used the same freedom with Bellenden, which the latter did with Boëce, and has made several large interpolations and additions out of Major Lesley and Buchanan. Hollinshed, or, at least his co-operator, Fr. Thinne, has farther brought down the history to a much later period. "Fr. Thinne," says the Bishop of Carlisle, "is the chief author of the whole story, after the death of King James the First, and the only penman of it from 1571 to 1586."

As a writer of original genius, Bellenden's poetical productions place him in a high rank. "He was unquestionably," says Dr. Campbell, "a man of great parts, and one of the few poets his country had to boast. As many of his works remain as fully prove this, inasmuch as they are distinguished by that noble enthusiasm which is the very soul of poetry."

The "Proheme of the Cosmography," or, as Allan Ramsay has not inappropriately designated it, "Ver-

* The latter has been lately published, by Leyden, in a note to his Introductory Dissertation to the Complaynt of Scotland.

and Vyce," is the most pleasing of these pieces. belongs to the class of allegorical visions so common the early ages of our poetry. The author, tired h the "ardent labour" of translation, falls asleep, en his fancy transports him into the following asing scene.

Methocht I was into a plesand mead,
 Quhair Flora made the tender bluims to spread
 Throw kindly dew, and humours nutritive,
 Quhen golden Titan with his flames sae reid
 Above the seas upraist his glorious heid,
 Defounding down his heit restorative
 To every fruit that nature made to live,
 Whilk was afore into the winter deid
 With stormis cauld, and har-frost penetrive.

A silver fountain sprang with water cleir
 Into that place, quhair I approchit neir ;

 Quhair I did sone espy a fellow reird
 Of courtly gallants in their gayest weir,
 Rejoicing them in season of the zeir,
 As it had been of Mayis sweit day the feird,
 Their gudelie havings made me nocht affeird ;
 With them I saw a crownit king appear
 With tender downs arising on his beird.

Their courtly gallants sett, and their intents
 To sing and play on divers instruments ;

 According to this princis appetye
 Twa ladyis fair came pransand owre the bents,
 Thair costly claething shew'd their mighty rents ;
 Quhat heart micht wish, they wanted not a myte,
 The rubies shone upon their fingers quhyt ;

And finally I knew by thair countenance
This VERTUE was, that uther his

The two goddesses proceed to exert
of persuasion to induce the prince,
thor evidently intends his young son
Fifth, to chuse one of them "for his

And first Delyte said thus :

' Maist valiant knyght, in actions
And lustyest that ever nature
Quha in the flour of youth melior
With notes sweit, and sang melodious
Awaketh heir amang the flow'rs
Thou has nae game, but in thy
My heavenly bliss is so deliciouse
All wealth in eard, bot it, avails

This address presents so just a picture
was in real life, that to preserve propriety
"Delyte" must have been his choice.
averse to represent him as deliberating
lyte to "Vertue," especially after
sons which he puts into Virtue's mouth
leaves the determination to be guessed

Phebus be this his fyrie cart did
Frae south to west declynand his
To dip his steids into the west
When rying damps ouresaild his
With vapours thick, and cluddet
And *Notus* brym, the wind me
With wings donk, and fedders

Awakent me, that I could not espy
Quhilk of the twa was for his lady tane.

The plan of this episode is defective, because it falls short of what poetic justice required ; but it presents a favorable specimen of the author's powers of poesy. Considering the state of the language at the period at which he wrote, his diction is easy, his expressions rich and select, and a tone of feeling prevails, which has, indeed, much of that "noble enthusiasm" ascribed to the author by Dr. Campbell.

G. M——N.

MARK ALEXANDER BOYD.

MARK ALEXANDER BOYD, an author of considerable note among the Scottish Latin poets of the sixteenth century, was the son of Robert Boyd, of Pinkill, in Ayrshire. He was born on the 13th of January, 1562, and is said to have come with teeth into the world. While yet a child, he lost his father, and came under the care of his uncle, James Boyd, Archbishop of Glasgow. As he grew up in years, he evinced a great aversion to study, and a disposition, restless, fiery, and ungovernable. Quarrelling with his preceptors, he eloped to Edinburgh, in the hope of pushing his way at court, by the force of natural talent alone; but it was not long till he discovered, that fate had made no exception in his favor, from the general necessity of toiling up the steep of fame. All that he acquired in this stage of his progress, was the blockhead reputation of having fought one duel, and been the hero of numberless broils. Still, however, averse to books, he resolved to follow the profession of arms; and, furnished with a small stock of money, went over to France, with the intention of entering into the service of that country. Shortly after his arrival, he lost all his money at dice; and it would seem, that, with that, his military passion also passed away for the time.

His misfortunes at the gaming table brought on a

fit of reflection, which gave birth to a very wise resolution, of resuming those studies which, in his younger years, he had so foolishly forsaken and despised. At Paris, he studied philosophy with Amboise; eloquence, with Passerat; and the languages, with Genebrand. Afterwards, he went to the university of Orleans, where Robertus initiated him into the principles of the civil law; but in a short time, he deserted Robertus for his rival, Cujacius, of Bourges, the most celebrated civilian of his time. With Cujacius, Boyd contrived to get into high favor. The old professor had an exceeding admiration for the obsolete style of Ennius, and other Roman poets of the same æra; and Boyd, as a tribute of respect to this good taste, wrote some pieces in imitation of Ennius, which induced Cujacius to pronounce that he was formed by nature for this very species of writing; that is, formed *by nature* to write in a language and style which were a thousand years dead and gone. Let us hope, that the worthy professor did not, amidst this flow of commendation, forget the means by which old Ennius was inspired to write as he did.

Ennius, ipse pater, nunquam, nisi potus ad arma
Prosiluit dicenda. *Lib. 1. Epist. 19.*

Inspir'd with wine old Ennius sung, and thought
With the same spirit that his heroes fought.

Pitt.

To a young, and certainly not a wealthy student, a bottle of the professor's Falernian would have been an agreeable compensation for the false direction which his praises served to give to his genius.

Bourges being visited by the plague, Boyd took refuge at Lyons, and the same calamity having followed him thither, he afterwards fled to Italy. He formed here a familiar acquaintance with one Cornelius Varus, a Florentine; to whom, as he used often to declare, he was more indebted in his literary pursuits than to any other person in the world. If extravagant flattery could be admitted to form part of the character of a useful Mentor, there would be no doubt of Varus's claim to the title. In some verses of his which are extant, he asserts, that his friend Boyd surpassed Buchanan, and all other British poets, in a greater degree than Virgil surpassed Lucretius, Catullus, and all other Roman poets! A fit of the ague compelled Boyd, after a short time, to bid adieu to Italy and his Varus, and to return to Lyons.

The civil war breaking out in France, revived in the breast of Boyd, that military ardour which had brought him to the continent, but had till now been suffered to remain dormant. He joined the army which came from Germany to the assistance of the Bourbons, but it was unfortunately destroyed before he had an opportunity of gathering a single laurel. A shot in the ankle, obtained in some bush fighting with the peasantry, was the only mark which he retained of perils past.

Boyd now retired to Thoulouse, and resumed the study of the civil law. The faction of the League, however, soon after obtained possession of this place; and Boyd, for his short campaign in the royal cause, was thrown into prison. Through the interposition of some learned friends, he was soon released; went to

Bordeaux, which he did not like; removed to Rochelle, which he liked worse; and, finally, settled in an agreeable rural retreat on the borders of Poitou, where he gave up his chief attention to the study of polite literature.

Remembrances of home would, however, often intrude on this retirement, and, at length, produced a resolution of returning to Scotland. He arrived there in safety, but did not long survive his return, dying of a slow fever in April, 1601, at Pinkill, the family seat, in the 39th year of his age.

The merits of Boyd are thus depicted by a contemporary, whose manuscript fell into the hands of Sir Robert Sibbald. "In his person, he was tall and well proportioned; he had a handsome, sprightly, and engaging countenance, and in his discourse, aspect, voice, and gesture, there was something singularly noble. He was polite, pleasant, acute, courteous, a ready speaker, and entirely free from envy and avarice. He could easily bear with the boasting of the ignorant, but he disliked the coarse and abusive manner of writing which prevailed among the learned of his time. He thought it unworthy of a Christian, in a literary contest, to throw out any thing which should hurt the reputation of an adversary. In injuries of an atrocious nature, he chose to do himself justice by having recourse to the laws of arms. Among the antients, Xenophon was his favourite as a philosopher, Cæsar as an historian, and Virgil as a poet. So admirably was he skilled in the Greek language, that he could write, dictate, and converse in it, with copiousness and elegance. He despised the centos then much in vogue, and said,

that the authors of them, however learned, were dull and ignorant men. To an excellent genius, he joined a happy memory and an admirable judgement. So lively and extensive were his abilities, that he could dictate to three scribes in as many different languages and upon different subjects. Besides his Epistles, after the manner of Ovid, and his Hymns, he wrote a variety of Latin poems that never saw the light. He was the author of notes upon Pliny, and published an excellent little book, addressed to Lipsius, in defence of Cardinal Bembo and antient eloquence. He translated, likewise, Cæsar's Commentaries into Greek, in the style of Herodotus, but would not permit his translation to be made public. He afterwards applied to the cultivation of poetry in his native language, and attained to such excellence in it, that he deserved to be placed on a level with Petrarch and Ronsard. In all his compositions, he displayed more genius than labour. So great were the elevation of his mind and strength of his ambition, that he always aimed at greater things than he could attain, and hence he neglected several opportunities of being advantageously settled, and led a wandering kind of life abroad during fourteen years."

There is a good deal of the Varus in this account, but making every allowance for the partiality of friendship, we must still recognize in it many admirable traits of character, combined, however, with habits which furnish some reason to Pinkerton saying, that Boyd was rather "a rambling literary charlatan, than a man of genius." Among the manuscripts which he left behind him, the following were in Sir Richard Sibbald's possession. "In I

ones Imperatoris Commenta," 1591. "L'Etat du Royaume d'Escoſſe à preſent." "Politicus, ad Joannem Metellanum, Cancellarium Scotiæ." "Scriptum de Juris Conſulto, ad Franciſcum Balduinum." "Poëta ad Cornelium Varum, Florentinum." "Poëmata Varia" and "Epistolæ." The "Epistolæ" and the "Hymni," (part of the "Poëmata Varia,") are inserted in the "Deliciæ Poëtarum Scotorum." Of his translation of Cæſar's Commentaries into Greek, and the poems in his native tongue, which are ſaid to have placed him "on a level with Petrarch and Ronsard," there appears to be no trace. We probably ſuffer little from the want of the former; but it is a matter of regret, that ſuch reputed treaſures as his Scottish poems could have been loſt to the language. The "Excellent little book," addreſſed to Lipſius in defence of Bembo, and antient eloquence, is not known among

the bibliomaniacs of this country; but may very ſtill ſlumber on the ſhelves of ſome continental libraries. Among the unpublished MSS., Dr. Leyden takes notice of one on plants, as "a work of conſiderable elegance and poetical merit, which deſerves to be inserted in any future edition of the "Deliciæ Poëtarum Scotorum." "This author," he adds, has combined the mythological hiſtory of plants with their deſcription, but ſeldom alludes to their medical qualities. The titles of his poems are, 1. Roſa; 2. Viola; 3. Lilium; 4. Hyacinthus; 5. Pæon; 6. Petilius; 7. Nardus; 8. Thymbra; 9. Calendula; 10. Calendula; 11. Iris; 12. Crocus.*"

* Preface to "the Complaynt of Scotland."

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It may be proper to remark, that the "Hymni," given by Boyd to one branch of ems, does not imply, as it may seem to do, that they are of a devotional nature. They are on various subjects, and none of them devotional. One of them is addressed to Patrick Sharpe, one of his old preceptors at Glasgow, and in terms of affection and gratitude which form some atonement for the refractoriness of his youth.

Te duce, si primum Parnassi cornua vidi
Ac Aganippæ perfudi labra liquore,
Non tantum voces, non triti carmen amici,
Nec tenuem florem nec olentis brachia thy:
Accipito, hanc animam, meque intra pictor

A.

NINIAN PATERSON.

AMONG the staunch royalists of Scotland, just previous to the revolution, Ninian Paterson, minister of Liberton church, holds a prominent station. He styles himself "Glasguensis," and is supposed, with some appearance of probability, to have been a relation of John Paterson, Bishop of Galloway, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow, to whom he addressed several poems, in a collection, which he published in 1678, under the title of "Epigrammatum libri octo cum aliquot psalmonum paraphrasi poetica." The greater number of these epigrams relate to moral or scriptural subjects, and have little of the epigrammatic character beyond the name. Many of them derive an extrinsic interest from commemorating, among other remarkable contemporaries of the author,

"Names once known, now dubious or forgot."

In point of language, they are superior to the general order of tramontane Latinity, and shew frequently considerable energy both in thought and expression. At the end of the collection, there is an English version of a Latin ode, by Florence Wilson, published in his Treatise *De Tranquillitate Animæ*. The following stanza may serve as a specimen :

Mella absynthia non dabunt
Uvas nec tribulus ; sic mala gaudia

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*Vita qui sequitur brevis
In fructum petit ex arbore non sua.*

Thus translated by Paterson :

As sure no honey from the wormwood drops,
Nor berries on the prickled thistle grows ;
So he, who, from this short life, pleasure hops
He seeks the fruit that this tree never knows

During the troubles which agitated the latter of the reign of Charles the Second, Paterson appears to have thought, that his majesty followed me of too indulgent a character, and gave vent spleen in a sort of rhyming diary of his opinions which he published in 1679, under the title of *Fanatick Indulgence.*" Prefixed to it, there was an Epistle to James Duke of Albany, afterwards James II. ; and at the close, a Welcome to His Royal Highness, to Scotland. The duke, was a prince whose conduct suited better than that of the easy Charles the parson of Liberton's views of public policy we need not, therefore, be surprised to find him claiming,

All my desire, great sir, is, that I may
Live, like an atom, in the radiant ray
Of your life-giving heart and glorious light,
Whose crispering spires may make me warm and bright

ir, this poem still conceal'd have I,
 he hath christen'd it a prophecy ;
 ence, now unmask'd, strives to tryst
 ohn of Leyden against Antichrist.
 the Trojan house, wherein there lies
 and Vaulx, with new conspiracies ;
 e Shaftsburian-crocodile his blind,
 the Scots rogues to English commons' minds.

poem itself is a coarse and intemperate pro-
 n. The author thus rates the king for his at-
 tent to the unkingly virtue of "tame mercie."

now my loyal subjects looked for
 lalcyonian days, the tempests roar ;
 our eyes, on every rising wave,
 sits in triumph, and presents a grave :
 the midst of our despair and fears,
 brown our sighs, and sighs dry up our tears.

like Job's, these nineteene years perplex,
 t distractions, and destructions vex :

* * * *

ent sages' saws with you have credite ;
 e a vice, it is the way to spread it.
 mercie is the breast that suckles vice,
 dra-like, her heads she multiplies.
 ing thieves and murderers, all see
 te favour's public injurie ;
 pitie spare, and let the gangrene spread,
 he bodie's wholly putrified ?
 urgeon would do this, but he that's mad ?
 uel to the good, who spares the bad !

erson's English poetry is much inferior to his

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Latin ; and he did well, when bidding adieu to the Muses in the following lines, to return to the language in which he wooed them with most success.

Sat musis nugisque datum, suspendo sacratis
Jam Libertonæ barbita muta tholis,
Musa, Vale ! quendam leximen dulce laborum
Posthac nec votis solicitanda meis.

The intolerant spirit manifested by Paterson appears to have provoked the ire of the puritanic party, by whom his character has, more in the spirit of revenge than of truth, been severely assailed. In a work, entitled " An Answer to Scots Presbyterian Eloquence displayed," he is branded as a hypocrite in religion, and a profligate in manners ; but, if we may judge from his works, no calumny could be more unfounded. His sentiments, though mingled with a great deal of prejudice and bad temper, are in the main those of a man of piety and virtue.

T. K.

POETS.—WILLIAM WILKIE.

Dr. WILKIE.

AM WILKIE was the son of a respectable in the parish of Dalmeny, in the county of Dornoch; and born on the 5th of October, 1721. Receiving a common school education, he was at the age of 14 to the university of Edinburgh; he had completed his academical course his father died: leaving the charge of the farm, and the education of a mother and three sisters, to devolve on the young student. From the near vicinage of Edinburgh, and the laxity of attendance permitted by the rigour of Scottish universities, he was however enabled both to carry on the business of the farm, and to continue his collegiate appearances till he obtained the degree of licentiate in the Scottish church. Even yet a youth, Wilkie is said to have shewn indications of poetic talent. In the statistical account of the parish of Dalmeny, there is a copy of indifferent verses *On a Storm*, alleged to have been written by him when in his tenth year. Dr. Gleig, in his life of Wilkie which he has inserted in the Supplement * to the Encyclopedia Britannica, inclines to regard this as "a story fabricated to raise the Scottish poet to the same eminence with Pope, whose versifications were allowed to have imitated with success." He

* First Supplement.

does not doubt that Wilkie wrote these verses some part of his early life ; but he thinks it probable that they were written so early as his tenth year, because he “ displays a notion, a confusion, indeed, of the laws of electricity, which at his tenth year, and at a period when electricity was little understood, could not have acquired. The propriety of this remark is strongly confirmed by an interesting fact, of which Dr. G. was certainly not aware, which at once accounts for Wilkie’s confused knowledge of electricity, at the period when he acquired it. The Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh at the time when Wilkie went through his academic course, was the celebrated Colin Maclaurin, among other mysteries of nature which he used to his students, none was more important, or attended with more remarkable circumstances, than that of the phenomenon just alluded to. Mr. Maclaurin had two classes : a public class, to which all had access, and a private one, consisting of a select number of students, of better parts and more inquisitive than ordinary, to whom he lectured on the deeper parts of philosophy. At a meeting of the latter one evening, the Professor informed them that he had just received a letter from a learned friend of his on the continent ; containing, as he said, discoveries in Natural Philosophy, which were of so extraordinary and whimsical a nature, that he could give no manner of credit to them ; and could only conclude that the judgement of his worthy friend was failing, as he had communicated the reveries of an infected nation as discoveries in science. He then pro-

the letter, and read, how, that in the neighbourhood of the place where the writer lived, it had been discovered, that by turning a glass globe quickly round upon its axis, and at the same time rubbing it upon certain substances, it was heard to crackle and seen to emit sparks of fire; that if any person touched it at that time he suffered a violent shock, and seemed to have received a blow upon the wrists; with many other things to the same purpose, which now rank among the most ordinary phenomena of electricity. Mr. Maclaurin observed, that though strongly persuaded, that they were mere chimeras of imagination instead of facts, as his friend affirmed, yet as the operations of nature were sometimes very extraordinary, and as he had on every former occasion found his friend a very sober sensible man, not ready to be misled by false appearances, he would not reject as a fiction any thing which he had asserted, till he had given it a fair trial; and as he had described in a very particular manner the apparatus necessary for producing such singular effects, he would cause one of the machines to be made in a short time, and repeat the experiment. This he accordingly did. But how great was his surprise to find, that upon trial, all the experiments turned out exactly as they had been described! He immediately called together his students; reminded them of his former incredulity; repeated the experiments before them, and shewed them how much he had been mistaken, and what injustice he had done his ingenious friend. He concluded with warning all those who heard him to profit by the lesson which this occurrence afforded, and never to reckon any thing which was delivered as a new discovery impossible, however improbable it might appear, till

they had given it the fairest trial. Nor did Maclaurin rest here. He went to his public which had as yet heard nothing of the discovery revealed to his younger students all that had on the subject. To which class Wilkie belonged not appear; but from the profound knowledge of natural Philosophy which he displayed in after life probable that he ranked among the select few. In case, his mind must have been struck with a discovery made and communicated under circumstances peculiar; and nothing was more natural, than, on returning home, the "confused notion," (for it could be nothing more,) which he had acquired the subject of electricity, should have found its way into a poetical effusion, which begins with ask

What penetrating mind can rightly form
A faint idea of a raging storm?
Who can express, of elements the war,
And noisy thunder roaring from afar?

The production of the poem, according to tradition, must be referred to his fifteenth, or or probably seventeenth year; written it was, in the course of that period, and not earlier.

Among the friends whom Wilkie acquired, he had the pleasure of ranking Robert Home, Fergusson, and Adam Smith, all the first renown in Scottish literature. To estimate of their relative merits, he used to refer for sound judgment to Robertson in preference to Adam Smith. The latter surprised most people. It would seem he had mistaken the merely metaphysic

which gave birth to the Theory of Moral Sentiments, for that power of producing new images and new combinations, to which the name of invention more properly belongs. Instead of excelling his compeers, there was scarcely one of them to whom Smith was not inferior in this respect. With Hume and Home, at least, he can hold no competition.

After obtaining his licence as a preacher of the Gospel, Mr. Wilkie withdrew entirely to Dalmeny, there to await such ecclesiastical preferment as fortune might have in store for him; assisting only occasionally in some neighbouring churches, and devoting his chief attention to the labours of the farm, while poetry and philosophy occupied his leisure hours. Ten years had passed away in this humble sort of life, when he happened to be called upon to perform divine service in the church of Ratho; the charge of which was then vacant. Among his hearers on the occasion was the patron of the living, the Earl of Lauderdale. His lordship was so much pleased with the style in which the young probationer acquitted himself in the pulpit, that after the service of the day was over, he invited him to dine with him at the family seat of Hatton; and to stay there all night. The favourable impression which his lordship had conceived of Wilkie, was greatly heightened by their intercourse; he found in his guest a man of agreeable, though somewhat eccentric manners, and of various and profound information. Pleased that his patronage placed in his power to raise so worthy an individual to security, his lordship, next morning, presented him with the presentation to the vacant living.

He immediately after his induction to the pas-

17
readers, and was rather severely handled
tical and Monthly Reviewers. The subject
is drawn from the fourth Iliad, where St
Agamemnon a short account of the sack:

———when the youth of Greece, by
Return'd to conquer where their father

These young heroes were known to
under the name of the Epigoni, or desc
for this reason, the author has given to t
title of Epigoniad ; a name most unfortun
for as the circumstance from which it was
known only to a very few of the learned
were not able to conjecture what could b
of the poem, and felt little solicitous to
what suggested nothing to expectation.
remained among the Greeks, that Home
Thebes for the subject of a poem, which
Wilkie seems to have pleased himself with

and the world at large could be expected to feel little interest in any new addition to scenes and characters, so different from those with which they are familiar, and so far removed from their own times. Accordingly, the *Epigoniad*, though possessed of great merit as an Epic, and rich in poetic charms, entirely failed in exciting general interest. The sale of the poem among the author's friends in Scotland, having nevertheless exhausted the first edition, a second was published in 1759, to which was added a *Dream* in the manner of Spenser. A very generous effort was at the same time made to recall the attention of the public to its merits, by Wilkie's old fellow student, Hume, who published a letter to the editors of the "*Critical Review*," in which he appealed against their former condemnation of the work, and expatiated at great length and with much fervor of encomium upon its beauties. He represented it as a work abounding in "sublime beauties," and as "one of the ornaments of our language." Among the specimens by which he illustrated his criticism, he referred particularly to the Episode on the death of Hercules, in the seventh book, as exhibiting a sublimity of imagination and energy of style which entitle it to compare with any poetry in the English language. "Nothing," he adds, "can be more pathetic than the complaint of Hercules, when the poison of the Centaur's robe begins to prey upon him." As the passage is perhaps the best in the poem, and may serve both to shew the degree of discrimination which Hume mingled with his praise, and to furnish a fair idea of Wilkie's capacity as a poet, the repetition of the quotation will not, it is hoped, be deemed out of place.

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Sov'reign of heav'n and earth ! whose boundless
The fates of men and mortal things obey,
If e'er delighted, from the courts above,
In human form you sought Alcmena's love ;
If fame's unchanging voice to all the earth
With truth proclaims you, author of my birth ;
Whence, from a course of spotless glory run,
Successful toils and wreaths of triumph won,
Am I thus wretched ? Better that, before,
Some monster fierce had drank my streaming gore
Or crush'd by Cacus, foe to Gods and men,
My batter'd brains had strew'd his rocky den ;
Than, from my glorious toils and triumphs past,
To fall subdu'd by female arts at last.
O cool my boiling blood, ye winds that blow
From mountains loaded with eternal snow,
And crack the icy cliffs · in vain ! in vain !
Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain !
For round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their burning hands.
Now, bending from the skies, O wife of Jove !
Enjoy the vengeance of thy injur'd love :
For fate, by me, the thund'rer's guilt atones,
And, punish'd in her son, Alcmena groans :—
The object of your hate shall soon expire ;
Fix'd on my shoulders, preys a net of fire ;
Whom, nor the toils nor dangers could subdue,
By false Eurystheus dictated from you ;
Nor tyrants lawless, nor the monstrous brood
Which haunts the desert or infests the flood ;
Nor Greece, nor all the barb'rous climes that lie
Where Phœbus ever points his golden eye,

bath o'erth Ye Gods! I yield
 arts, unconqu' I ir field.
 —alas! are these the same that bow'd
 id his giant force subdu'd?
 g'd Nemea's monster from his den?
 the dragon in his native fen?
 s! their mighty muscles fail,
 is infernal ev'ry nerve assail:
 s! I feel in streams of woe
 s dissolve, before untaught to flow.
 y virtue, oft in dangers try'd,
 toils, in deaths untterrify'd,
 ny aid; nor let my labours past
 : achiev'd, be blotted by the last.
 unmov'd, the present shock endure;
 mph, and for ever rest secure.

me, in the same letter, thus speaks of the
 in the manner of Spenser," which Wilkie
 ded to the second edition of the *Epigoniad*.
 t supposes himself to be introduced to Ho-
 censures his poem in some particulars, and
 in others. This poem is indeed a species
 for the *Epigoniad*, written in a very lively
 at manner: it may be compared to a well-
 em of the purest water, and cast into the
 tiful form. Those who would judge of our
 dents for poetry, without perusing his larger
 : satisfy their curiosity by running over this
 a. They will see the same force of imagi-
 l harmony of numbers which distinguish his
 fornuance: and may thence, with small ap-

plication, receive a favourable impression of our author's genius."

Notwithstanding this ardent tribute from friendly criticism, and the great weight of Hume's authority, there appears to have been in the *Epigoniad* a gravitating tendency, which no praise could counteract. The poem continued, as before, little read, and has become every day less and less known. Mr. Chalmers has indeed included it among his "*Works of the English Poets*;" but with a qualification which deprives the compliment of all value, and does upon the whole little credit to his independence of opinion. "As I have nothing (he says) to oppose to the neglect with which Wilkie's poems have been treated, I hope I shall be pardoned for inserting Mr. Hume's very elaborate criticism, whatever effect it may produce." The plain truth after all, is, that the *Epigoniad*, though distinguished by great powers of invention, by a perfectly intimate acquaintance with what we may be allowed to call *classic costume*, by strength though not ease of diction, and by frequent shooting lights which remind one of the presence of perpetual day, is not altogether such a poem as persons will read, who read with any other purpose than that of reading themselves asleep.

In 1759, Mr. Wilkie was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's. On removing thither, he took his sisters to reside with him and attend to his domestic affairs. At this period his whole fortune did not exceed £200. With this sum he purchased a few acres of almost waste land, in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's; but by

skill in husbandry speedily brought them into a state of cultivation, which was the surprise and envy of his neighbours. As a teacher, he is said to have displayed great knowledge of science, with an easy familiar mode of illustration, which fixed the attention as well as the regard of his pupils. He was, at the same time, extremely close in his mode of reasoning; and to those who came to his lectures without sufficient preparation of geometry, and habits of close attention, it was apt to appear obscure. In 1766, the University of St. Andrew's conferred upon Mr. Wilkie the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

After a long estrangement from the Muses, he produced, in 1768, a small collection of "Fables," which he dedicated to his early patron, the Earl of Lauderdale. Although superior in merit to his *Epigoniad*, they were attended with even less success. They were gross imitations of the manner of Gay; but though always original, were distinguished by a propriety of sentiment and ease of expression, which even Gay did not often excel. Sensible of the objection which existed to the want of novelty in his precepts, the author has thus endeavoured to obviate it:

You say 'tis vain in verse or prose
To tell what every body knows,
And stretch invention to express
Plain truths, which all men will confess :
Go on, the argument to mend,
Prove that to know, is to attend,
And that we ever keep in sight
What reason tells us once is right ;

Till this is done, you must excuse
 The zeal and freedom of my muse,
 In hinting to the human kind
 What few deny, but fewer mind.

To these sensible arguments, it may be added, some are formed to propose new maxims, which find themselves more fitted to illustrate those received. Nor is it easy to be determined who tributes most to the interests of morality, the dual who advances new maxims, which, on of that very novelty, are likely to meet with assent; or he, who, adopting positions universally assented to, is at more leisure to decorate the charms of ornamented diction and brilliant fancy.

Of these Fables, one of the best is "The Partan*;" the chief design of which, the poet tells us, was "to give a true specimen of the dialect, where it may be supposed to be most namely, in Midlothian, the seat of the capital style is precisely that of the vulgar Scottish; the matter might be suitable to it, the poet has for the subject, a little story adapted to the peasants. It is a tale commonly told in the country among the country people, and may be looked as of the kind of those *aniles fabelle*, in which the poet observes, his country neighbours were accustomed to convey their rustic philosophy. After propo

Ye hae my moral, if I am able
 I'll fit it nicely wi' a fable.
 A hare, ae morning chanc'd to see
 A partan creeping on a lee,
 A fishwife wha was early oot
 Had drapt the creature thereabout.
 Mawkin bumbas'd and frighted sair
 To see a thing but hide and hair,*
 Which if it stur'd not, might be taen
 For naething ither than a stane,
 A squint-wise wambling, sair beset
 Wi' gerse and rashes like a net,
 First thought to rin for't (for bi kind
 A hare's nae fechter ye maun mind),
 But seeing that wi' a' its strength
 It scarce could creep a tether length,
 The hare grew baulder and cam near,
 Turn'd playsome, and fargat her fear.
 Quoth Mawkin, "Was there ere in nature
 Sac feckless and sae poor a creature?
 It scarcely kens, or I'm mistaen,
 The way to gang or stand its lane.
 See how it steitter†; I'll be bund
 To rin a mile of up-hill grund
 Before it gets a rig-braid frae
 The place its in, though doon the brae."

Mawkin wi' this began to frisk,
 An' thinkin there was little risk,
 Clapt baith her feet on partan's back,
 And turn'd him awald‡ in a crack.

* Without hide and hair. † Staggers. ‡ Topsy turvy.

To see the creature sprawl, her sport
 Grew twice as good, yet prov'd but short,
 For, patting wi' her fit in-play,
 Just whar the partan's nippers lay,
 He gript it fast, which made her squeel
 And think she bourded wi' the deil ;
 She strave to rin, and made a fistle,
 The tither catch'd a tough bur thriale
 Which held them baith till o'er a dyke
 A herd came stending* wi' his tyket,
 And fell'd poor Mawkin, sarely ruing
 Whan forc'd to drink of her ain brewin'.

The success of " the Fables" would probably have been less indifferent, had they turned less on the author's personal disappointment as an Epic writer. The greater part of them are undisguised hits at the critics, for not discovering in his *Epigoniad* a merit which it did not possess. The public saw with pain this carping at a judgement which they had so fully confirmed, and shewed, by a continuance of their disfavour, the folly of contemning general opinion. Dr. Wilkie seems to have sat for his own picture in one of his Fables, *The Young Lady and the Looking Glass* :

To bid your friend his errors mend
 Is almost certain to offend ;
 Though you in softest terms advise,
 Confess him good, admit him wise,
 In vain you sweeten the discourse—
 He thinks you call him fool, or worse.

* Leaping.

† Dog.

And to have forgot the parting reproof in his Dialogue between "The Author and a Friend :"

Then take your way, 'tis folly to contend
With those who're told their faults, but will not mend.

Dr. Wilkie had almost all his life been subject to ague, and, in order to escape its visitations, he fell into habits which were ultimately the means of shortening his days. To keep up a perspiration, he lay in bed under a load of no fewer than twenty-four blankets; and to avoid all chance of the cold damp, he never slept from home without requesting to be indulged with bed-linen previously used by some of the family! When he went out, he wore several flannel jackets, waistcoats, and top coat, and over all a great coat and gown, presenting altogether a grotesque magnitude of appearance. His frame became, by this system of living, rapidly debilitated, and after a lingering illness, he died on the 10th October, 1772, in his fifty-second year.

Although Wilkie commenced his professorship with only £200, he is said to have died worth £3000, accumulated in the course of thirteen years by parsimonious living. His character in this respect has, however, been well vindicated by those who knew him intimately. "Much of his life," it is truly said, "was spent in poverty; and a strong sense of the value of independence induced him to become saving as soon as he could spare any thing from his immediate wants, and the necessity of his sisters, for whom he appears to have provided with all the affectionate concern of a parent. By avoiding the expenses of hospitality in a hospitable country, he incurred the

struggling under the oppression of poverty," and in the most private manner he used to exact tales of secrecy from those who were the objects of his bounty."

The manners of Dr. Wilkie, in private life altogether extremely eccentric. The bulk of which helped to ruin his constitution, was relieved of no sort of elegance or attention; his clothes as if thrown upon him by a pitchfork, and brushed they never knew; his wig was always and such was his habitual carelessness of appearance that when a preacher, he would even forget the pulpit to take his hat off his head: add to these circumstances, that he used tobacco to excess, the picture of a moving piece of dusty lumber complete.

His fits of musing were many, and contributed, in no small degree, to confirm his habits of negligence; they made him often ridiculous in private society, and something still worse in public. When any thing risible occurred to him in these dreamings, he would, without saying a word,

with even his most serious public duties—at one time, forgetting to pronounce the blessing after public service, at another, dispensing the sacrament without consecrating the elements—one could not help wishing that he had been altogether a poet, and no divine.

As a poet, Wilkie had two remarkable peculiarities. He was the first, and perhaps the only individual of the fraternity, who was deeply conversant with that most unpoetical of all subjects, Fluxions; and he never could read aloud the smoothest verse, in such a manner, as to preserve either the measure or the sense, although his own compositions in verse are not deficient in smoothness or elegance.

When actively engaged in conversation, and perhaps then only, Wilkie shone to advantage in private. The originality of his opinions, delivered with a bold freedom of manner, and enlivened by frequent sallies of wit and humour, made always a great impression on his hearers; and there were few good judges who did not leave his company with a high opinion of his talents. He was particularly happy in transferring to his conversation, whether on literary or philosophical subjects, the phrases and terms of common life. Having lived during the earlier part of his life, alternately with the literary men about the University of Edinburgh, and with the farmers in his own neighbourhood, he had acquired a perfect intimacy with the modes of both; and was thus qualified to shine equally amidst a company of peasants or of philosophers.

Of his literary friends, most of whom were more fortunate than himself in their literary adventures, Wilkie always spoke without chagrin or envy. He

was angry with the critics for their want of in his *Epigoniad*, but not displeased that they died in the *Douglas*, and in the *Histories of the* of Tudor and of Stuart, some of the first prod of the age. He was fond of telling anecdotes of authors, and describing the peculiarities of their genius, disposition, and habits. It is said, however, towards the close of his life, he broke off all correspondence with Hume and Robertson; though for reason we are not informed.

A handsome tribute to the memory of Wilkie paid by another son of the Muses, Robert Ferguson, who had studied under him, and had been indebted to his friendship. It was published in the first number of Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine* appeared after the announcement of Dr. V's death. It has great merit, and is happily fit for transcription.

Eclogue to the Memory of Dr. William Wilkie

GEORDIE AND DAVIE.

Geordie.

Blaw saft my reed and kindly to my maen,
Weel may ye thole a saft and dowie strain,
Nae mair to you shall shepherds in a ring
Wi' blythness skip, or lassies lilt and sing;
Sic sorrow now maun sadden ilka e'e,
An' ilka wae fu shepherd grieve wi' me.

Davie.

Wharefor begin a sad and dowie strain,
Or banish liltin frae the Fife plain?

POETS.—WILLIAM WILKIE.

ugh simmer's gane, an' we nae langer view
blades o' claver wat we' pearls o' dew,
ld winter's blackest blasts we'll eithly cower,
eldins driven, an' our har'st is owr ;
rucks fu' thick are stackit i' the yard,
the Yule feast a sautit mast's prepar'd,
ingle nook supplies the simmer fields,
aft as mony gleefu' maments yields ;
th man, fling a' your sleepy springs awa',
on your canty whistle gie's a blaw :
hness, I trow, maun lighten ilka e'e,
ilka canty callant sing like me.

Geordie.

na ; a canty spring wad now impart
threefald sorrow to my heart ;
' to the *weet* my ripen'd aits had fawn,
hakewinds owr my rigs wi' pith had blawn,
is I could hae said, " I care na by,"
found occasion now my cheeks to dry.
ses like thae, or lack o' warld's gear,
naething whan we tyne a friend that's dear.
waes me for you, Willy ! mony a day
I wi' you, on yon broom thackit brae
l aff my sheep, an' let them careless gang,
arken to your cheery tale or sang,
s that for ay, on Caledonia's strand
fit the foremost mang her tunefu' band.
reamt yestreen his deadly wraith I saw,
g by my cen, as white 's the driven snaw ;
olley *Ringie*, youf'd an' yowl'd a' night,
d an' crap near me in an unco fright.
en'd fley'd, an' shook baith lith and limb,
ldness took me, an' my sight grew dim ;

56 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

I kent that it forespak approachin wae,
Whan my poor doggie was disturbit sae.
Nae sooner did the day begin to dawn
Than I beyont the knowe sae speedy ran,
Whare I was keppit wi' the heavy tale
That sets ilk dowie sangster to bewail.

Davie.

An' wha on Fifan bents can weel refuse
To gie a tear of tribute to his muse?
Farewell ilk cheery spring, ilk canty note
Be daffin, an' ilk idle play forgot;
Bring ilka herd the mournfu', mournfu' boughs,
Rosemary sad, and ever-dreary yews;
'Thae sal be steepit i' the saut, saut tear,
'To weet wi' hallow'd draps his sacred bier,
Whase sangs will aye in Scotland be rever'd,
While slow-gawn owsen turn the flow'ry swaird,
While bonny lambies lick the dews of spring,
While gaudsmen whistle, or while birdies sing.

Geordie.

'Twas na for weel tim'd verse or sangs alane,
He bore the bell frae ilka shepherd swain;
Nature to him had gien a kindly lore,
Deep a' her mystic ferlies to explore;
For a' her secret workings he could gie
Reasons, that wi' her principles agree.
Ye saw yoursel how weel his mailin thrave,
Ay better faughed and snodded than the lave;
Lang had the thistles and the dockens been
In use to wag their taps upo' the green,
Whare now his bonny rigs delight the view,
An' thrivin hedges drink the callar dew.

Davie.

They tell me, Geordie, he had sic a gift,
That scarce a starnie blinkit frae the lift,
But he wou'd some ald-warld name for it find
As gart him keep it freshly in his mind;
For this some ca'd him an uncanny wight;
The clash gaed round, "he had the second sight,"
A tale that never fail'd to be the pride
Of grannies spinnin at the ingle side.

Geordie.

But now he's gane, an' Fame that whan alive,
Secnil lets ony o' her vot'ries thrive,
Will frae his shinin name, a' motes withdraw,
And on her loudest trump her praises blaw.
Lang may his sacred banes untroubl'd rest!
Lang may his truff in gowans gay be drest!
Scholars and bards unheard of yet shall come
And stamp memorials on his grassy tomb,
Which in yon ancient kirk-yard shall remain
Fam'd as the urn that hads the Mantuan swain.

W. W.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

ROBERT FERGUSSON was born at Edinburgh the fifth of September, 1750. His father, W Fergusson, was an accountant in the British I Hall; a situation of respectability, but of small lument. He is said to have possessed some po talent; but no proofs of it are extant. Y Robert, who was destined to raise the name of gusson to a place among the first poets of his cou was, in infancy, of so very weakly a constit that little hopes were entertained of his arriv manhood. By the tender care of his parents, ever, he gradually acquired strength; and at th of six years, was sent to an English school, v he attained a proficiency in reading and reciti so rapidly, that before a year elapsed, he transferred to the High School of Edinburgh, to the Latin tongue. He remained at this sem four years; and, notwithstanding frequent i missions of attendance, occasioned by the infirm of his health, he was able, not only to mainta honourable competition with his fellows, but to most of them. For some reason or other, which not appear, he was now removed to the gra school of Dundee, where he continued two y and then went to the university of St. Andrew's gentleman, of the name of Fergusson, had left saries, for the education of two boys of the

name, at this university ; and Mr. William Fergusson was fortunate enough to procure one of them for his son ; the expense of whose future education was thus materially lessened.

At the university, Fergusson became, as at school, speedily distinguished for a quickness of parts, which superseded assiduity of application ; united however, with a fondness for society and amusement, which presaged a wayward life. Frank, kind-hearted, and frolicsome, he gained the general esteem of his fellow-students, and in all their youthful follies bore a leading part. His exploits, on one of these occasions, were attended with rather an unfortunate issue. On the evening preceding the distribution of some annual prizes, the successful and disappointed combatants had a fierce encounter, in which, Fergusson was reported to have been one of the most forward combatants. The principal aggressors, including Fergusson, were formally expelled ; but in consequence of their penitential submissions, were, within a few days, restored. The eccentric Dr. Wilkie, author of the *Epigoniad*, with whom Fergusson had become a great favourite, is said to have particularly exerted his interest on this occasion, in behalf of the young offender.

A place of favourite resort with the students, on winter nights, was the Porter's Lodge : which Fergusson has made the subject of some pleasing reminiscences, in his elegy on John Hogg, the Porter.

Say, ye red gowns ! that aften here
Hae toasted cakes to Katie's beer :
Gin 'ere thir days hae had their peer,
Sae blyth, sae daft ;

GO LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

Ye'll ne'er again, in life's career,
Sit half see saft.

While pursuing his studies at St. Andrew's, gusson is said to have begun to direct his attention to poetry, and to have written many occasional pieces, which attracted the particular notice of professors, as well as of his fellow-students. None of his published poems, however, can be referred so early a period; all of them have the marks of subsequent production. Dr. Irving mentions, some fragments of a dramatic cast, written with gusson's own hand, are to be found on the blank leaf of a book, which was in his possession while at St. Andrew's. The following verses are all that can distinctly read; they are puerile, but from the period at which they were written, objects of curiosity.

Therefore, 'tis meet, that Sisera be crown'd
With all the honour worthy of his service :
And that this day for mirth be set apart,
To celebrate the deeds and valiant acts
Display'd by him in war.

Conquest alone, my liege, repays our toil ;
But, since it is your sovereign inclination,
This day to grace us with a pompous triumph
As swift as thought my deeds shall fly, to serve
In all your after battles.

He had, we are told, commenced, at this time, a tragedy, on the story of Sir William Wallace, but relinquished it after finishing the first two acts,

cause he met with another drama on the same subject, and was apprehensive of being regarded as a copyist.

Fergusson's original destination was the church. To his name, on his class books, he used to add "Student of Divinity;" but it does not appear, that he ever entered on the actual study of divinity. After attending the preliminary courses of Humanity, Science, and Philosophy, which occupied the four years to which his bursary extended, he returned to Edinburgh. His father was now dead, and his mother in poor circumstances. He found it immediately necessary to have recourse to some employment, for the means of subsistence; and in the hope of being assisted in this object by a maternal uncle, Mr. John Forbes, a gentleman of opulence, who resided in Aberdeen, he paid him a visit. Mr. Forbes received him with kindness, and told him, to make his house his home for the present; but with an insensibility to his ultimate welfare, which shewed as much weakness of head as want of heart, he took no pains to put the youth in a way of providing for himself; and after the lapse of six months, the nephew's clothes beginning to assume rather a poetic appearance, he was no longer deemed a fit guest for his uncle's table; and, to the disgrace of that uncle's memory, was rudely turned out of doors. Poor Fergusson, stung to the quick at the harsh treatment which he had received, retired to a little solitary inn, that stood at a small distance, where he despatched a letter to his unfeeling relative, couched in the most indignant, but manly, terms. The letter appears to have produced a momentary impression of shame

on the uncle ; he despatched a messenger : gusson, with a few shillings, to defray his on the road to Edinburgh.—A pitiful boo it is probable, Fergusson was not in circum refuse. He travelled all the way on foot, a fatigued by his journey, and depressed that he reached his mother's house extremel remained so for several days.

Dr. Irving, and other biographers of l say, that when he began to recover str composed two poems, in reference to his in the north ; the one, on *The Decay of l* and another, *Against repining at Fortune*. plicability of the titles appears, however, only authority for this statement. Neither pieces made their public appearance till s afterwards. His visit to Aberdeen must b made when he was about his eighteenth yea in 1767 or 1768 ; but the *Decay of Frien* not published (in Ruddiman's Weekly M till September, 1772 ; and the lines, *Agai ing at Fortune*, not till 24th September, 1772. in neither of the poems is there any thi can be supposed to have a direct reference to duct of his uncle, which would, doubtb been the case, had they been written in warmth of his resentment.

Fergusson was now reduced to such neces cumstances, that he was content to subn drudgery of copying papers in the offic commissary's clerk, and afterwards, in th sheriff's clerk, for the means of subsistence cupation, to which it was his unfortun remain chained for the rest of his life.

The editor of the first collection of his poems asserts, that he commenced the study of the law, as a profession ; but made no progress in it, on account of the sprightliness of his genius, which rose superior to so dry and sedentary a pursuit. The assertion without foundation. He copied law papers for read, like the English Chief Justice, Saunders ;* and might, possibly, have picked up enough of law knowledge, in the course of time, to become even a Chief Justice ; but beyond that very vague chance, neither his hopes nor plans extended. The editors of the *Enc. Brit.* in their article on Fergusson, embrace the opportunity of making some very sensible

* Sir Edmund Saunders, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, towards the close of the seventeenth century, was originally, a strolling beggar about the streets, without known parents or relations. He came often to beg scraps at Clement's Inn, where his sprightliness and diligence made the society desirous to extricate him from his miserable situation. As he appeared desirous to learn to write, one of the attornies fixed a board up at a window, at the top of a staircase, which served him as a desk, and there the beggar-boy sat, and wrote after copies of court and other hands, in which he at length acquired such expertness, as in some measure to set up for himself, and commence hackney writing. He also took all opportunities of improving himself, by reading such books as he could borrow ; and in the course of years became an attorney, counsel, and ultimately Chief Justice.—*Biog. Dict.*

observations on the pretended incompa study of the law, with such liveliness Fergusson possessed. "We might in say, "different lawyers at our own b great poetical talents in their youth, the summit of their profession ; but, sonal distinctions at home, we shall amples from England. The genius of of Mansfield was, at least, as lively Fergusson ; and if he had pleased, h been equally a poet ; yet he submitted to of studying a law, still drier than that To the fine taste of Atterbury, Bishop and to his classical compositions, both verse, no man is a stranger, who is at in English literature : yet, that elegant poet, after he had risen to the dignit: Carlisle, submitted to the drudgery through the medium of barbarous Lat siastical law of England, from the earli declared, that by dint of perseverance in time, to relish it as much as the stu and Virgil. Whatever may be though political principles, no man can read l sial writings, and entertain a doubt, could have submitted to the drudgery the law. The truth is, that a man of mind may bring himself to delight i study which is useful and honourable were Lord Mansfield, the Bishop of F Milton. But whether through some i in his nervous system, or in consequ dissipations, Mr. Fergusson, with me

qualities, was so utterly destitute of mental vigour, that, rather than submit to what his friends call drudgery, he seemed to have looked with a wistful eye to some sinecure place."

The last observation will, perhaps, be regarded as an exception to the good sense and feeling, which pervade the rest of this passage. It is, surely, a very false supposition, to imagine that Fergusson, who could bend himself to the drudgery of being a mere copying machine, could not muster determination enough, to submit to the mental labour of studying any science which would have conducted him to an honourable independence. The truth is, that poor Fergusson had neither the opportunity, nor the means, of following the law, as a profession. The bar was too remote an aim, for one so destitute: and the inferior branches of the profession were not to be attained except through a servitude, unsuitable to the period of life at which he had arrived. Fergusson was glad to commence copying papers for his daily bread; and, like others, whom accident has thrown into a course of life contrary to their inclination, was prevented by the pressure of daily necessity from adventuring on a better.

"Alone, the oar he plied; the rapids nigh;
To pause, but for a moment, was to die."

Some friendly hand might have interposed its aid, to give a happier direction to his fortunes; but none such was held forth. Let it not, therefore, be imputed to Fergusson as a fault, that he but yielded to a tide of events, which he could not controul.

The writer in the *Encyclopedia* has hinted at the probability, that "early dissipation may have contributed to that want of mental vigour," which he makes the source of Fergusson's declension in life. But the dissipation of Fergusson had not commenced at the time he was under the necessity of betaking himself to the mean employment, in which he continued till the close of his days. Having been, for many years, absent from Edinburgh, he returned to it almost an entire stranger; and it was not till the publication of the poetry, with which he solaced his leisure hours, had brought him into notice about two years after, that he acquired friends and companions, and was drawn by them into the vortex of pleasure. When Fergusson came back from Aberdeen, he could not have passed his nineteenth year; but it was not till 1771, when he was in his twenty-first year, that his pieces began to make their appearance, in *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine*. *

That Fergusson, at last, plunged into a course of dissipation, hostile to all steadiness of purpose, and calculated, artificially, to increase the difficulty of emancipating himself from the low condition of life into which he had fallen, must, with feelings of sorrow, be allowed. Possessing great powers of fasci

* Dr. Irving says, that "before he reached the twentieth year of his age, many of his little poems made their appearance in *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine*. But this must be a mistake. The *Magazine* commenced in July, 1768, when Mr. Fergusson was in his nineteenth year: and in the first four volumes there is not an acknowledged line from his pen.

tion in company ; the broadest humour with the keenest wit ; singing, mimicry, and story telling, each in an unrivalled degree ; an open heart, forever overflowing with fine and generous emotions ; his company became eagerly courted by persons of all classes in life. Fergusson obeyed the call of pleasure with too unreserved an alacrity ; and was but too often led into the company of men, who, simply ambitious of partaking in the excesses of genius, cared not to what extremes of folly they urged him ; and who, unfortunately, could make no compensation, when the hour of revelry was past, for the sacrifices of time and character which their selfish feelings had exacted.

The mind of Fergusson would often return, with sadness, to the bright hopes which shed a radiance over his earlier years ; for, though no unwilling votary of pleasure, he was sufficiently conscious of the profitless nature of the round of dissipation in which it had now involved him. It was, probably, on some occasion of this kind, that he wrote the elegy on the *Decay of Friendship*, which has been ascribed so much earlier a period. It abounds in circumstances which can only have reference to this day of merriment and glee.

lattery ! alluring as the syren's lay,
And as deceitful, thy enchanting tongue ;
How have ye taught my wav'ring mind to stray,
Charm'd and attracted by the baneful song.

* * * * *

68 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

To wake emotions in the youthful mind,
Strephon, with voice melodious, tun'd the song;
Each sylvan youth, the sounding chorus join'd,
Fraught with contentment 'mid the festive throng

* * . * * * *

But ah ! these youthful sportive hours are fled ;
These scenes of jocund mirth are now no more
No healing slumbers 'tend my humble bed ;
No friends console the sorrows of the poor.

And what avail the thoughts of former joy ?
What comfort they in the adverse hour ?
Can they the canker-worm of care destroy,
Or brighten Fortune's discontented hour ?

* * * * *

To the lone corner of some distant shore,
In dreary, devious pilgrimage I'll fly,
And wander pensive, where Deceit no more
Shall trace my footsteps with a mortal eye.

There, solitary, saunter o'er the beach,
And to the murmur'ing surge my grief disclose
There, shall my voice, in plaintive wailings, tell
The hollow caverns to resound my woes.

* * * * *

Adieu ! ye fields, where I have fondly stray'd :
Ye swains, who once the fav'rite Damon knew
Farewell, ye sharers of my bounty's aid ;
Ye sons of base ingratitude, adieu !

The fits of repentance and amendment, wh

such reflections produced, were, however, but of momentary duration ; lasting, generally, only till some new allurements invited him to a new oblivion of his cares. His mind was of a cast which sought rather for circumstances of consolation under misfortune, than for the means of overcoming it ; turning into an affectation of philosophic indifference, what was, after all, no better than a tame submission to things as he found them. This is strikingly portrayed, in his verses *Against repining at Fortune*, which may be received as a synopsis of a specious process of reasoning, but too familiar to all dissolute sons of genius. After complaining of Fortune, the author thus apostrophizes Nature :—

* * * * *

NATURE, thou look'st with more impartial eyes ;
Smile then, fair Goddess ! on my sober lot,
I'll neither fear her fall, nor court her rise.

When early larks shall cease the matin song ;
When Philomel at night resigns her lays ;
When melting numbers to the owl belong ;
Then shall the reed be silent in thy praise.

Can he, who with the tide of Fortune sails,
More pleasure from the sweets of Nature share ;
Do Zephyrs waft him more ambrosial gales,
Or do his groves a gayer liv'ry wear ?

To me, the heav'ns unveil as pure a sky ;
To me, the flow'rs as rich a bloom disclose ;
The morning beams as radiant to my eye ;
And darkness guides me to as sweet repose.

70 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

The genuine sincerity of such reflections can be no way be better illustrated, than by the very next verses which Fergusson published in his poetical Itinerary, Ruddiman's Magazine. They are entitled, "Braid Claith."

Ye, wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote in the bonny book of fame ;
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurel'd wreath :
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In gude braid claith.

* * * * *

Braid claith lends fouk an unco heere ;
Makes mony kail-worms, butterflies ;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,
For little skaith :
In short, you may be what you please
Wi' gude braid claith.

For thof ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakespeare, or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment, fouk wad hae a doubt on ;
I'll tak my aith ;
Till they could see ye wi' a sult on,
O gude braid claith.

Fergusson, unable to resist the temptations which the town daily, or rather nightly, presented, had conceived the determination of flying from them. He took lodgings at a small distance from town ; made frequent excursions into the country ; and at last finding that the syren pleasure still waylaid him

erever he roved on Scottish ground, thought of
ing to sea, to try his fortune. All this shews, if
t much resolution, at least, much good intention ;
fread of the abyss to which he was hastening, but
unhappy inability to escape it.

While on one of these country rambles, a clergy-
un discovered him, wandering, in a pensive mood,
ough the church-yard of Haddington. The wor-
y divine, though unacquainted with Fergusson, ap-
ars to have known his person and character ; and
tering into conversation with him, took advantage
the many memorials of human mortality scattered
ound them, to touch with energy and feeling, though-
hout the seeming of any personal allusion, on the
adness of those, who, heedless of the awful account
ich they must render at last, waste the precious
ments of this life in a ceaseless round of gaiety
d licentiousness. The applicability of this casual
son to his own situation, and to his train of feeling
the moment, sunk deep into the mind of Fer-
sson ; and he returned to Edinburgh, fully resolv-
to enter upon an amended course of life. This,
e most of his resolutions, however, quickly yield-
to new seductions, and had become almost for-
tten, when an incident, of somewhat a romantic
st, recalled forcibly to mind the lessons of his
urch-yard monitor. In the room adjoining that
which Fergusson slept, a starling was kept. One
ght, a cat, having found its way down the chim-
y, seized the starling, which awoke Mr. Fergus-
y by the most alarming screams. He rose, and dis-
vered the cause of the alarm, but too late to save
e poor bird. The circumstance gave rise to reflec-

tions, which banished sleep from his pillow for the rest of the night. How truly had the often-recited lesson of his youth been exemplified.—“*He shall surprise thee in the night, as a thief cometh, and thou shalt not know when he cometh!*” How terrible had been the fatal stroke, to a sinless and unaccountable creature! Could it be less so, to one who shared of the sinfulness common to humanity; who might be seized in the midst of sins unnumbered and unrepented; and to whom death was not oblivion, but the passage to a state of eternal misery or happiness? Indulging in this train of thought, rendered more awful by the solemn stillness of the night, day light found him wrought up to a pitch of remorse, bordering on despair. He rose, not as he was wont, to mix again with the social and gay, but to be a recluse from society, devoured by the remembrance of follies past. All his vivacity had forsaken him; those lips, which never opened but to impart delight, were closed as by the hand of death; and “on his countenance sat horror plumed.”

Even this impression, however deep and appalling it was, vanished in the course of time. Ferguson's nature was of too social a cast to resist the attractions of pleasure long. Yielding to one kind impetuosity after another, he gradually relapsed into his old course of gaiety and dissipation. Happily, however, for the interests of poetry if not for his own, he still laboured with assiduity in the service of the Muses. During the years 1773 and 1775, which embrace the worst periods of his dissipation, scarcely a week elapsed without some valuable contribution to Ruddiman's Magazine. His poetic fervour, indeed, seemed always greatest when he was most

own the inspirations of the festive circle; and most of his pieces bear obvious marks of having been the rapid result of passing suggestions and occurrences. In August, 1773, he published a poetical account of the expedition to Fife and the Island of May on board the *Blessed Endeavour* of Dunbar, Captain Roxburgh Commander. The party appear to have been inhospitably received on the Fife shore, and Ferguson thus pours out on it the vials of a poet's wrath.

"To Fife we steer, of all beneath the sun
The most unhallow'd mid the Scotian plains!
And here, sad emblem of deceitful times,
Hath sad Hypocrisy her standard borne.
Mirth knows no residence, but ghastly Fear
Stands trembling and appal'd at airy sights.
Once only, only once, (reward it, O ye powers!)
Did Hospitality, with open face
And winning smile, cheer the deserted sight,
That else had languish'd for the blest return
Of beauteous day to dissipate the clouds
Of endless night and superstition wild,
That constant hover o'er the dark abode."

This reproach gave such offence to the swains of Fife, that one of them, in that true spirit of locality which led Captain Forbes to challenge Wilkes, sent a similar message to Ferguson;

"Some canker'd, surly, sour-mow'd carline
Bred near the Abbey o' Dunfarmlin."

Instead of accepting the invitation, however, the poet treated it with the ridicule which it deserved.

In the course of the same year, Ferguson took a journey to Dumfries, to visit an old poetic companion,

of the name of Charles Salmon,* who I burgh, to follow the business of a printer. Jackson, the publisher of the *Dumfries Magazine*. He was accompanied by Wilson of the navy; the son of a Mr. known at one time as a lecturer on elocution in burgh, and the author of several occasional poetry, which appeared in the public papers under the signature of *Claudero*. Fergusson presented himself to the curious gaze of the *Dumfries* with a strange plight. His person and dress were in the greatest disorder: he wore, instead of a white flannel jacket; and having passed his journey on foot, was all over dust. He looked all the world like a recruit after a long march. The gay minstrel, "on pleasure bent, beguiled for his dishabille by saying, that I myself had taken rather sudden leave of Reikie;" they had been carousing together the preceding night, and after leaving the town in the morning, had indulged in some such proceedings so pleasantly related in the epilogue of Wilson, in the character of an *Edinburgh*

" ————— for valour's dazzling sun
Up to his bright meridian had run,
And like renowned Quixote and his squi
Sports and adventures were our sole desi

Now had they borrow'd Argus' eyes, wh
All was made dark and desolate as chaos

* See Memoir of Salmon in Part

as tumbled after lamps, and lost their lustres,
doomsday when the stars shall fall in clusters.
uncy paint what dazzling glory grew,
christal gems, when Phæbus came in view :
shatter'd orb ten thousand fragments strews,
a new Sun in every fragment shews."

and their frolic, or, perhaps, to escape its con-
quences, Fergusson proposed, that without going
they should start off to Dumfries, on a visit
to old friend Charlie Salmon. The challenge
readily accepted, and away they hied. Salmon,

of his visitor, introduced him to all the ad-
mirers of genius about Dumfries, in whose society
and quite another Edinburgh, of high delight-
ful excess. His reminiscence of the banks of
the Nith was however of a different sort from that of the
plains ; for in the hour of parting, being pressed
to give some memorial of his Nithsdale excursion,
he wrote on the instant (as he did most of his pieces)
following complimentary verses : they have not
yet appeared in any collection of his works, nor indeed
in any, unless it may have been in the Dumfries
Magazine, which the writer of the present
article has no opportunity of consulting. He is
indebted for them to a manuscript copy taken
at Dumfries, by one who had the pleasure of seeing
Fergusson, when on this poetic ramble.*

and the honour of following closer on his footsteps,
any one of all the Scottish bards who intervened
between him and Burns. Mr. Scott, in his notes to the
Lake, speaking of the ceremony of shoot-

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Verses on visiting Dumfries.

The gods, sure, in some canny hour,
To bonny Nith ha'e ta'en a tour,
Where bonny blinks the cawler flow'r

Beside the stream

And, sportive, there ha'e shawn their
In fairy dream!

Had Kirkhill* here but kent the gaet,
The beauties on Dumfries that wait,
He'd never turn'd his canker'd pate.

O' satire keen,

When ilka thing's sae trig and feat
To please the een.

I ken, the stirrah loo'd fu' weel
Amang the drinking loons to reel;
On claret brown or porter sweet,

Whilk he cou'd get

After a shank o' beef he'd peel,

His craig to whet.

Marshals and Bushbyst then had fund
Some kitchen gude to lay the grund,
And Cheshire mites wi' skill to hund,

And fley awa

The heart-scad, and a scud o' wund

Frae stamack raw!

ing for the silver gun at Dumfries, says, "it is
ject of an excellent Scottish poem, entitled
Gun, 1808, by Mr. John Mayne, which sur-
efforts of Fergusson and comes near those of

* Churchill the satirist.

† The chief innkeepers in Dumfries.

Had Horace liv'd, that pleasant sinner,
 Who loo'd gude wine to synd his dinner,
 His muse, though dowf, the deil be in her,
 Wi' blithest sang,
 The drink wad round Parnassus rin her
 Ere it were lang !

Nae mair he'd sung to auld Mecænas -
 The blinking een o' bonny Venus ;
 His leave at ance he wud ha'e ta'en us
 For claret here,
 Which Jove and a' his gods still rain us
 Frae year to year !

O ! Jove, man ! gie's some orro pence,
 Mair siller, and a wee mair sense,
 I'd big to you a rural spence,
 And bide a' simmer ;
 And cauld frae saul and body fence
 Wi' frequent brimmer !

R. FERGUSSON.

Towards the end of 1773, Fergusson published a collection of his poems, including such pieces as had appeared in Ruddiman's Magazine, and a few others.

" *Auld Reikie*," the first canto of an intended poem of some length, followed ; it was dedicated to Sir William Forbes, the friend and biographer of Dr. Beattie, but, as Dr. Irving tells us, that worthy baronet despised

" The poor ovations of a minstrel's praise."

He was even, it seems, offended at the liberty which Fergusson had taken, in dedicating it to him without permission.

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The dissipated course of life which had now been habitual with Fergusson, began, at last, to hasten towards its natural termination. His frame, never very strong, became broken and wasted; his mind lost all coherence, and sunk into a state of utter lunacy: fear and delusion returned and usurped entire dominion over his disordered intellects. Religion was now his only refuge, and the Bible, as with Collins, his constant companion. The few unpublished manuscripts which he had in possession he committed to the flames, and in the consolation which the recollection of his former piety seemed to afford him, was, that it had never been devoted to the service of vice or irreligion.

From this afflicting state of mental alienation he experienced a temporary relief and began again to converse with his friends. One night however he had the misfortune to fall from a staircase, and was carried home in a state of insensibility. Frenzy ensued, and as his poor wife was not in circumstances to command the attendance requisite, in her own house, she was under the necessity of removing him to the public Asylum. His most intimate friends, having watched the opportunity, found means to convey him thither, and decoying him into a chair, as if he had been about

* "He had withdrawn from study, and t

some evening visit. When they had reached the place of their destination, all was wrapt in profound silence. The poor youth entered the dismal mansion; he cast his eyes wildly around and began to perceive his real situation: the discovery awakened every feeling of his soul. He raised a hideous shout, which being returned by the wretched inhabitants of every cell, echoed along the vaulted roofs, and produced in the minds of his companions sentiments of unspeakable horror.*

When he was afterwards visited by his mother and sisters, they found him lying in his cell, calm and collected. He expressed a perfect knowledge of his melancholy condition; recalled to their recollection a presentiment which he had often felt, of thus ending his days; but endeavoured to comfort them with assurances of his being humanely used in the Asylum. At parting, he entreated his sister to come and frequently sit by him, in order to dispel the gloom which overcast his mind. But, alas! they parted never to meet again. A few days after, the melancholy tidings came, that poor Fergusson had breathed his last. He died on the 16th of October, 1774, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. His remains were interred in the Canongate church-yard.

In a poetical will and codicil, which Fergusson published the year before his death, he had confided the task of writing his epitaph to one of his most intimate companions, William Greenlaw.†

* Irving.

† The following notice of Greenlaw appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, a few weeks after his death.

" Let honest Greenlaw be the staff,
On which I lean for *epitaph* :
And that the Muscs, at my end,
May know I had a learned friend,

" Died, at Edinburgh, Mr. William (preacher of the gospel, in the sixty third ye age. Though he followed not the profi which he was bred, he was deeply skilled in the few discourses he composed, discovered dandce of matter that would have sparkled entire volumes of modern sermons. His vie astronomy and all the branches of mathem profound and uncommon, but he meant c distinguish himself by his knowledge of the languages : the study of them was the great his life, and the progress he made in them portioned to his acuteness and assidui taught them privately in Edinburgh, abov years ; and there was so little jealousy in h that he freely bestowed his knowledge teachers who wished to profit by his cor tions. What peculiarly distinguished him flow of inoffensive humour ; a gift rarely : by the natives of Scotland. His heart was v open, his social spirit unbounded. Of r professed a contempt, and he refused a livin his friends would have pressed upon him. ambition to excel, he was yet careless of hi tion ; conscious of his own merit, he allowe judge of him as they pleased. His manr simple, his figure ungainly. In a licentieu made a vow of chastity, and what is more n

Whate'er of character he's seen,
In me thro' humour or chagrin;
I crave his genius may narrate in
The strength of Ciceronian Latin."

Greenlaw, however, died without performing the endly office thus bequeathed to him. The loss of Fergusson was, indeed, not un lamented by his poetical contemporaries. The press teemed with affectionate tributes to his memory. One of the best of these, written by Mr. Tait, author of the *Case of Morar*, is commonly appended to the editions of Fergusson's works. Mr. Wood, the respectable comedian of the Edinburgh theatre, who ranked among the most esteemed friends of Fergusson, tendered some lines which might have supplied "honest Greenlaw's" mission; but though of considerable merit, they have as yet hitherto passed unnoticed by all Fergusson's biographers.

Epitaph intended for the late Robert Fergusson.

Old Nature smil'd upon her sportive bard,
And Fortune from his sight her blessings hurl'd,
His spirit maddened at the lean reward,
Rust from its bonds, and left th' ungrateful world.

W. Woods.

Fergusson has thus commemorated his regard for Mr. Woods, in his will:—

kept it. The last years of his life were rather fortunate; the constant use he had made of his faculties seems to have impaired them. But he had not the misery to survive their extinction; death came to him when his friends wished for it."

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"To Woods, whose genius can provoke
His passions to the bowl or sock,
For love to thee, and to the nine,
Be my immortal Shakspeare thine :
Here may you thro' the alleys turn,
Where Falstaff laughs, where heroes mourn,
And boldly catch the glowing fire,
That dwells in raptures on his lyre."

Of all the poets, however, who have attempted to do justice to the memory of Fergusson, none has performed the task in a more feeling or discriminating manner than Dr. Geddes, in his "Epistle to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, on being chosen a correspondent member."

"Where now the nymphs that wont to feed
Their flocks upon the banks o' Tweed,
An' sang sa mony a winsom air
About the bus aboon Traquair?
Waes me ! sin' Ramsay disappear'd,
'Their tunefu' voice is na mair hear'd :
Nor ha' their charms sin syne been shown,
Except to Fergusson alone.
Ill-wierdet wight ! wha wud prefer
A reaming bicker o' Bell's beer,
To a' the nectar that distills
Fre Phœbus' munt in sucra't rills ;
And loo'd Ald Reikie's boussom lasses,
Mair than the maidens o' Parnassus ;
Yet he had ilka art to please,
And win the doricat een of these :
His was the reed, sae sweet and shrill,
'That sang *The lass of Patie's Mill* ;

That temper't Hammy's native fire ;
 And Forbes' life, sa feat and trim
 Was left, but ony doubt, to him ;
 But nowther reed, nor lyre, nor life,
 Regarded he, but drank thro' life,
 And leugh until the cald o' death
 Chill't his heart-blude, and stop't his breath ;
 He died, puir saul ! and wi' him died
 The relict Muse, o' Mither-Lied." *

The spot, which contained the ashes of poor Ferguson, remained for a long time without any monument to mark it out to the eye of the inquiring stranger. It was reserved to the kindred spirit of us to repair this national neglect. "In relating," Dr. Currie, "the incidents of our poet's life in burgh, we ought to have mentioned the sentiments of respect and sympathy with which he traced the grave of his predecessor, Fergusson ; over ashes, in the Canongate church-yard, he obtained to erect an humble monument ; which will be by reflecting minds with no common interest and which will awake in the bosom of kindred many a high emotion." On one side of the monument caused the following epitaph, of his own composition, to be engraven :

sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay !
 storied urn, nor animated bust !
 simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
 o'er her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."
 The other side bears this inscription :

* Mother tongue.

“ By special grant of the Managers
To Robert Burns,—who erected this sto
This burial-place is ever to remain sacrec
memory of
Robert Fergusson.”

How fondly Fergusson was beloved by hi was evinced in a very remarkable mann circumstance which occurred shortly a death ; and which shews, that though he n be ranked amongst the neglected sons of those who shared his intimacy are least t proached with that neglect. Among his r gay associates, many, doubtless, were un through utter heedlessness ; but there wer who only wanted the power, to have made the sacrifices for the sake of their ingenious friend was one who lived to have that power, and he c it nobly. He was a young gentleman of t of Burnet. Having gone out to the East I soon found himself on the road to affluence remembering the less fortunate situation of t whom he admired above all others, he sent F a cordial invitation to come over to India ; out the mode by which the requisite permissi be obtained ; and at the same time, en draught for one hundred pounds, to defray penses of his outfit. A generous deed ! I it came too late.—It fell “ as a sunbeam on ed blossom.” Before the letter arrived, p gusson had breathed his last. Deeds, like rare in the history of youthful attachmer exempld, perhaps, in the chances of humbl

Mr. Burnet's benevolent intentions were, indeed, frustrated by the stroke of death, but they will have their reward in an honourable fame; for, while the name of Fergusson lasts, that of Burnet can never be forgotten.

Of the fascinating charm which Fergusson carried with him into society, scarcely any description can convey an adequate idea. A gentleman, who had felt and owned its power, speaks thus of it, in a letter to Burns.—“While I recollect with pleasure his extraordinary talents and many amiable qualities, it affords me the greatest consolation, that I am honoured with the correspondence of his successor in national simplicity and genius. That Mr. Burns has refined in the art of poetry, must readily be admitted; but notwithstanding many favourable representations, I am yet to learn that he inherits his convivial powers. There was such a richness of conversation, such a plenitude of fancy and attraction in him, that, when I call the happy period of our intercourse to my memory, I feel myself in a state of delirium. I was, then, younger than him by eight or ten years; but his manner was so felicitous, that he enraptured every person around him, and infused into the hearts of the young and old, the spirit and animation which operated on his own mind.”*

It is but too true, that these great social qualifications alienated him from habits of temperance and sobriety, “without which,” as one of his biographers justly remarks, “no character can be proposed as an

* Currie's Life of Burns.

example worthy of imitation." Yet, much allowance surely must be made for the unfortunate circumstances in which Fergusson was placed, who left him, at an age which is a crisis in the lives of men, without any fixed object of honourable pursuit as a ship without a rudder, to be tossed to and fro by every passing wind; much allowance, too, for the sovereign powers of that juice, of which Fergusson has sung as he felt:—

"—— whose care-controuling pow'rs
 Could ev'ry human misery subdue,
 And wake to sportive joy the leisure hours,
 That to the languid senses hateful grew."

It is also due to the character of Fergusson, to acknowledge, that whatever sacrifices his habits of dissipation involved, that of a spirit of independence was not among the number. "He never disgraced his Muse with the servile strain of panegyric; he flattered no illiterate peer, nor sacrificed his sincerity in order to advance his interest."* Such is the language of a writer, whose testimony, on the subject I quote the more willingly, that it may serve to counteract a harsh and extremely inconsistent assertion of his own, in another place, that Fergusson, when his funds were in an exhausted state, "had recourse to mean and despicable shifts." Had there been even some colour of pretence for the imputation, we might again say to this writer, in his own words,—"*Yet over his frailties, let humanity drop a tear*"

* Irving.

his virtues only be remembered, let his vices sink in oblivion."*

in appreciating the poetical genius of Fergusson, ought to be recollected," says Dr. Currie, very truly, "that his poems are the effusions of an irregular, though amiable, young man," who "wrote his amusement, in the intervals of business or dissipation." They were all, with very few exceptions, written as the impulses which gave rise to them were momentary; hit off at once, and sent for publication in the unpolished state in which they first came from the pen. "*Auld Reikie*," the longest of his poems, almost the only one which was begun on an extended plan. It was originally offered as a first Canto; but never received any important additions.

Although, therefore, we must expect to meet, in Fergusson's works, with many instances of crude thought and faulty expression, and, perhaps, with little of that reach of imagination which belongs to vigorous and continued exertion; yet, if we would describe Fergusson by those qualities by which he will be best recognized by his admirers, we must speak of the ease and sprightliness of his manner, the fidelity of his delineations of men and manners, the fancy with which he has embellished, and the just observation with which he has enriched, them.

His best poems are those in the Scottish language. We except his *Last Will and the Codicil*, his *Epilogue to the Edinburgh Buck*, and *Verses written at the Hermitage of Braid*, none of his English productions rise

* Life of Fergusson.—Original Edition, p. 35.

above mediocrity. It would seem, however, that this arose less from a want of a perfect acquaintance with the English language, as many passages which may rank with the purest specimens of English classic poetry serve to shew ; than from his having preferred his native tongue for most of his happier themes, and particularly those which related to Scottish life and manners.

"The popularity of his Scottish poems," says Irving, "is a strong proof of their intrinsic merit." A stronger could not be wished. "In that part of the island," he adds, "where their beauties can be properly understood and relished, few productions of a similar description have been so universally admired ; they are read by people of every denomination."

Dr. Currie, and Dr. Irving after him, consider "The Farmer's Ingle" as the "happiest of all Fergusson's productions." It possesses indeed superior merit, and acquires an additional interest from having undoubtedly suggested to Burns, the subject of his admirable poem of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. The distance between the two poems is, however, great ; and one may be excused for seeking a better corner-stone for Fergusson's poetical reputation, than "The Farmer's Ingle." Burns has surpassed Fergusson in his delineation of the rural fireside, for one reason among others, that he knew it better. Fergusson, who had lived about town and college from his infancy, was at home in describing the incidents of a town life, such as the *Daft Days*, the *King's Birth Day*, the *Election*, *Leith Races*, and *The Hallow Fair* ; but he went from it, when he took a ramble in fancy to "The Farmer's Ingle," where he had never been but a passing visitor. Perhaps no better proof of this could be adduced than

the fact, that Fergusson, in attempting a picture of the incidents which fill up the evening hours under the roof of a Scottish farmer, should have omitted a circumstance so peculiarly characteristic of this walk in life, and of which Burns has made so sublime a use, as the performance of evening worship. This pious and excellent practice had begun to be much neglected in our towns, even in Fergusson's time; but was then, as it is now, very generally observed by the inhabitants of the country, particularly those of the western counties.

“ O Scotland ! much I love thy tranquil dales ;
But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song
Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs.”

Grahame.

Had Fergusson often passed his nights under such roofs, it is scarcely conceivable that this “ simple service,” the source of so many pleasing and poetic reflections, would not have found a place among his reminiscences : the want of it forms a great deficiency in the poem, and would alone be a sufficient reason for not regarding “ *The Farmer's Ingle*” as “ the happiest of all his productions.”

“ *Hame Content*,” a satire, and “ *Leith Races*,” are either of them well entitled to take the precedence of “ *The Farmer's Ingle*.” They surpass it both in melody of numbers and in gaiety of fancy, and are not inferior to it in circumstantiality of painting. In all his works, Fergusson has nothing finer than the

concluding verses of the one poem, and stanzas of the other.

In "Hame Content," the author, after those who fly to foreign climes in quest breaks out into the following delightful of the poetical and rural charms of his Scotia :

" The Arno and the Tiber, lang
Hae run full clear in Roman sang ;
But, save the rev'rence of the schools
They're baith but lifeless dowy pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonny Twee
As clear as ony lammer-bead ?
Or are their shores mair sweet or gay
'Than Fortha's haughs, or banks o' Tay
Tho' there the herds can jink the shov
'Mang thriving vines and myrtle bow'r
And blaw the reed to kittle strains,
While echo's tongue commends their
Like our's, they canna warm the heart
Wi' simple saft bewitching art.
On Leader haughs and Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our poetic grounds.

Come, Fancy, come and let us treat
The summer flow'ry velvet bed,
And a' your springs delightfu' lowse,
On Tweeda's banks, or Cowden know
That, taen wi' thy enchanting sang,
Our Scottish lads may round ye thran
Sac pleas'd, they'll never fash again
To court you on Italian plain ;

Soon will they guess ye only wear
 The simple garb o' Nature here ;
 Mair comely far, and fair to sight,
 Whan in her easy cleething dight,
 Than in disguise ye was before
 On Tiber's or on Arno's shore.

O Bangour !* now the hills and dales
 Nae mair gie back thy tender tales !
 The birks on Yarrow now deplore
 Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore :
 Near what bright burn or crystal spring,
 Did you your winsome whistle hing ?
 The muse shall there, wi' wat'ry e'e,
 Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee ;
 And Yarrow's genius, dowy dame !
 Shall there forget her blude-strain'd stream,
 On thy sad grave to seek repose,
 Wha' mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes."

In the poem of " *Leith Races*," as well as that of " *The Farmer's Ingle*," Fergusson has the honour of having Burns for an imitator. The commencement of the *Holy Fair* is as close a copy of the opening stanzas of " *Leith Races*," as can well be conceived ; indeed, none but a genius, bold in its own strength, could have ventured on such an appropriation. Fergusson thus commences :

" In July month, ae bonny morn,
 Whan Nature's rokelay green
 Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn,

* Hamilton of Bangour.

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To charm our roving e'en ;
Glowring about, I saw a quean,
The fairest 'neath the lift,
Her een were o' the siller sheen,
Her skin like snawy drift,
Sae white that day."

The Nymph having accosted him, he thus joins :

" And wha are ye, my winsome dear,
That takes the gate sae early ?
Whare do ye win, gin ane may speir ?
For I right mickle ferly,
That sic braw buskit laughing lass,
Her bonny blinks should gie,
An' loup, like Hebe, o'er the grass,
As wanton and as free,
Frae dule this day.

" I dwell amang the caller springs,
That weet the Land o' Cakes,
An' often tune my canty strings,
At bridals and late wakes.
They ca' me MIRTH ; I ne'er was kend
To grumble, or look sour ;
But blyth wad be a lift to lend,
Gif ye wad sey my pow'r,
An' pith, this day."

" A bargain be't, and by my fegs,
Gif ye will be my mate,
Wi' you I'll screw the cheery pegs,
Ye shanna find me blate ;

We'll reel and ramble thro' the sands,
 And jeer wi' a' we meet,
 Nor hip the daft and gleesome bands,
 That fill Edina's sheet,
 Sae thrang this day."

The following is the exordium of the "*Holy Fair*:"

" Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air.
 The rising sun o'er Galston muirs,
 Wi' gloriqus light was glintin ;
 The hares were hirplin down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they war chantin,
 Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Thrice hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin up the way ;
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining,
 The third that gaed a wee a back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day, &c."

For can it be said, that, in this instance, Burns improved on his model ; the superiority lies decidedly with Fergusson.

The "*Mutual Complaint of Plainstones and Causey*," another piece of great merit by Fergusson, seems also to have given Burns the idea of his poem of the *Twa Brigs*. The manner in which he

and made her o' his wale right sauley,
The spacious *street* and *plainstanes*,
Were never heard to crack but anes,
Whilk happened in the hinder night,
Whan Fraser's ulie tint its light :
Of Highland sentries, nane were waul
To hear their cronies glibly taukin :
For them this wonder might hae rotten,
And, like *night robb'ry*, been forgotten,
Had na a cadie, wi' his lanthorn,
Been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin
Wha cam to me neist morning early,
To gie me tidings o' this ferly.

Ye tauntin loons, trow this nae joke,
For anes the ass of Balaam spoke,
Better than lawyers do forsooth,
For it spake naething but the truth ;
Whether they follow its example,
You'll ken best whan you hear the sam

That Burns should have taken the work
gusson so often for his guide, is as high a t
perhaps ever was said to their merit. The

It has been observed as somewhat remarkable, that Fergusson, though peculiarly distinguished for the harmony of his voice and the delicacy of his ear, never paid any serious attention to song writing.—Burns was the favorite child, for whom the Muses had reserved this department; and Fergusson, in sympathetic obedience to their decree, attempted not to trespass upon it. His mind was probably of too quick and epigrammatic a turn to fall into that simple flow of impassioned feeling which constitutes the essence of song writing.

In all the works of Fergusson, indeed, the effect aimed at and produced, is rather to please the fancy than touch the heart. In his *Ode to the Bee*, he has himself supplied us with the genuine character of his Muse:

“ Like thee, by fancy wing’d, the Muse
Scuds ear’ and heartsome o’er the dews,
Fu’ vogie and fu’ blyth to crap
The winsome flow’rs frae Nature’s lap;
Twining her living garlands there,
That lyart time can ne’er impair.”

D. C.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE was born at La Dunfrieshire, on the 29th of Sept. 1734 the third son of the Rev. Alex. Mickle, Langholm, who had been previously a preacher to the dissenters in London; and superintended the translation of Bayle's Dictionary, to which he contributed the greater part of the critical notes. William Julius was educated along with his brothers at the grammar school of Langholm, where almost all distinguished poets, is said to have displayed indications of his being born of the poetical stock. He loved to read poetry, and like Pope was content with Spenser; nor could he resist a temptation to imitate the object of his admiration. It is extant however to shew that he established a claim to rank with Windsor's bard, among the *célebres*; and it may be presumed, that the productions of Mickle's boyhood were in no way inferior to the common run of puerile compositions. Mr. Mickle, the father, becoming aged

a competent proficiency in both the Latin and Greek languages.

Two years after the Rev. Mr. Mickle came to reside at Edinburgh, his brother-in-law, a brewer in the neighbourhood of that city, died; and Mr. Mickle embarked the chief part of his fortune in the purchase of the brewery, the business of which he continued in the name of his eldest son. William Julius, now in his fifteenth year, was also taken from school to be employed as a clerk in the establishment. He remained in this situation till his twenty-first year, when an arrangement was made by which the whole charge and property of the brewery were transferred to him, on condition of granting his father a share of the profits during his life, and paying a certain sum to his brothers and sisters, at stated periods, after his father's decease, which happened within three years after.

Family considerations, more than any inclination for trade, are said to have induced Mickle to fall in with this plan of life. Although he had left school, not for the university, but the counting-desk, he had continued in private to pursue his literary studies with the greatest ardour, and has been often heard to declare, that before he was eighteen, he had written two tragedies and half an epic poem; all of which he consigned to the flames. Nor did the weightier concerns which now devolved upon him, at all estrange him from his favorite studies. Several poetical pieces from his pen appeared from time to time in the *Scot's Magazine*; and two of these, one, "On passing through the Parliament Close at Midnight;" and the other, entitled "Knowledge, an Ode;" were reprinted

the author's name. The critics were divided
in opinion as to its merits ; and its success was e
indifferent. Mickle, not disheartened, wrot
to Lord Lyttelton, esteemed the politest scho
time, in which, assuming the name of William
he begged his lordship's candid opinion of t
" It is," he said, " the work of a young man, f
and unknown ; but were another edition to
honour of Lord Lyttelton's name at the head
dication, such a pleasure would enable me to
a much better dress than what it now app
He concluded with requesting, that his l
answer might be left for him at a coffee-
Holborn, where he had directed one of his
then in London, to call for it.

While Mickle's visions of poetical reno
thus under a cloud for the moment, somethi
worse had happened to his worldly concern
poet, as may readily be imagined, proved
indifferent brewer : he left the business to
who are said to have abused his confidence, b
only fault probably was, that they could not
their master's duty and their own : and he

able; and, in order to avoid a threatened arrest, was under the painful necessity of leaving his home the month of April, 1763.

On the 8th of May following, Mickle arrived in London, less dejected in spirits, than strong in the hope so natural to a young and vigorous mind, that his great want for talent some new line of life would readily open to him, by which he might yet repair his losses, discharge his debts, and relieve his family from the distress in which his failure and the subsequent dispersion of the family property must have involved them. Nor did fortune seem to smile on him. He had the pleasure of finding an answer to the letter which he had sent to Lord Lyttelton. It was polite and encouraging. His lordship assured him, that he thought his genius in poetry deserved to be cultivated; but would not advise the republication of the poem without considerable alterations. He declined the offer of a publication, as a thing likely to be of no use to the author "as nobody minded dedications;" but suggested that it might be of some use, if he were to recite and read the poem with his lordship, when they might discourse together upon its merits. In the mean time, he exhorted Mickle to endeavour to acquire greater harmony of versification, and to take care that his diction did *not* *loiter* into prose, or become hard by new phrases or words unauthorised by the usage of good authors. In answer to this condescending, judicious, and truly friendly letter, Mickle informed his lordship of his real name, and enclosed another specimen of his poetry, entitled "Pollio, an Ode, written in a wood near Roslin Castle, on

any thing of the kind in the English language interview here sought for took place in the February, 1764. His lordship received Mi the utmost politeness and affability, begged to be discouraged at such difficulties as eve author must expect to encounter, but to cul very promising poetical powers; adding, with bitual condescension, that he would be schoolmaster.

Mickle, with Lord Lyttelton for his preceptor, thought his fortune, as a man of let made. After several other interviews and m ment lessons in the poetic art from his lordship, hinted a wish to send forth a volume to the work submitted, for his lordship's final approval, t which he designed should compose the volume, "Providence" greatly amended since its first ap; "Pollio," and "An Elegy on Mary Queen o

Lord Lyttelton communicated his judge this projected volume, in a long letter to Mi which, after much praise of the first two pie pointing out some emendations of which t

Mickle bowed with submission to his lordship's inloa; and, after a short time, sent him another py of "Providence," improved according to his ggestions, as also an "Ode on May Day," which hoped, his lordship would deem fit to supply the ice of the Elegy which he had rejected.

The manuscript of "Providence" was returned by the ble critic, so marked and blotted as to be scarcely y longer legible. What opinion he expressed of the w Ode does not appear, but it was, in all probability, equally unfavourable, for, from this moment, : whole scheme of publication fell to the ground. :spairing of ever pleasing his fastidious patron, ickle abandoned the attempt; and no volume of ems ever appeared.

To Mickle, this was a severe blow. He had been w two years about town, without any other means subsistence, than the scanty remuneration which received for some occasional contributions to the agazines, and some remittances from his brothers; vays looking forward, and leading his friends to ok forward, to the publication of the projected lume, as the means of extricating him from his ficulties, and giving him that name in the world, ich would lead ultimately to independence. The ourceable opinion of a critic of such rank and repu-ion as Lord Lyttelton, and his active influence th his friends, could not have failed to usher the rk prosperously into the world; but when, af-relying so confidently on both, he found him-f assured of neither, it is not surprising, that, part-in disgust and partly in despair, he should have own aside his reed till some happier day.

and said, that he had resolved to go and put
himself in the West Indies; and requested
his brother's recommendation to his brother, Willi
Lyttelton, Esq., who was, at that time,
Governor of Jamaica. His lordship expressed great
willingness to assist his views; but intimated, that a
reliance on his brother would be of no real use
without the Governor's patronage was generally best
before vacancies took place. Jamaica, he
thought, was not, in his opinion, the place for a man of
abilities; England was the theatre on which he
was formed to shine; but here again, unfortunately
his lordship could only give him his good
advice. His lordship, being in opposition, could
do nothing for him. In the East Indies, he thought, his
services might be of some service; but, indeed, he
could only, as a friend, advise Mickle to leave London.
He hoped soon to see his "Odes" published,
the sale of which he would aid with his good
services.

Thus closed a very mortifying interview,
in which Mickle retired, with a conviction, that
he must be ready to share with him, that

had experienced, but continued to speak in the most respectful manner of the advantages which he had derived from his critical lessons. To this, he was probably induced, as much by prudential considerations as by his real feelings on the subject: for, although no one can well approve of that excessive fastidiousness which Lord Lyttelton displayed in respect to Mickle's poetry; a fastidiousness, which seems to have been indulged quite as much for the gratification of the noble critic's own taste, as for the benefit of the author, whose situation may be likened to that of the statuary of old, who sunk to the ground for want, while the Mæcenas of his day was amusing himself with discovering specks in the marble of a piece destined to "enchant the world;" although, in courtesy, which first invited and then trifled with the confidence of one, whose success in life was pendant on the issue, was, to say the least of it, considerate; yet, so high did Lord Lyttelton's general character stand for good feeling, correct judgment, and literary discrimination, that to have provoked a quarrel with his lordship, would have excited against the offcast from his friendship an unquarable prejudice in all the world beside. In justice to his lordship too, it must be remarked, that in all the circumstances which might have palliated or justified his conduct towards Mickle, an impenetrable veil is cast. We know, neither how much his patience may have been tried by the stubborn vanity of a young author; nor how much his sense of independence may have been offended by the want of self-reliance manifest in the whole of Mickle's dangling towards his lordship. We are in no certainty, that his

lordship was apprised of the full extent of Mickle's necessities ; and still less are we sure, that the request, which was made in earnest, for a recommendation to his lordship's brother, had not all the air of fit of spleen, brought on by the blotted state in which Mickle's manuscripts had been returned to him. There was doubtless, as in all cases, faults on both sides : Mickle may have hoped for too much, as Lyttelton may have done less than it was in his power, and he was fairly called upon, to do.

Mickle's prospects were now so overcast, that, hearing that the situation of corrector to the Clarendon Press at Oxford was vacant, he was content to offer himself as a candidate, and having succeeded in obtaining the appointment, he removed thither in 1765. During the same year, he published " *Pollio*," the elegy which had been so much commended by Lord Lyttelton ; and two years after, " *The Concubine*," a poem in two cantos, in the manner of Spenser. The former did not attract much notice, but nothing could be more flattering than the reception of the latter. It appeared, at first, anonymously ; and while it remained so, was ascribed successively to some of the most eminent poets of the day. In a short time, it went through three editions.

A desire of gaining a name in the scholastic society in which he now mingled, for something more to their taste than mere poetry, appears to have withdrawn Mickle for a time from the service of the Muses. A Dr. Harwood had published a new " *Translation of the New Testament*," which, if we may adopt the account given of it by those whom it offended, was so very foolish that it was " scarce,

to read it with gravity." The task of this self-exposed translation of the most serious jokes, was that by which Mickle essayed to for himself the character of a scholar. He had a pamphlet, entitled, "A Letter to Doctor _____, wherein some of his evasive glosses, false names, and blundering criticisms, in support of a heresy, contained in his liberal translation of the New Testament, are pointed out and confuted." The publication was well fitted to please those for whom it was specially intended. It lashed the Arian with much severity, as if, instead of the most ignorant he had been one of the most formidable antagonists, the Church had ever encountered; and it exposed pertinaciously the comprehensibility of the doctrine of faith, which it is not permitted us to comprehend.

All this was so much after the usual fashion of religious controversialists, that it scarcely required the addition of what is less common with these gentlemen, a respectable share of learning, and considerable argument, to make the Corrector of the Clarendon Press hailed as a powerful auxiliary, by those to whom he espoused. His letter was called a *Letter to Doctor _____ of Christianity*, and it was probably as much the best of the publications which go by that name, in reality, it was nothing more than an attack on a man of singular opinions, who, in the eyes of the many, only deserved to be laughed at.

He took a better way, soon after, of evincing his attachment to revealed religion, by writing, "Voltaire's Shades, or Dialogues on the Deistical System." The work shewed all the warmth of

a sincere believer, and no small foe to the sophistries of the enemies of the

Yet, after all, these polemical and unprofitable digressions from the genius. The faith was in no want of the Muses could ill spare the trifling favourite a son. It was with pleasure his friends saw his return to their service. The appearance, in 1771, of proposed subscription, a translation of the *Lusiad* by W. J. Mickle. He had, it appeared, this important design in his mind, and prepared himself for its execution, by intimate knowledge of the Portuguese history. The "*Lusiad*" had hitherto received public most unmerited neglect; and Kaim's, and other critics, who derided it through very faulty translations, injustice; but it appeared to Mickle made it appear to the world, one of the very first—of modern epic poetry. Mickle, "was the first genuine poet who wooed the modern Epic Muse him the wreath of a first lover: *Ad unum unum heard of before*; or, as Voltaire calls it, *espèce d'Épopée*. And the grandest profane history) which the world has seen. A voyage esteemed too great for the adventures of this voyage, through the Eastern Sea, deemed unnavigable; the Eastern world covered, and for ever indissolubly joined to the Western; the grand Portuguese

founded; the humanisation of mankind and
 essal commerce the consequence! What are the
 atures of an old fabulous hero's arrival in Britain;
 : are Greece and Latium, in arms for a woman,
 pared to this! Troy is in ashes, and even the
 an empire is no more: but the effects of the
 ge, adventures, and bravery of the hero of the Lu-
 will be felt and beheld, and perhaps increase in
 stance, while the world shall remain."—"Al-
 gh the subject of Camoens," he again remarks,
 great truth, "be particularly interesting to his
 trymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be
 poem of every trading nation. It is the Epic
 of the birth of Commerce; and in a particular
 ner, the Epic poem of that country, which has
) the control and possession of the commerce
 dia."

he only English version which had been made of
 Lusiad was that of Richard Fanshaw, published
 ing the usurpation of Cromwell, for whom he was
 ssador at Lisbon. It conveyed, however, but a
 shed idea of the original, and had been the means
 isleading both Voltaire and Kames, who knew
 pens only through this disguised medium. In
 quence of rendering stanza for stanza, it had the
 arance of being exceedingly literal, but was in
 exceedingly unfaithful. Uncountenanced by his
 al, Fanshaw

——— teems with many a dead born jest."

had he the least idea of the dignity of the epic
 , or of the true spirit of poetical translation.
 eral translation of poetry, as Mickle well ob-

serves, "is in reality a solecism. You may construe your author indeed, but if, with some translators, you boast that you have left your author to speak for himself, that you have neither added nor diminished, you have in reality grossly abused him and deceived yourself. Your literal translation can have no claim to the original felicities of expression, the energy, elegance, and fire of the original poetry. It may bear indeed a resemblance, but such a one as a corpse in the sepulchre bears to the former man, when he moved in the bloom and vigor of life.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fides

Interpres—————

was the taste of the Augustan age. None but a poet can translate a poet. The freedom which this precept gives will, therefore, in a poet's hands not only infuse the energy, elegance, and fire of his author's poetry into his own version, but will give it also the spirit of an original."

Such were the views with which Mickle ventured on the important task of presenting the *Lusiad* in a new dress to the English public. There was much boldness and candour in his avowal of them; but no one could be offended with a writer, for shewing that he had a proper understanding of the task which he had undertaken.

After issuing his proposals for the translation, Mickle sent a small specimen of the fifth book, to be inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which it appeared March, 1771; and a few months after he printed at Oxford the whole of the first book.

These specimens met with so much approbation from the literary world, and his list of subscribers

filled so rapidly, that Mickle felt encouraged to give up his time entirely to the completion of the work. With this view he relinquished his situation at the Clarendon Press, and went to reside with Mr. Tomkins, a farmer at Forest Hill, about five miles from Oxford. The subscriptions for the work, being after the good old fashion paid in advance, he was placed at ease as to his expenses during this retirement, and thus enabled to reap the fullest advantage from the leisure and quiet which it afforded.

Among the persons who interested themselves most in the success of the work, Mickle has expressed his particular obligations to the ingenious Mr. Magellan, of the family of the celebrated navigator; to many Portuguese gentlemen who obliged him with books and information; to Governor Johnstone, "whose ancestors had been the hereditary patrons of the ancestors of the translator," and to whom "in a great measure, the appearance of the *Lusiad* in English is due." "And while thus," to continue in his own words, "he recollects with pleasure the names of many gentlemen from whom he has received assistance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of those, whose kindness for the man and good wishes for the translation call for his sincerest gratitude." Nor has he omitted a due tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith. He saw a part of the version, but did not live to receive the thanks of the translator.

But though, previous to publication, Mickle was thus aided by the countenance of so many individuals of eminence and weight, he confesses that he was not without his fears for the sale of the work. He thought,

little ground there was for supposing that had reached that state in the time of Mickle many admirable poems which have appeared the half century which has since elapsed growing avidity of the public for poetry, yet incipient taste for other fine arts, attest the times in which we live, as worse than all gone before them, is one of the common-places of morbid sensibility ; and Mickle, it would not entirely exempt from it.

While the translation of the *Lusiad* was in Mickle, to avoid the languor incident to unoccupied occupation, made several stray excursions to the Muses. In 1772 he formed that collection of poetry, which was published in four volumes by George Pearch, bookseller, as a continuation of Gray's collection, and contributed to it, from his pen, the "Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots," "Hengist and Mey," a ballad. He sent also other occasional pieces, both in prose and verse to the periodical publications. It has been [Gent. Mag. vol. LXI. p. 402.] that Mr. Ev

which had no other pretence to antiquity about it, than, that it was in the spelling of Queen Elizabeth's period. It is a poetical version of the interesting legend preserved in Ashmole's History of Berkshire, respecting the tragic fate of the lady of the celebrated Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. As the ballad from the scarcity of Evans's work is little known, and as it furnishes us incidentally with a very happy specimen of Mickle's poetical powers, its repetition here will not, it is hoped, be deemed out of place. In the following copy, the antique spelling is dropped.

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of Summer aight did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now, nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this the love
"That thou so oft hast sworn to me?
"To leave me in this lonely grove,
"Immur'd in shameful privy?"

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
"Thy once beloved bride to see;
"But, be she alive, or be she dead,
"I fear, stern Earl's the same to thee.

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- " Not so the usage I received,
" When happy in my father's hall ;
" No faithless husband then me grieved,
" No chilling fears did me appal.
- " I rose up with the cheerful morn,
" No lark more blythe, no flow'r more gay ;
" And like the bird that haunts the morn,
" So merrily sung the live long day.
- " If that my beauty is but small,
" Among court ladies all despised ;
" Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
" Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?
- " And when you first to me made suit,
" How fair I was, you oft would say !
" And, proud of conquest—pluck'd the fruit,
" Then left the blossom to decay.
- " Yes, now, neglected and despis'd,
" The rose is pale, the lily's dead ;
" But he that once their charms so priz'd,
" Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled.
- " For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
" And tender love's repaid with scorn,
" The sweetest beauty will decay—
" What flow'ret can endure the storm?
- " At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
" Where every lady's passing rare ;
" That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
" Are not so glowing—not so fair.
- " Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
" Where roses and where lilies vie,

- " To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
 " Must sicken when those gaudes are by ?
 " 'Mong rural beauties, I was one :
 " Among the fields, wild flowers are fair.
 " Some country swain might me have won,
 " And thought my beauty passing rare.
 " But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
 " Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows ;
 " Rather ambition's gilded crown,
 " Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.
 " Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
 " (The injured surely may repine),
 " Why didst thou wed a country maid,
 " When some fair princess might be thine ?
 " Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
 " And, oh, then leave them to decay ?
 " Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
 " Then leave me to mourn the live-long day ?
 " The village maidens of the plain
 " Salute me lowly as they go ;
 " Envious, they mark my silken train,
 " Nor think a Countess can have woe.
 " The simple nymphs ! they little know,
 " How far more happy's their estate ;
 " To smile for joy—than sigh for woe,
 " To be content—than to be great.
 " How far less blest am I than them !
 " Daily to pine and waste with care !
 " Like the poor plant, that from its stem
 " Divided, feels the chilling air.

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- " Nor, cruel Earl ! can I enjoy
" The humble charms of solitude ;
" Your minions proud, my peace destroy,
" By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.
" Last night, as sad, I chanc'd to stray,
" The village death-bell smote my ear ;
" They wink'd aside and seem'd to say,
" Countess, prepare—thy end is near.
" And now, while happy peasants sleep,
" Here I sit lonely and forlorn,
" No one to soothe me as I weep,
" Save Philomel on yonder thorn.
" My spirits flag, my hopes decay,
" Still that dread death-bell smites my ear,
" And many a boding seems to say,
" Countess, prepare—thy end is near."

Thus, sore and sad, that lady griev'd,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear ;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heav'd,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wings
Around the tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green ;

Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And, in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever, since that dreary hour,
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards, they 've espied
The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

In 1775, the entire translation of the *Lusiad* at length made its appearance, in a quarto volume, printed at Oxford. To illustrate the poem and vindicate its importance, the author prefixed; first, an Introduction, refuting the opinion of those theorists in political philosophy, who lament that either of the Indies was ever discovered, and who assert, that commerce is only the parent of degeneracy and the nurse of vice; second, a History of the Discovery of India; third, a History of the Rise and Fall of the Portuguese Empire in the East; fourth, a Life of Camoens; and lastly, a Dissertation on the *Lusiad*, and Observations upon Epic Poetry. The text of the poem was also enriched with many learned and copious notes.

The volume was, by the advice of his friend, Commodore Johnston, dedicated to the then Duke of

Buccleugh, a nobleman universally esteemed for his liberal support of every effort calculated to promote the honour or advantage of his country. But either from the work not being properly brought under the Duke's notice, or from some other unexplained cause, it drew forth no mark of favour to the author; and Mickle, with less prudence than he evinced on his estrangement from Lord Lyttelton, resented the neglect by suppressing the dedication to his Grace in all the subsequent editions. With the world, the conduct of a nobleman of such honourable reputation as the Duke of Buccleugh was sure to be open to a thousand favourable explanations; but only one thing could be inferred, from the mode which the author took of expressing his resentment, namely, that he had been induced to dedicate the work to his Grace, in the hope of some reward, which he was angry he did not get. Although this is pretty much the case with most dedications, it is not usual to be so plain in avowing it.

The approbation which the work received from the public, at all times the best patrons, was such as to make ample amends for this instance of patrician neglect. The first edition of the *Lusiad*, consisting of a thousand copies, had so rapid a sale, that a second was called for in June, 1778. The author embraced the opportunity of making considerable amendments; and added to the notes, a whole treatise on the religious tenets and philosophy of the Brahmins.

Soon after the first publication of the *Lusiad*, Mickle had been advised, by his friends, to try his talents on a Tragedy. The subject which he chose was "the Siege of Marseilles," in the reign of Fr

cis the First. The piece being completed, it was offered to Garrick for representation. The answer returned, was in the usual style of managerial refusals. The "Siege of Marseilles had great merit as a poem, but it wanted stage effect." It was not, however, absolutely rejected, but referred to a sort of Committee of Revision, consisting of the two Wartons, and Home, the author of Douglas. In compliance with their opinion, Mickle made great alterations upon it; and thus amended, Thomas Warton recommended it in the most earnest manner to Garrick. Mr. James Boswell also exerted all his influence with Garrick to procure a favourable decision. "Permit me now," said he, in a letter to Garrick, "again to recommend to your patronage, Mr. Mickle's tragedy; which, I rejoice to hear, has now passed through the hands of both the Wartons. By encouraging Mickle, you will cherish a very worthy man, and I really think, a true poetical genius. Let me add, that your goodness to him will be an additional obligation to your humble servant; who will venture to say, that you have never had a warmer and more constant, or a bolder admirer and friend at all times, and in all places, than himself; though you have had multitudes, of greater distinction and abilities. All these things considered, I would hope that Mr. Mickle, who has waited long in the antichamber, will soon be introduced, and not be shoved back by others, who are more bustling and forward."

The Roscius was, however, not to be won over. He still continued fixed in his opinion, that the Tragedy would not succeed on the stage; and finally declined having any thing to do with it.

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Mickle was greatly irritated at the obstinacy of Garrick, and being informed by some officious person, that he had followed his refusal by some expressions of personal disrespect, he became so enraged, as to threaten to write a new *Dunciad*, of which Garrick should be the hero. His friend, Mr. Boswell, remonstrated with him upon the folly of the attempt, but he was slow to be dissuaded. "As to Garrick's being out of shot reach," said he, in a letter to Mr. B. "let me conjure you not to be offended with me if I tell you, that our opinions disagree. His great abilities, as an actor, are indisputable, but in every other respect he is one of the people. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some, the greatest part of the literati of England, and to a man, they despise him as a critic and author. I have heard a name at which Garrick would tremble, talk with ineffable contempt of his *Jeu de Théâtre*, --and the pieces he brings on the stage. When I told the name now mentioned, that I would attack Garrick's taste, through the sides of the trash he has brought on the stage, 'there,' said he, 'is a BROAD MARK, and you will hurt him.'"

Other friends, more considerate than this one, at whose name Garrick *would have trembled*, joined with Mr. Boswell in deprecating an attack, which, though it might do injury to Mr. Garrick, could bring no benefit to Mr. Mickle; and overcome, at length, by their representations, he gave his scheme of resentment to the winds.

In 1778, he published a new and amended edition of his popular poem of "the Concubine," to which he now gave the name of "Sir Martyn," as the origi-

had been found to convey a very erroneous of the subject and spirit of the poem.

withstanding the success of his literary adventure Mickle was still dependent on the continued of his pen for the means of existence. He ed nearly a thousand pounds for the *Lusiad*, that sum which he could spare from his im-ecessities he appropriated to the payment ts and the maintenance of his sisters. Being ut any regular provision for the future, endeavoured, about this time, but ineffectu-rocure him a pension from the Crown as a tters. It is said, that Dr. Lowth, the London, made an offer of providing for him ch ; but that Mickle declined the offer, lest n support of revealed religion should be , interested motives. According to another he declined entering into orders, because ife was not suited to his disposition ; * and lanation involves no such extraordinary re-ef feeling as the other, it is that which plain probably prefer.

), he published a pamphlet, entitled “ a amination of the reasons for depriving the

Company of its charter, &c. ; with Stric-ome of the self-contradictions and histo-of Dr. Adam Smith, in his reasons for the f the said company.”

onth of May of the same year, his steady modore Johnston, being appointed to the

* Anderson.

command of the Romney man of war, of a small squadron which was destined he immediately nominated Mickle to be in order that he might participate in that might ensue from prizes captured. The pleasure with which he accepted the appointment, was much enhanced by the promise he gave him of visiting the native shores of Camoens, whither the fame of his exploits already reached. In November 1774 he sailed for Lisbon, and was instantly sought after with every possible mark of respect by the nobility, gentry, and literati of Portugal. The Royal Academy of Portugal elected him one of their body, and Prince John, Duke of Braganza, who presided on the occasion, presented him with his portrait, as a token of his particular regard.

While he remained at Lisbon, the post of the Brilliant became vacant, and he was determined to lose no opportunity of improving the fortune of his ingenious friend, in the present situation.

After a year's absence, the squadron returned to England, and Mickle was appointed to remain in London as joint agent, for the disposal of valuable prizes taken during the expedition.

The profits from the whole of this venture were such as made Mickle independent for life. They enabled him to discharge his pressing debts in Scotland, and to make provision for such of the members of his family as looked up to him for support. These duties he thought he might now without

of a tenderer nature. He repaired to Foll, and married Mary the daughter of Mr. Tomkins, with whom he resided while transcribing the *Lusiad*; and, with the object of his affection, he obtained a considerable addition to his for-

de now took a house at Wheatly near Oxford, in view of passing there the remainder of his comfort and ease; but the failure and death of the partner, with whom he was connected as agent in prizes, and a chancery suit, to which he was for recovery of part of his wife's fortune, in him in several heavy losses, and completely destroyed that tranquillity on which he had fondly relied. He still however employed his pen on various subjects. In 1782, he published "The Story of Queen Emma," a ballad, with an ironical account of its pretended authorship and discovery and hints for vindicating the authenticity of the poems of Ossian and Rowley. He contributed a series of Essays, entitled, "the merits of Leo," and some other articles, to the *Edinburgh Magazine*. His last production was "Eskdale," a song written by the desire of a friend, in remembrance of the place of his birth.

Mickle died after a short illness at Forest Hill on the 28th of October, 1788, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and was buried in the church yard of St. Andrew's parish. He left one son, for whose benefit a collection of his father's poems was published by subscription, in one volume quarto.

The personal character of Mickle has been very fully drawn by two writers. "His manners," says

Mr. Ireland, "were not of that obtrusive kind, by which many men of the second or third order force themselves into notice. A very close observer might have passed many hours in Mr. Mickle's company, without suspecting that he had ever written a line of poetry. A common physiognomist would have said, that he had an unmasked face. Lavater would have said otherwise; but neither his countenance nor manners were such as attract the multitude. When his name was once announced, he has been more than once asked if the translator of Camoens was any relation to him? To this he usually answered, with a good natured smile, that they were of the same family. Simplicity, unaffected simplicity, was the leading feature of his character. The philosophy of Voltaire and David Hume was his detestation. He could not hear their names with temper. For the bible he had the highest reverence, and never sat silent when the doctrines or precepts of the Gospel were either ridiculed, or spoken of with contempt."

"Mickle," says Mr. Isaac Reed, was "in every point of view a man of the utmost integrity, warm in his friendship, and indignant only against vice, irreligion, or meanness. The compliment paid by Lord Lyttelton to Thomson, might be applied to him with the strictest truth: not a line is to be found in his works, which, "dying, he would wish to blot." During the greatest part of his life, he endured the pressure of a narrow fortune without repining, never relaxing in his industry to acquire, by honest exertions, that independence which he at length enjoyed. He did not shine in conversation; nor would any person from his appearance have been able to form a fa-

vourable judgement of his talents. In every situation in which fortune placed him, he displayed an independent spirit undebased by any meanness, and when his pecuniary circumstances made him on one occasion feel a disappointment with some force, he even then seemed more ashamed at his want of discernment of character, than concerned for his loss. He seemed to entertain, with reluctance, an opinion, that high birth can be united with a sordid mind. He had, however, the satisfaction of reflecting, that no extravagant panegyric had disgraced his pen. Contempt certainly came to his aid, though not soon; he wished to forget his credulity and never after conversed on the subject by choice. To conclude, his foibles were but few, and those inoffensive; his virtues were many and his genius was considerable. He lived without reproach, and his memory will always be cherished by those who were acquainted with him."

The poetical fame of Mickle seems, in general estimation, to rest on his being the translator of the *Lusiad*. For, though his original pieces abound with the strongest evidences of native genius, they fade from our recollection, when we look to the poetic omnipotence with which he has made a poem, the pride of another language, equally the pride of our own. It was his ambition, "to give a Poem that might live in the English language," and he has done so. *Mickle's Lusiad* is universally allowed to be only inferior to *Pope's Iliad*, and it already rivals it in popularity. The time is not perhaps far distant when it may be even more generally read. Homer has been highly praised for his judgement in the se-

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lection of a subject which interested his countrymen; but it certainly is not from the interest he inspires, but simply for the beauty of his poetry, that he is read and admired in modern times. When, therefore, such a poem as the English *Lusiad* comes into the field of competition, a poem which not only possesses all the living interest which the Grecian epic has lost, but is nearly if not fully equal to it in those poetical charms which are "for all time;" it seems not unreasonable to anticipate, that it will ere long take the lead in popularity.

Nor conquests fabulous, nor actions vain,
The Muse's pastime, here adorn the strain,
Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,
And all the heroes of th' Aonian page.
The dreams of bards surpass'd, the world shall view,
And own their boldest fictions may be true;
Surpass'd and dimm'd by the superior blaze [plays
Of Gama's mighty deeds, which here bright truth dis
Lusiad, Book I.

The freedom with which Mickle entered on the task of this translation, he is said to have carried farther than the laws of translation will allow; but as has been well remarked, the liberties he has taken are of a kind with which translations cannot usually be charged, for he has often introduced beauties of his own, equal to any that came from the pen of Camoens. It is true that he has left the curious reader the trouble of discovering the various deviations of the translations from the original; but let us listen to his own apology. "Even farther liberties seemed to him in one or two instances advantageous; but a

minuteness in the mention of these, would not in these pages appear with a good grace. He shall only add, that some of the most eminent of the Portuguese literati, both in England and on the continent, have approved of these freedoms ; and the original is in the hands of the world." (Dissertation on the *Lusiad*. Third Edition.)

Nor is it as a poet alone, that Mickle has done honour to the memory of the poet he has translated. In the critical dissertation prefixed to the work, and in the various notes appended to the text, he has successfully vindicated Camoens from the numerous misrepresentations, of which, beyond any other writer that ever lived, he has been the object. The English nation may be said to have owed this compensation to the fame of the Lusitanian bard ; for not only did Voltaire, as before mentioned, but also Rapin, two of the most violent assailants of the *Lusiad*, derive their impressions of it from the old and faithless English version of Fanshaw.* Mickle has been no

* When Voltaire's *Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European Nations*, which contains his attack on Camoens, was at the press, in London, he happened to shew a proof sheet of it to Colonel Bladon, the translator of Cæsar's Commentaries. The Colonel, who had been in Portugal, asked him if he had read the *Lusiad* ? Voltaire confessed he had never seen it, and could not read Portuguese. The Colonel put Fanshaw's translation into his hands, and in less than a fortnight after, Voltaire's lying and slanderous critique made its appearance."

where happier in his defence of Camoens, than in the manner in which he repels the charge of indecency, fulminated with such confidence by Voltaire, that according to him, no nation, except the Portuguese and Italian, could tolerate the scenes described in the *Lusiad*. "Not to mention Ariosto," says Mickle, "whose descriptions will often admit of no palliation, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton, have always been esteemed as the chastest of poets; yet, in the delicacy of warm description—the inartificial modesty of nature—none of them can boast the continued uniformity of the Portuguese poet. Though there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoens, which even the genius of Tasso has not reached; and though the island of Armida is evidently copied from the *Lusiad*: yet those, who are possessed of the finer feelings, will easily discover an essential difference between the love scenes of the two poets—a difference greatly in favour of the delicacy of the former. Though the nymphs, in Camoens, are detected naked, in the woods and in the streams, and though desirous to captivate, still their behaviour is that of the virgin who hopes to be the spouse. They act the part of offended modesty: even when they yield, they are silent; and behave in every respect like Milton's *Eve*, in the state of innocence, who

"what was honour knew—"

And who displayed

"Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won."

To sum up all, the nuptial sanctity draws its hallowed curtains, and a masterly allegory shuts up the love scenes of Camoens."

"In a word," he adds, "so unjust is the censure of Voltaire; a censure which never arose from a comparison of Camoens with other poets, and so ill-grounded is the charge against him, that we cannot but admire his superior delicacy; a delicacy not even understood in his age, when the grossest imagery often found a place in the pulpits of their most pious divines. We know what liberties were taken by the politest writers of the Augustan age; and such is the change of manners, that Shakespeare and Spenser might, with justice, appeal from the judgement of the present, when it condemns them for indecency. Camoens, however, may appeal to the most polished age; let him be heard for himself; let him be compared with others of the first name, and his warmest descriptions need not dread the decision." Let the comparison, however, we may add, be made in the version of Mickle, in which the fire of Camoens will be found to burn so pure, that he might almost say,—*Virginibus puerisque canto*.

M. M.

DR. GEDDES.

ALEXANDER GEDDES was born in the year 1737. He was the son of a small farmer at Arradowl in the parish of Ruthven and county of Banff, and of Janet Mitchell, a native of Nether Dallachy in the parish of Bellay. His parents were of the Roman Catholic religion, and, among the few books which they possessed, the most rare to persons of their denomination, was a copy of the vulgar English bible. As soon as young Geddes had been taught to read, by a village schoolmistress of the name of Sellar, he took great delight in perusing this family bible, and before he had reached his eleventh year, he is said to have known all its history by heart.

The Laird of Arradowl having engaged a student from Aberdeen, of the name of Shearer, to be domestic tutor to his two sons, he looked about among his neighbours for two or three boys of the most promising parts, who might be admitted to a gratuitous participation in the lessons given to his sons — a noble example, well worthy of imitation by men of opulence in every village throughout the kingdom. Geddes was one of three on whom his generous selection fell; and a second was his cousin, John Geddes, afterwards Bishop of Marrocco, or titular Bishop of Dunkeld.

At the age of fourteen, Geddes, through the influence of the same worthy individual, was admitted

into the academy of Scalán, in the Highlands, a free Roman Catholic seminary, intended for the preparatory instruction of such young men of that persuasion as are afterwards to be qualified for holy orders in some foreign university.

Never was a seminary better fitted, by its natural situation, to be a nursery for young monks, than Scalán. It lay in a lone dell, so overtopped by lofty mountains, as to require almost as perpetual a use of the lamp, as the subterranean cell of Demosthenes. Of the gloom in which it was involved, an idea may be formed from the following reply of Geddes, to one of his fellow students, who had obtained leave to pay a visit to his friends at a distance, and who asked him if he had any commands he could execute? "Pray, be so kind," replied Geddes, "as to make particular enquiries after the health of the SUN: fail not to present my compliments to him, and tell him, I still hope I shall one day be able to renew the honour of a personal acquaintance with him."

In this seminary, he added, to a knowledge of the bible in the vulgar English, a knowledge of it in the vulgar Latin; but beyond this, he appears to have gained little by seven years' long exclusion from the light.

On attaining the age of twenty-one, Geddes was removed to the Scotch College at Paris, of which the worthy Mr. Gordon was then principal. Here he completed his knowledge of the Latin language, and added a competent acquaintance with the Hebrew, Greek, French, Spanish, German, and Low Dutch. School divinity and biblical criticism were, however, the chief objects which occupied his attention. He

had now an opportunity, of which he assiduously availed himself, of enriching his knowledge of the bible, by a close acquaintance with the originals; and was soon able to mark where the difference lay, between the Latin of St. Jerome, and the English of King James's translators. "I had both versions," says he, "constantly before me; and I now discovered the cause of the great difference between them. The study of the English translators, I found, had been to give a strictly literal version, at the expense of almost every other consideration; while the author of the Vulgate had endeavoured to render his originals equivalently into such Latin as was current in his age. If ever I translate the bible, said I, then it must be after this manner." The scheme of a new translation of the bible had in fact already taken full possession of his mind. The partiality which he had accidentally acquired under his father's roof, for the study of its sacred pages, had been so nursed and strengthened by every circumstance in his subsequent education, that it was now become the master passion, from which all the rest of his life was fated to take its complexion and character.

After an absence of six years, he returned to Scotland, in 1764. He was immediately ordered by his ecclesiastical superior to fix his residence at Dundee, as an officiating priest to the Catholics of the district of Angus. But he was scarcely settled here, when the Earl of Traquair, a Catholic nobleman, invited him to become an inmate in his family; and to his Lordship's seat, on the pastoral banks of the Tweed, he accordingly removed in May, 1765. "Here," says he, "I had plenty of time and a tolerable

y, to enable me to continue my favourite study. ancient versions in the Polyglott were now alter-ly read and occasionally compared; and from ecture and comparison, I was every day more ore satisfied, that a verbal version of the bible the most proper to convey its meaning and y its beauties."

When he had resided upwards of a twelvemonth in ospitable mansion of Lord Traquair, he was antly compelled to tear himself away from the ares which it afforded, by an interesting cir- tance, of which Mr. Good gives the following ulars :

A female relation of the noble Earl was at that a co-resident in the house, and constituted a part e family. The merit of Mr. Geddes was pro- at; her own charms, and the regard she openly ssed for him, were not less so: too soon he felt elf the prey of an impression, which he well knew ; not possible for him to indulge, and Buxtorff in danger of being supplanted by Ovid. He d philosopher, but it was in vain; self expostu- was useless; and the well-meditated resolutions day were often put to flight in a moment. But step remained to be taken: he embraced it, and more hardihood than is often necessary to obtain tory, sounded a retreat. He had made, perhaps nastily, his vow of religious celibacy, and its ity was not to be trifled with. Of two evils, he still the consolation to think, that he had chosen east; and, with much reluctance of heart, but an oving and sustaining conscience, he abruptly e away from the delightful shades and the delightful conversations of Tweedale, in less

of Paris."

After remaining in the French metropolis nine months, during which, he made valuable extracts on biblical criticism from libraries, he returned to his native country in the spring of 1769. He was now appointed to the charge of a catholic congregation at Inverness, in the county of Banff, not far distant from his birth. It was an uninviting chapel, poor and bigoted; the chapel in the parsonage-house scarcely inhabitable. However, he was not of a spirit to be deterred by the most formidable obstacles. He began by pulling the old chapel down and erecting a new one in its place; he repaired and improved the parsonage-house, so as to render it one of the most comfortable and convenient in the country. He neglected no part of these labours, but bore a part himself; for Geddes, though most of his time was spent over books, was as ready a carpenter as a scholar, and expert in the use of the saw and plane.

“——dapibus mensas oneravit inemptis.”

Virg. Georg.

“He pil’d their tables with unpurchas’d stores.”

“Gardening and carpentering,” says Mr. Good, “were at all times favourite amusements with him; they constituted his chief relaxation from the severity of study to the last moment of his life; and I have frequently rallied him, when at work, upon the multiplicity of his tools, which, in the article of planes of different mouldings, were more numerous than those of many professed artists, and at the dexterity with which he handled them.”

In order to soften down that bigotry for which the people of Auchinhalrig were remarkable even as Roman Catholics, Mr. Geddes made it his first study to win their affections. In this he succeeded so effectually, that he seemed at last, to use the expression of one who was intimately acquainted with him at the period, “to live in the hearts of every one of his hearers.” His personal kindness to them was inexhaustible; his attention to the duties of his office, punctilious; the people venerated while they loved him. The lessons of a man so regarded could not fail of making a deep and lasting impression. They were lessons of liberality and brotherly love. He exhorted his hearers to think for themselves, and to allow, without hostility, the same privilege to others. He disclaimed the old fashioned and iniquitous doctrine, that faith ought not to be held with heretics, as altogether foreign to the spirit of genuine catholicity; and earnestly and unceasingly recommended

charity unto all men, as one of the first of Christian virtues.

Such precepts, and such conduct, lessened greatly, if it did not entirely remove, that rigid disinclination to associate, which had hitherto operated as a wall of partition between the Catholics of Auchinhalig and their Protestant neighbours; while they recommended Mr. Geddes to many invaluable friendships among the most distinguished characters of the latter persuasion. Among these, may be enumerated the Earl of Buchan, Lord Findlater, Principal Robertson, Dr. Beattie, Dr. Reid, and, indeed, almost all the professors both of Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

But while Mr. Geddes had thus the pleasure of melting into Christian charity many of the hearts of his own congregation, he had the mortification to find, that his conduct only provoked the resentment of his clerical brethren. Bishop Hay, his diocesan, menaced him with suspension from his ecclesiastical functions, unless he became more circumspect in his life and conversation, and kept himself uncontaminated by heretical intercourse. The chief delinquency with which he was charged, was his occasional appearance in the church of a Protestant friend, Mr. Crawford, the worthy minister of an adjoining parish. After some epistolary correspondence, in which Geddes is said to have hurled defiance at the narrow-minded prelate, the affair was suffered to drop.

Nor was this the only unpleasant circumstance which arose to disturb his tranquillity. He had personally contracted debts to a considerable amount, in rebuilding the Chapel and repairing the Parson-

age-House, in the confidence of being enabled to discharge them by subsequent contributions from persons of the Catholic persuasion. The creditors, however, became importunate before there was any appearance of the expected succours; and Mr. Geddes was beginning to suffer all the pains of pecuniary embarrassment, when the late Duke of Norfolk stepped forward in a very generous manner to his relief. His Grace, who occasionally resided on a large family estate on the Scottish borders, had heard of the zeal, liberality, and learning of the priest of Auchinhalrig, and expressed a wish for his acquaintance. An interview was brought about through the friendly intervention of the Earl of Traquair; and, upon the first intimation of the obligations which Mr. Geddes had come under in his pastoral capacity, his Grace was pleased to claim the privilege of discharging them, as an earnest of their future friendship.

Although relieved from every pecuniary distress, Mr. Geddes derived too scanty an income from his congregation not to feel many deprivations. In the hope of improving his circumstances, he took a small farm at Enzie in Fochabers, in the immediate vicinity of Auchinhalrig; and being accommodated by a friend with a sufficient loan of money to stock it, he commenced farmer with an ardour of expectation, only to be accounted for on the score of extreme simplicity. So certain did he feel of speedily realizing an independent fortune, through the natural fertility of his fields and the proverbial certainty of the seasons, that he began with what people burdened with affluence generally leave to the last,—building a chancel as an appendage to his farm. He erected, almost

entirely on his own credit, a very neat and commodious place of public worship close by his farm-house; and commenced officiating alternately here and at Auchinhalrig.

The end of this second speculation needs scarcely to be told. His fields did not prove so productive, nor the seasons so auspicious, as he was sure they would be; his farm stock and his chapel remained both unpaid for; and in less than three years, he found himself in a state of embarrassment still greater than that from which the Duke of Norfolk had rescued him.

The mode which Mr. Geddes took of getting out of his difficulties on the present occasion, must seem, at first sight, almost as wise as that by which he fell into them. To be brought to the brink of ruin by farming and kirk-building, and to be saved from it by turning poetaster, must be allowed to be rather out of the usual course of events. "Foiled," says Mr. Good, "in the labours of the hand, he was determined to try whether those of the head might not be more productive." The experiment was attended with a degree of success, which perhaps surprised no one more than himself. In 1779, he published, at London, "*Select Satires of Horace, translated into English verse, and, for the most part, adapted to the present Times and Manners.*" These satires were not altogether the production of the present moment of exigency; they had occasionally occupied his previous leisure, and been gradually accumulating to the date of their publication. "Early in life," says he, in a short preface by which they were ushered into the world, "some demon whispered me that I

and a turn for poetry. I readily, perhaps too readily, believed him. I wrote, was pleased with my productions, and now began to publish them in hopes of easing others." The publication succeeded so well, that it produced him a profit of about one hundred pounds. He gladly applied this sum to the liquidation of his debts, and being fortunate enough to receive additional assistance from other quarters, which was directed to the same object, he once more found himself freed from difficulties, in which the ardour and simplicity of his nature had involved him.

About this time, Lord Findlater having married the daughter of Count Murray, of Melgum, Mr. Geddes was employed to instruct the fair bride in the English language, with which a foreign education had left her unacquainted. At the mansion of his lordship, he formed an intimate friendship with the Rev. Mr. Buchanan, minister of Cullen, and did not hesitate occasionally to attend the church in which he officiated. The indignation of Bishop Hay was again excited by a knowledge of this circumstance: he sent an angry expostulation to Geddes; and finding that no attention was paid to it, he actually proceeded to suspend him from the exercise of his clerical functions.

Mr. Geddes felt but little regret at this illiberal proceeding; for ever since the success which his verses had experienced, he had formed in his mind the resolution of trying his fortune in London, and had only been prevented from executing his scheme by the warmth of his attachment to his spiritual flock. The tie between them was, however, now broken by a power which neither could controul. Towards the

end of 1779, he took an affectionate leave of congregations : " and such," says Mr. Good, the enthusiastic regard with which his courteous kindness, his perpetual attention to the duties of his office, and especially to the instruction of the younger branches of his flock, had inspired, that at the sale of his household goods, at every one pressed forward to testify, by an eager bidding, his veneration and love, as well as to obtain possession of some monument of a man whose name and character were so justly dear to them. I am told by a lady who was present upon the occasion, that the most insignificant articles of furniture, even cups and saucers, though imperfect or broken, were caught at with the utmost avidity, and that the people appeared to prize the different lots the more fortunate enough to procure, rather as relics of a patron saint than as memorials of a beloved pastor.

The catholics of Auchinhalrig and Feuchaber were not the only individuals who saw, with regret, the departure of Geddes from his native country. His literary friends of the protestant communion in Aberdeen, he had become equally endeared ; and through their influence, the University of that city sent him forwards with a liberality highly to its honour, conferred on Mr. Geddes the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Dr. Geddes now left Enzie ; devoted a few

bassador's chapel. His own literary fame, and the numerous complimentary letters which he brought with him from his friends in the north, soon introduced him to an acquaintance with many of the first English scholars of the day ; and from the unrestrained use of several public and private libraries which he found thrown open to him, he was led to resume, with renewed ardour, his early project of accomplishing a new translation of the Bible. The undertaking might still, however, have languished for want of all the requisite means, had he not had the good fortune to meet with a most munificent patron for it, in the late Lord Petre. The want of a good vernacular version of the Scriptures, for the use of English catholics, was an evil which had been long lamented by Lord Petre ; and hearing that Dr. Geddes entertained the project of supplying one, he sought an interview with him. The explanation which ensued proved so satisfactory to his lordship, that, with a public spirit and generosity rarely equalled, he engaged to allow Dr. Geddes a salary of two hundred pounds per annum, while employed upon the translation, and to be at the expense of whatever private library the doctor might think requisite for the purpose, leaving him in this respect totally unlimited.

Dr. Geddes, elated with this munificent provision, entered with extraordinary ardour upon the active prosecution of his favourite design. In a short time, he published a sketch of the plan on which he meant to proceed, under the title of an " Idea of a new Version of the Holy Bible, for the use of the English Catholics." " Finding," he said, " sacred criticism in a favourable progress towards perfection ; having be-



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fore me the various readings of texts of Scripture the several versions made from them with a bi apparatus (through the princely munificence of Petre), which few individuals possess ; grieved be to observe among the English Catholics an a total want of taste for biblical studies ; and wi to remove a reproach, which, in Protestant lit companies, I had often heard made on that accou reproach, too well founded to be repelled ; I thi I could not better serve the cause of Christiani general, nor better consult the particular inten that body to which I more immediately belo than by employing whatever portion of talent fallen to my share, in attempting a new and fai translation of the Bible, from corrected texts o original, unaccompanied with any gloss, commen or annotations, but such as were necessary to a tain the literal meaning of my text ; and free of c sort of interpretation calculated to establish or de any particular system of religious credence."

At the close of 1780, the Imperial Ambassa chapel was suppressed by an order from the Em Joseph the Second. Dr. Geddes continued, how to preach occasionally at the chapel in Duke-st Lincoln's Inn Fields, till the Easter holidays of 1 when, finding that it interfered with the progr his translation, he voluntarily withdrew from e stated ministerial function, and seldom offici at any chapel whatever.

In the summer of 1781, Dr. Geddes paid a vi Scotland, during which he wrote " Linton, a Twee Pastoral," in honor of the birth of a son and hei the noble house of Traquair. According to an an

prophecy of Thomas of Lermont, when an eagle should be the offspring of a raven and a rook, joyful tidings were to arise for "the bonny men of Tweeddale;" and this popular impression Geddes availed himself of very happily on the present occasion. The rook constituted the crest in the armorial bearings of the Traquaires; and his friend and patron the Earl, having married into the family of the Ravenscrofts, in whose arms the raven holds a chief place, the poet hailed in the offspring of this alliance, the eagle predicted by the prophet, on whose arrival at majority, the "bonny men of Tweeddale" would be in full possession of the golden days of Saturn; when

—war, and discord, and domestic strife,
And all the other woes of human life,
Death, famine, plague, mortality, shall cease,
And all be health, and harmony, and peace.

* * * * *

No more religion, with fanatic hand,
Shall fan the fire of faction in the land;
But mild and gentle, like her heavenly sire,
No other flames but those of love inspire.
Papist and Protestant shall strive to raise,
In different notes, one *Great Creator's* praise;
Polemic volumes, on their shelves shall rot,
And Hays and Abernethies be forgot.

The Earl and Countess of Traquair having resolved to make a tour to the South of France, Dr. Geddes was invited, and agreed with much pleasure to be their companion on the journey. From France he returned to Scotland, and from Scotland to London, now burning with impatience to resume his theolo-

doctor, "he anticipated my wishes to have and assistance towards the execution of a degree of unreserved frankness and friendliness I had never before experienced in a stranger. Contented with applauding and encouraging myself, he pushed me forwards from my own notice of others; he spoke of me to Bannockburn and introduced me to Lowth." To Lowth, London, "one of the most elegant scholars and biblical critics of the age." At the suggestion of Lowth, Geddes revised his "Idea of a new Bible" or rather wrote an entirely new prospectus fully and explicitly the plan which he followed in his translation. When it was completed he submitted it in manuscript to his lordship, requesting that he would mark with a black pencil passages as might appear exceptionable. He returned the manuscript with an answer complying to the feelings of the author :

"The Bishop of London presents his compliments to Dr. Geddes, and returns with thanks his manuscript which he has read with some care and att

The Prospectus did, accordingly, make its appearance in the course of next year, under the following title: "Prospectus of a New Translation of the Holy Bible, from corrected Texts of the Originals compared with the ancient Versions, with various Readings, explanatory Notes, and critical Observations." It had a very general and satisfactory circulation. Not only were praises liberally bestowed, but valuable communications were imparted from different quarters of the kingdom, and even from foreign countries. The work was briefly, but elegantly, dedicated to his patron, Lord Petre, "as the first fruits of many years of powerful labour, in the pleasing hope of being able one day to lay before him the whole harvest."

On the first of November, 1785, the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland elected Dr. Geddes one of their correspondent members, an honour which he acknowledged in a poetical epistle to that respectable body; written in "geud ald Scottis phrase." "It was" he says, "the hasty production of a very few leisure hours; when, after being exhausted with the incredible labour of collating a Greek manuscript, I sat down, towards the close of the day, to a solitary meal, and amused myself in trying how far I could give to the dialect of my native country an air of novelty and elegance that might not displease even a critical English reader." To have been so composed, the poem shews great powers of versification. It extends to nearly five-hundred lines, and contains not a few passages of genuine poetry. The author is particularly happy in a personification of our "Mither Tongue," as

" A gentlewoman bred and born,
 ————— thoch in tatters drest ;
 And who, though now neglected by
 Still has found an open door
 Among the uncorruptit poor.

* * * *

There aft on ben-maist bink she sits
 And sharps the edge of country wit
 Wi' routh of gabby saws an' says,
 An' jokes an' jibes of ither days :
 'That gie sik gust to rustic sport
 And gar the langsome night look sh

At uther times in some warm neuk
 She to the cutchok hads a beuk
 And reids in sik a magic tone,
 The deeds that our forbairs hac don
 That ye—————

* * * *

May see the maiden stap her wheel,
 The mistress cease to turn the reel ;
 Lizzie wi' laddle in her hand
 Til pot boil over, gapand stand :
 Ev'n hungry Gib his spoon depose
 And for a moment, spare his brose !

Dr. Geddes afterwards contributed to
 " A Dissertation on the Scots Saxon d
 two other poems, being translations of t
 gue of Virgil and the first Idillion of The
 Scottish verse. The whole of these pro
 to be found in the only volume of transac
 the society has yet published.

Dr. Geddes had now made considerable progress with his translation of the Bible ; but, instead of flying precipitately to the press, he determined to avail himself of the general and ardent inclination to assist him which appeared to prevail in the literary world, and with laudable modesty he once more addressed the public, through the medium of "A Letter to the Right Rev. the Bishop of London, containing queries, doubts, and difficulties relative to a vernacular version of the Holy Scriptures." It was a sort of appendix to his prospectus, and met with equal success.

During the year 1787, Dr. Geddes published, "A letter to the Rev. Dr. Priestley, in which the author attempts to prove, by one prescriptive argument, that the Divinity of Jesus Christ was a primitive tenet of Christianity." How far the Doctor was right in his doctrine, I have no curiosity to enquire. I am content to find that he did not abandon for the character of a polemic, any of his amiable feelings as a man. The sentiments with which he takes leave of his opponent, present an example for all controversialists. "I cannot," he says, "allow myself to believe, that the divinity of Jesus will ever be without defenders, or that its ablest defenders will not be Englishmen ; but, let its defenders be mild and moderate ; let them imitate the conduct of him, whose cause they undertake to plead ; let not their zeal, however fervent, transport them beyond the bounds of decency and decorum ; their style will not be the less nervous, because it is void of asperity ; nor their arguments the less conclusive because unmixt with injuries. To discover Truth is professedly the aim of us all ; let

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us pursue the path that seems the most likely to lead us to her abode, with ardour but not with animosity; and if we are convinced that we have been happy enough to find it out, let us not insult those who, in our estimation, may have been less successful. *Non contumeliis et probris vexemus alii alios; sed honestis positique præjudiciis, causam decernimus.*"

About this period, (1787-8) the Protestant Dissenters made their celebrated application to Parliament, for a repeal of the Test Act, and their claims were advocated in a very popular pamphlet published anonymously, entitled, "The Case of the Protestant Dissenters, with reference to the Test and Corporation Acts." Dr. Geddes published also anonymously a letter upon the "Case of the Protestant Dissenters," addressed to a Member of Parliament. The object of it was to shew, in opposition to the author of the Case, that the Protestants were not, as they pretend, included for a temporary and dissimulative purpose, within the operation of the disqualifying acts, but that they had been at all times as truly obnoxious to government as papists, and, that allowing any evil to be apprehended from a general repeal of such statutes, government would have more to dread from the machinations of the former than of the latter.

On the commencement of the *Analytical Review* in May 1788, Dr. Geddes was induced to take the principal charge of that department, which includes biblical criticism and ecclesiastical history. The first article with which this journal opens, being a critique on the *Varie Lectiones* of De Rossi, was from the Doctor's pen. He continued connected with it for five years and a half; during which period, he is

known to have contributed forty seven articles. He accompanied the Review throughout its best days, and it declined in sale from the moment that he withdrew from it.

In the course of 1788, Dr. Geddes thought his labours sufficiently advanced, to warrant another and a more explicit address to the public, upon the great object of his pursuits. He had already published his "Idea of a new version," his "Prospectus of a version;" his "Doubts, queries, &c. relative to a new version;" and he now added to this formidable array of preparation, "Proposals for printing by subscription a new version, &c."

Having stated in his proposals that if any respectable literary character would suggest hints for improvement, or point out sources of information, with respect to the plan and execution of his work, he would receive them with thankfulness, and consider them with due attention, he soon found himself so overwhelmed with packets of correspondence that he thought proper, in July, 1790, to publish, "Dr. Geddes's general answer to the queries, councils, and criticisms, that have been communicated to him since the publication of his proposals for printing a new translation of the Bible."

In the controversy which broke out at this period, respecting the application of the English Catholics to the Legislature, for additional relief in the matter of præmunire, Dr. Geddes sided with the Catholic committee in opposition to the bishops, and wrote "An answer to the Bishop of Comana's pastoral letter, by a protesting Catholic:" as also "an Encyclical letter of the bishops of Rama, Acanthos, and Centuriæ, to

the faithful clergy and laity of their respective parishes, with a continued commentary for the vulgar."

In 1790, Dr. Geddes published an "*Epistola ad Fratrem*," esteemed by one or two of the happiest of all his sportive effusions. Of it was a recent dinner of the Protestant at the London Tavern, "*de iis quæ genupero Dissentientium Conventu*." "The characters," says Mr. Good, "are well delineated with good nature rather than severity, the quaint intermission of Latin and English, classical and vulgar, commencing with one and terminating in another, of which the greater part of the respective orators are composed, a greater quantity of burlesque, and consequently an ampler portion of merriment, than could be derived from the happiest use of the Anstey."

Mr. Good will probably however remain ages singular in this opinion. Perhaps the sage in the poem which is worthy of recognition, that, where dropping abruptly all idea of modesty and elevated by the dignity of his subject, by his own enthusiastic admiration, the author bursts into the following eloquent and classical stichomythic on Mr. Fox.

— — — — — et post hunc Foxius, ipse ;

Within a few weeks after its first appearance, Dr. G. published a second edition of the *Epistola Macaronica*, accompanied with an English translation by a friend.

During the same year he wrote a Latin Ode on the acceptance of the new Constitution by Louis XVI. of France, entitled "*Carmen Sæculare pro Gallica Gente Tyrannidi Aristocraticæ Erepta*;" and also an English translation of it from his own pen; neither of them pieces of much worth.

In 1791 the Doctor was seized with a dangerous fever; and, after he had begun to recover, accepted a pressing invitation to pay a visit to Lord Petre's seat, in Norfolk. This produced, in the ensuing year, "*a Norfolk Tale, or a Journey from London to Norwich, with a Prologue and an Epilogue.*" It is a poem, not certainly of high poetic merit, but which will always be read with pleasure for its easy versification, and the tone of good humour and generous feeling which runs through it.

The interesting question of the Slave Trade becoming, at this time, a leading topic of discussion, Dr Geddes was not among the last to contribute his mite to the cause of humanity. Having observed, that every argument which could be *seriously* advanced against this abominable traffic had been employed in vain, he advanced into the field with an argument of a different description; and pretending to embrace the converse side of the question, published an "*Apology for Slavery, or Six cogent Arguments against the immediate Abolition of the Slave Trade.*" It was an appeal *ad verecundiam*; managed with a

dexterity, as annoying to the enemies of the abolition, as it must have been gratifying to its friends.

On the appearance of Cowper's Translation of the Iliad in 1792, Dr. Geddes shared in the general disappointment which it gave to the public. In a fit of needless exasperation, he declared, that he would translate Homer himself, and shew, that it was possible to make as good versification while he preserved not only all the epithets and phraseologies of the original, but the very order itself. He accordingly, not long after, presented the public with a specimen comprising the whole of the first book, done after this literal fashion. How he succeeded, will be immediately seen by the manner in which he renders the beautiful invocation with which the poem commences :

“ The wrath sing, Goddess ! of the-son-of-Peleus
Achilles, dire ; which myriads on the Greeks
Of woes imposed ; and many worthy souls
To Hades—prematurely sent, of heroes ;
And then a prey prepared to dogs, and all
The ravenous birds ; (of Jove thus was fulfilled
The will,) from what time firstly disagreed
Striving, Atrides, King of Men, and the—
Divine Achilles——”

Such were the spirited and harmonious sort of lines by which Dr. G. condescended to instruct a Cowper how to write blank verse ! And so easily were they executed, that in contradiction to all that Cowper had said of the difficulty of writing blank verse, the Doctor, in a preface to the specimen, tells us, that

it is hardly credible how readily the Greek of Homer tumbles into blank verse; insomuch, that he thinks he "can, with ease, cast off a hundred lines in a forenoon." To make the wonder of his surpassing Cowper the greater, the Doctor assures his readers, that he had not, like Cowper, the smallest assistance either from Mr. Fuseli, or "any other profound critic in Homer." "The whole merit or demerit of my version rests solely with myself." In justice to the character of the Doctor both as a poet and critic, it must be allowed, that this assurance was very necessary. Nobody could otherwise have believed, that the author of so much good poetry and good criticism, and the author of this rare version, were one and the same person. The truth is, that the Doctor never made a more unfortunate speculation in all his life; Cowper's failure was nothing to it. The cause of his hallucination on the subject was no secret to his friends. He was less offended with Cowper's translation, than out of temper with him for giving the character of "the best critic in Homer he had ever met with" to Mr. Fuseli, of whom Dr. G. happened to entertain an extremely opposite opinion. And to shew both Cowper and Fuseli how little they knew of the matter, he commenced his new version without waiting a moment to weigh his qualifications for it. The amusement which his specimen gave to the public opened his eyes to the blunder which he had committed; and he proceeded no further in his ridiculous project.

His next poetical effusion was of a redeeming character. It was a short piece, entitled "*L'Avocat du Diable*, the Devil's Advocate, or Satan versus Pictor :

1
prate figure, from which to paint a striking of the devil, had, at last, fixed upon that noble Earl. Mr. Erskine was counsel for the d and the poem is a humorous parody of the which he made on that occasion.

Dr. Geddes had, hitherto, contented himself with lodgings in different parts of the town ; but his library had become of considerable magnitude, and he now took a house in Allsop's Buildings, New Mary-le-bone, which he fitted up almost with his own hands, in a style of great literary fort and convenience.

Although his Proposals for publishing his Translation of the Bible had now been a considerable time before the public, the list of subscribers was nearly full. Relying, however, on the general favour of the public, and trusting that the work would, or later, meet with its approbation, he had ventured to put the first volume to the press ; and it has since made its public appearance.

The manner in which this volume was translated cannot be said to have given general satisfaction.

or open par in its defence. By none was more abused than by the author's own Catholics, for whose use it had been principled. The Vicars Apostolic of the Northern, and London districts issued a letter, prohibiting its use and reception e faithful committed to their spiritual ju-; but stating no other ground for this act of an that the translation had not been "ex-nd approved of by due ecclesiastical autho-

ddes defended himself against this combi-hostility in a very bold and spirited manner. published an *Address to the Public*, vindic-e impartiality of his translation, and ap-to their liberality against the persecution d commenced against him. He then wrote to the Vicars, remonstrating with them e injustice they had committed in condemn-ork in the lump without a hearing; and not any answer to this remonstrance, he pub-etter to the Right Rev. John Douglas, the postolic of London, but intended for the umvirate, in which he complained of their as uncharitable, illiberal, and arbitrary. in this last letter of the injury he had re-"Here," said he, "is a large, important, e work, the darling child of its author and i prop of his literary reputation, forbidden t class of readers for whom it was more spe-signed, without any cause assigned but the . mere formality which is no where observed, s never observed, save in those places where

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an Inquisition of some sort or other had been established. You say not, that you have examined it.— You say not, that it is an unfaithful version.— You point not out a single sentence which you find contrary to faith or morality. And yet you take it upon you to proscribe it *in toto*. And all this, because it wants, you say, the requisites which the Church requires in publishing works on scripture. You should have said, my lord, which the discipline of the Council of Trent requires ; for the discipline of the Council of Trent is not the Church, any more than the discipline of the Church is the discipline of the Council of Trent.”

Although there can be no doubt that the proceedings against Dr. Geddes had taken a form of which he was justly entitled to complain, yet the only point about which posterity can be expected to care, is, whether after all, there was any thing in Dr. Geddes's version of the Scriptures, which made it proper in the Vicars Apostolic to withhold their sanction from its circulation. And in this point of view, it can only be necessary to state a very few of the novel conceptions, on which his translation proceeds to satisfy every impartial mind, that the Vicars, though they chose to be silent, were not without ample reasons to justify their conduct. Dr. Geddes starts with doubting whether Moses was the author of the Pentateuch ; but the writer, whoever he may be, is one he tells us, who upon all occasions gives into the marvellous ; adorns his narration with fictions of the interference of the Deity, when every thing happened in a natural way ; and at other times dresses up fable in the garb of true history. The history of the crea-

is according to him a fabulous cosmogony ; the story of the fall a *mythos* in which nothing but the mere imagination of the commentators, possessing more fancy than judgement, could have discovered either a seducing devil or the promise of a Saviour.

It is a fable, he asserts, intended for the purpose of persuading the vulgar, that knowledge is the root of evil and the desire of it a crime. Moses was, it seems, a man of as great talents as Numa and Lycurgus were ; but, like them, he was a false pretender to personal intercourse with the Deity, with whom he had no immediate communication. He had the art to take advantage of rare but natural occurrences, to persuade the Israelites that the immediate power of God was exerted to accomplish his projects. When a violent wind happened to lay dry the head of the Gulf of Suez, he persuaded them that God had made a passage for them through the sea, &c. &c. No person certainly can say, that a translation, corresponding with such notions as these, had the least claim to the sanction, either of Catholic or of Protestant. It might suit the disciples of some new faith, but was in direct hostility with the creed of almost every existing denomination of Christian believers.

It was indeed deeply mortifying, to see the labour and promise of a whole life-time in danger of being frustrated : and there is no one on whom the valuable qualities of Dr. Geddes have made that impression which they ought, but must feel for his disappointment. But, in our sympathy for the reverses of a man of genius, we must not forget the scruples of others ; nor blame the guardians of an established

fair; that they preferred its preservation to the interests of a merely private individual.

Notwithstanding the energy which Dr. Geddes displayed in repelling the various attacks upon him, he sunk at last beneath their accumulated severity. He became gloomy and despondent; and it was not without some difficulty, that the assiduous attention and animating efforts of many valued friends, saved him from falling into a state of confirmed melancholy. Among these his noble patron Lord, Petre, still held the chief place. His consoling sympathies, and generous expostulations, formed at all times a source of his most pleasing recollections.

It was not, however, till after a considerable interval that Dr. Geddes was able to resume his biblical studies. The works which he produced in the meantime, were of a light and fugitive nature.

In 1793, he composed two more Secular Odes on the French Revolution, and printed them with a second edition, under the title of "*Carmena Secularia Tria pro tribus Celeberrimis Libertatis Gallicæ Epochis.*" But such was the violence of party feeling at this time, that, though printed, he was induced by his friends to suppress their publication, till the short peace of 1801-2.

In the same year he offered to the public, a translation, in Fable rhyme, of Gresset's elegant and entertaining poem, entitled, "*Ver Vert, or the Parrot of Nevers.*" He appears not to have been aware, that this poem had already been translated by John Gilbert Cooper, &c. in a manner which left little to be desired. The translation of Dr. Geddes is easy

and spirited, but not upon the whole superior to that of his predecessor.

In 1795, he published an "Ode to the Hon. Thomas Pelham, occasioned by his speech in the Irish House of Commons on the Catholic Bill;" and in 1796, a burlesque paraphrase, in verse, of a political sermon, preached by Dr. Coulthurst, on the anniversary of his Majesty's accession, before the University of Cambridge.

In 1797, the celebrated electioneering affair at Bangor, in which Dr. Warren, Bishop of the diocese, made so conspicuous a figure, furnished Dr. Geddes with a new theme for his muse. He published, on the subject, a comic-heroic poem, in nine cantos, entitled, "The Battle of Bangor, or the Church's Triumph." This is undoubtedly the best of all his productions. It is skilful in its arrangement, rich in fancy and humour, and, with some exceptions, elegant in its versification. It appears to have been modelled on the plan of the *Rape of the Lock*, or rather the *Lutrin* of Despreaux.

During the same year, he published a second volume of his translation of the Bible; and in 1800, "Critical Remarks on the Hebrew Scriptures, corresponding with a new translation; vol. 1, containing Remarks on the Pentateuch."

The demand for his biblical labours had, however, long ceased to keep pace either with his expectations, or with the expense of their publication; and he now became involved in a series of pecuniary difficulties, from which he saw no probability of extricating himself. In this extremity, however, his usual good fortune in money matters, did not desert him. As soon

as his embarrassments became known, "it is to the credit," says Mr. Good, "of the age in which we live, that, without any further application on his part, persons of every rank and religious persuasion, Protestants and Catholics, clergy and laity, nobility and gentry, several of whom had never known him but by name, and many of whom had openly professed a dislike of his favourite tenets, united in one charitable effort to rescue him from anxiety and distress; nor should it be forgotten, that some part, at least, of the amount subscribed, proceeded from the Right Reverend Bench itself. The sum collected and expended upon his account, from the commencement of the year 1788, to the middle of the year 1800, amounted to about nine hundred pounds."

Dr. Geddes, lightened in heart by this generous interference, now began to prepare for publication, an elaborate work, which he had originally drawn up in 1782, during the riots of Scotland and England, upon the subject of Sir George Savile's bill, in favour of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion; but had suppressed in consequence of the intemperance of the times. It was printed in 1800, under the title of "A Modest Apology for the Roman Catholics of Great Britain, addressed to all moderate Protestants, particularly to the Members of both Houses of Parliament." It was published anonymously, but Geddes soon became known as the author. It excited great curiosity both at home and abroad, and was translated both into the French and German languages.

In 1801, Dr. Geddes was called upon to sustain a loss, in comparison of which every loss and disap-

pointment he had before encountered was light and diminutive, and from the effects of which he never fully recovered—he lost his patron, Lord Petre, who died suddenly of an attack of the gout, July 2nd, 1801, aged sixty, equally lamented by the lower ranks of life, which he benefited, and the higher, which he adorned.

By his last will, his Lordship bequeathed to Dr. Geddes an annuity for life, of one hundred pounds; and his son and heir shortly after intimated, in a very polite and friendly letter, that to this sum he proposed to add a salary of the same amount.

Dr. Geddes did not long survive his benefactor. He died of a lingering and excruciating disorder, on the 26th February, 1802, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The day before his decease, he was visited, as usual, by his friend M. St. Martin, a professor of theology, and a doctor of the Sorbonne, who had officially attended him as his priest, during the whole of his illness. On entering the room, M. St. Martin found the doctor extremely lethargic, and believed him to be in the utmost danger; he endeavoured to rouse him from his torpor, and proposed to him to receive absolution. Dr. Geddes observed that in such case it was necessary he should first make his confession. M. St. Martin was sensible that he had neither strength nor wakefulness enough for such an exertion, and replied, that *in extremis*, this was not necessary; that he had only to examine the state of his own mind, and to make a sign when he was prepared. M. St. Martin was a gentleman of much liberality of sentiment, but strenuously attached to what are denominated the *orthodox* tenets of the Catholic church; he had long

present occasion, with a written list of questions, the hope of obtaining from the Doctor an intelligent and satisfactory reply. He found however, from the lethargic state of Dr. Geddes, that this request was impracticable. He could not avoid, nevertheless, examining the state of his mind as to some of the more important points upon which they differed. "You fully," said he, "believe in the Scriptures?" He roused himself from his sleep, and said, "Certainly."—"In the doctrine of the Trinity?"—"Certainly, but not in the manner you mean."—"In the mediation of Jesus Christ?"—"No, no, no, you mean: in Jesus Christ as our Saviour,—and in the atonement." Mr. Good enquired of Mr. Martin if, whether, in the course of what had occurred, he had any reason to suppose that Dr. Geddes's religious creed either now, or in any other period of his illness, had sustained any shade of difference from what he had formerly professed. He replied that he could not possibly flatter himself with believing that the most comfortable words he heard him utter immediately after a short nap, and he

sition in him to do so, and even the expression, "I consent to all," was either, perhaps, uttered from a wish to oblige me as his friend, or a desire to shorten the conversation, than from any change in his opinions. After having thus examined himself, however, for some minutes, he gave a sign of being ready, and received absolution as I had proposed to him. I then left him; he shook my hand heartily upon quitting him, and said that he was happy he had seen me."

Agreeably to his own desire, his remains were interred in the church-yard of Paddington, and in a spot which he had himself pointed out, for a reason which presents a striking picture of the whole character of his mind, and ought for ever to silence all doubts as to the general sincerity of his Christian belief, however much he may have erred on particular points. "I choose this spot," said he, "that when summoned from my grave, to meet my God on high, the first thing which may strike my sight on looking up, may be that noble inscription in front of the Church, "Glory to God in Heaven, and peace and good-will to men on earth."*

A plain marble monument has been erected to his memory by the present Lord Petre, at the outside of the southwest entrance into the church; and to those who may wish to view the sod beneath which he reposes, a solitary yew tree, planted by his worthy friend, Dr. Calder (now also deceased) will mark out the spot. It is close by the side of the public road.

* The inscription on the church is in Greek.

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In his corporeal make Dr. Geddes was slender, but the features of his countenance were large and protruded. "A play of cheerfulness," says Mr. Good, "beamed uniformly from his cheeks, and his animated eyes darted rather than looked benevolence. Yet, such was the irritability of his nerves, that a slight degree of opposition to his opinions, and especially when advanced by persons whose mental powers did not warrant such opposition, put to flight, in a moment, the natural character of his countenance, and cheerfulness and benevolence were exchanged for exacerbation and tumult." The portrait of Dr. Geddes, which is prefixed to Mr. Good's *Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, agrees with this description; but it is an exaggerated likeness. It was taken when the Doctor was in his last illness, and wasted with anguish both of mind and body. A friend happening to call on him the day after he had sat to the painter; "Do you know," said the Doctor, "I have been getting my likeness taken?" "Ah! Doctor," observed his friend, "I am afraid it must have been a likeness taken in agony." "Oh, no," rejoined the Doctor with his usual sprightliness, "I sung Latin songs all the time!"—A very fine portrait of him when in the hey-day of health and spirits is in the possession of Mr. Corner, a gentleman of the Catholic persuasion.*

Dr. Geddes was fond of society, and, except when under the influence of high wrought irritability, no

* From this portrait the likeness prefixed to the present work has, with that gentleman's kind permission, been engraved.

an possessed more companionable qualities. His anecdote was always ready ; his wit always brilliant ; there was an originality of thought, a shrewdness of mark, an epigrammatic turn of expression in almost every thing which escaped him, that was sure to captivate his companions, and to induce those who had once met him, notwithstanding his habitual infirmity, to wish earnestly to meet him again.*

His kindness of heart was constantly displaying itself in acts of benevolence and friendship. The moment he beheld the probability of doing good by his own exertions, the good was instantly done.

As a man of genius and learning Dr. Geddes held deservedly a high rank. That his literary labours took an unfortunate direction, and that his reputation is exposed to a rapid decay from the controversial and offensive character of great part of his writings, must, at the same time, be allowed. His effusions

poetry shew, that had he devoted the strength of his faculties to the service of the Muses, instead of wasting them in an obnoxious contention with creeds and faith, his fame might have been as elevated as his happiness would have been pure and unalloyed. Such as they are, they are rather to be considered the relaxations of a severe student than as the compositions of an author ambitious of distinction. They discover," as Dr. Irving remarks, "what might have been effected, but are not sufficiently elaborate to be classed amongst finished compositions."

* Mr. Good.

Beside the more important public have been mentioned in the course of Dr. Geddes wrote several pamphlets of nature, and many fugitive pieces in print in the magazines and newspapers.

He left behind him, nearly ready for "A new Translation of the Psalms," which was afterwards edited by Dr. Disney, and Mr. B. completed as far as the 11th verse of the 1st Psalm, and at the time of his death, the end of the 104th. A translation of the whole was also found among his papers. The work has since been supplied the intermediate Bishop Wilson's edition.

JAMES GRAHAME.

THE Rev. James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath" and other poems, was born at Glasgow, on the 22nd. of April, 1765. His father, who was a writer in that city, appears to have been a man of considerable literary attainments, of pious habits, and excellent moral character. His mother, who had been brought up in similar principles, was confirmed in her early impressions by the example of her husband, and the united influence of both was well calculated to lay the foundation of those pure sentiments of devotion in the mind of the young poet, which were afterwards to regulate his conduct and awaken his muse.

In early youth, Grahame is said to have been of a sprightly disposition, but his vivacity declined as he grew up, and long before that period when the character is matured by experience, the indications of a reflecting habit were manifest in his deportment and conversation. This sober turn of thought commenced as early as his introduction to the grammar-school of Glasgow, where he received the rudiments of his education. From the grammar-school, he went to the university of Glasgow, where he soon recommended himself, by his knowledge of the ancient classics, and his talent for Latin composition, of which he produced a very favorable specimen at the commencement of his academical career. With the study of literature and philosophy, he ultimately joined that of civil law, and had the good fortune to obtain the intimate friendship of the professor of that depart-

ment, the ingenious Dr. James Millar. of knowledge, however, for which young always manifested the strongest propensity that of divinity. Admiring it as a studious to adopt it as a profession; but the anxiety of his father to provide for the interests of his son, by a course of life to advance them, induced him, if not to at least to postpone his own wishes, and to the study of the law.

In 1784, Mr. Grahame was apprenticed to Mr. Laurence Hill, Writer to the Signet and, at the conclusion of his apprenticeship, and, at the conclusion of his apprenticeship, a member of that respectable body, with the title of writers to the Signet, conjoin the occupations which in England are divided into attorneys, special pleaders, conveyancers. In this capacity, he might, from his connections at Glasgow, have soon acquired an extensive business; but his constitution was unequal to the close confinement which the law required. His very relaxations, being literary, were sedentary, so that the evil was not to be cured except by an entire change of pursuit. He accordingly resolved to seek, in the higher part of the profession, a relief from the more painful of the writing desk, and was called to the bar on the 10th of March, 1795.

Mr. Grahame, however, carried with him the notions of a barrister, notions which were not calculated to introduce him into extensive practice. He had an extreme aversion to undertaking any cause which was at variance

own notions of equity and justice ; and when its badness was manifest and indisputable, would return the brief and fee. A habit so singular became, as might be expected, the subject of much observation, not only among lawyers and clients, but among all persons who take an interest in the deviations of speculative men. That such a principle might be carried to an extreme, subversive of the very justice which it intended to favour, is a fact admitting no dispute ; but if acted upon with caution, and applied only in cases where the imposture was palpable and gross, it is hard to suppose that any injury could result to society from its adoption, by the few individuals upon whom mere morality is likely to have an influence. If causes sometimes find their way into court, with which it is a disgrace to be concerned, occasions must sometimes occur, in which it would be an honor to decline a fee. At all events, whatever danger may be apprehended from the practice in a general sense, the pecuniary excitement is always at hand to resist the innovation, and preserve that system of activity which is most favourable to the purposes of private interest and professional advancement.

In March, 1802, Mr. Grahame married Miss Grahame, the eldest daughter of Mr. James Grahame, town-clerk of Annan.

In 1804, he published his poem, entitled "The Sabbath," the merits of which constitute his chief claim to the remembrance of posterity. The caution with which he endeavoured to provide against discovery, as the author of this beautiful poem, is still a subject of conversation in the literary circles of Scotland. He selected a printer, on whose promise of

secrecy he could perfectly rely, and on him at obscure coffee-houses, in order to proofs, but never twice at the same house attracting observation. He even contrived work through the press without the knowledge of his wife or any of his friends ; and it is remarkable that the person who had most reason to feel in his success, was the last even to suspect the author was allied to her. The work rose in its popularity ; it was praised in all companies. Mr. Grahame had the satisfaction of finding his wife was among the number of its warm admirers. It was the pleasure which he derived from the effusion of her praise upon one of those occasions which finally prevailed over his determination to remain anonymous. He could bear the public acknowledgment with comparative indifference, but the private affection was too sweet to be disregarded, its tribute too valuable to be denied a receipt entirely at his command. He confessed authorship, and was forgiven. That he had been desirous to conceal his name, in this instance, before the fate of his poem could be ascertained, was a delicacy, or perhaps a weakness, difficult to be accounted for in this age of asperity ; but that after its merits were admitted while its praise was sounding in his ears, he still have had any desire to remain under the same circumstance which, though perhaps not so elevated minds, will doubtless appear extraordinary to the common race of scribblers, who convert vanity into all their literary attempts, from the notion of anonymous industry,

Whatever benefit Mr. Grahame might have experienced from transferring his legal pursuits to the bar, it does not appear that he was yet satisfied with his condition; for on his father dying, in deference to whose desire alone he had ever embarked in the profession of the law, his first propensity triumphed over every interested motive; and though his practice was respectable and reputation advancing daily, he again, and for the last time, altered his course of life, resolving to devote himself thenceforward to the service of religion. The death of his father, whom he had always tenderly loved, was an event which made a strong impression on his feelings; and the nature of that impression probably contributed, in no slight degree, to confirm him in the resolution he had now taken. When death begins his ravages among those who have been dear to us from childhood, and the foundations of human attachment are about to give way under his irresistible pressure, then it is that the instinct of human vanity receives a shock within us, **and the cares of this life dwindle into insignificance and contempt.** If such is the lesson inculcated by this awful monitor upon minds in any way accessible to reflection, much more must it have operated on one whose ordinary exercises were contemplative, philosophical, and devout.

After spending some time at Annan to recruit his

PART 4.]

Q

Mayne, in Gloucestershire. The follow-
of a letter which he wrote to one of his
serve to shew, from his own discrimination
were his feelings in first entering on the
the holy ministry, and the character of
which fell to his charge.

"I am now but beginning to feel at
first, the wandering backwards and forwards
the prayer-book puzzled me sadly, but is
quite easy to me. I never, except the first
two of the first day, felt any embarrassment
pulpit. This parish is small, so that the
other easy. As to the people, (the labouring
mean,) they are rather good, I think ; but a
dull race, and deplorably ignorant. Half
twenty can write, and more than the
read. The poor are wretchedly poor and
the rich are liberal, and the poor rates low
light. In religion they are far behind us
—they want warmth of devotion. Few
join in the psalms, and in many churches
singing at all. The lukewarmness of the

gentry, they are both good and agreeable. They read a good deal; they have excellent and large collections of books—they are clever and intelligent—but to me there is a want about them,—they want fire and variety. They are, in short, too rational.

“ I am here as happy as I can be at a distance from my friends. Our temporalities are not great, but we have many comforts—a tolerable house, two gardens, and a small paddock, besides seven acres for which we pay rent. The church is very ancient and crazy. In the steeple, there are three sweet toned bells and an owl.”

Some family circumstances requiring his return to Edinburgh, he resigned, in April 1810, the curacy of Shepton Marnay. Soon after his arrival in the Scottish capital, a vacancy occurring in the care of an Episcopalian chapel of that city, called Saint George's, Mr. Grahame offered himself as a candidate. He was not however successful, and next went to Durham, where he was engaged to officiate for some time as vicar of St. Margaret's. Another prospect opened at that place which led to another disappointment. A minor Canonry of small emolument became vacant at the expiration of the term for which he was engaged at St. Margaret's, but the Dean in whose gift it was, either knew so little of the talents and virtues of Mr. Grahame, or appreciated them so lightly as claims to his patronage, that he not only refused to appoint him, but kept the canonry vacant to the end of Mr. Grahame's life, though it had been twice rejected in the interval by more favoured individuals. It would be a waste of time and thought to search after the motives of this very reverend personage for such con-

duct, but it were well for the general interests of religion, and the particular interests of the establishment, that the promotion of real merit was an object of more serious attention with the dignitaries of the Church of England. The same system of favouritism which reflects disgrace on the Politician, cannot surely be creditable to the Divine.

Through the interest of Mr. Barrington, the nephew of the Bishop of Durham, he obtained the curacy of Sedgefield, a country parish in the same neighbourhood, where he commenced his duties on the 1st of May, 1811. It was at this place, and probably through the contrivance of the same gentleman, that he had an opportunity of preaching before the Bishop himself. The Bishop was so favourably impressed by his eloquence, as to declare his satisfaction in the warmest terms, and to accompany his praise with a promise of preferment. The tide of Grahame's fortune seemed to have turned at last, but it was a temporary and deceitful appearance. There was every reason to suppose, from the character of the worthy Bishop, that the promise made without solicitation would have been realized without delay, if the decline of Mr. Grahame's health had not rendered it necessary for him to retire, at the very moment when perseverance was most likely to be rewarded. Confirmed asthma, accompanied with violent headache and other acute pains, assuming altogether that malignant aspect of disease which is known by the term of "a complication," obliged him to decline the duties of his office and to visit Edinburgh for medical advice. His complaints, however, received no alteration; dissolution was not to be stayed from its last ravages on a constitution weak by nature, and farther enfeebled by

ng protracted illness. Aware of his approaching end, he was anxious to revisit his native city before he died, and accordingly left Edinburgh for Glasgow on the 9th. of September, but it was his fate to see Glasgow no more. He died on the journey at Whitehill, the residence of his eldest brother, in the forty seventh year of his age, manifesting in his last moments the sincerity of those religious impressions by which his life had been regulated. His death took place on the 14th September, 1811, and he was buried in the same grave with his worthy parents. He left two sons and a daughter.

The character of Grahame, whether, drawn from the facts which have been enumerated in his life, or from the tenor of his writings, or from the concurrent testimony of those who had the happiness of his acquaintance, or as is more reasonable from the combination of those separate sources of intelligence, cannot fail of recommending itself to the admirers of virtue. The testimony of acquaintances, though not always free from prejudice, and therefore not always to be depended on without the addition of other evidence, forms necessarily an ingredient in the estimate of every character; for there are a thousand circumstances too minute to strike the distant observer, which are nevertheless too important to be overlooked altogether, when we attempt to exhibit a faithful likeness of the human heart. All who knew Mr. Grahame, agree in representing his life under an aspect the most amiable. His manners in the retirement of home were as mild and conciliating, as his principles in the more enlarged relations of society were liberal and upright. Though not without disappointments which would

have been sufficient to sour the tempers of others such as, in the first instance, the check imposed on his favourite inclination by the mistaken policy of his father ; subsequently, the want of advancement in the church, after he had entered into its service, &c. &c. desirable even in the religious view of extending the sphere of his usefulness ; and lastly the exposure to which, like most authors of his time, he had been subjected by the petulance of criticism, aggravating by it the difficulties inherent in the nature of dramatic poetry, and consequently obstructing his repose and trifling with his fame ;—though not without the excitement of such provocations, we can neither find a line of his writings, nor discover a sentence of conversation, which betray the slightest acrimony of feeling or impatience of temper. His forbearance in this respect will strike us the more seriously when we remember how many even of our finest Poets have been exasperated beyond the bounds of decency and moderation, by creatures incapable of inflicting any injury upon intellects so far above them. This tranquillity of composure, in the midst of worldly dissensions and literary evils, is chiefly attributable to that religion which formed the basis of his character. Something however is due to the natural calmness of his mind, and perhaps something to the tranquillity of his hope, which warms the breast of genius under all adversities,—the hope that at some future day the world will do it justice. Nothing is more easy than to ridicule the solitary scholar, who, in the retirement of his closet, enjoys as it were the conversation and applause of men whom he shall never see ; but were not for this brilliant dream of the mind, the most glorious monuments of excellence

now adorn the world, had sunk under the discouragements of ignorance and envy. That he must have had his faults as a man it would be folly to deny, yet, as they never obtruded themselves on observation, common candour seems to forbid that we should draw upon our imagination, in the absence of fact, though for the purpose of giving countenance to a rule which it may be readily allowed admits of no exception.

In proceeding to examine Mr. Grahame's pretensions as a poet, it is difficult to divest ones-self entirely of the prejudice which his virtues are calculated to excite in favour of his muse. But, making every allowance on this ground, no ordinary share of praise must still be his due. The most important exception probably which can be taken to his works, is, that they are almost all too exclusively religious to attract the attention of the general reader. Perhaps it would be no misrepresentation of the spirit of any age with which we are acquainted, if we except only the canting age of Cromwell, to say, that such topics rather repel than invite the curiosity which so much befriended a writer. A like devotional character distinguished one of Grahame's oldest precursors in descriptive writing—Hume, of Logie—to whom, indeed, he bears a very striking resemblance. Both of them belonged originally to the profession of the law; and both abandoned it for the church; both cultivated poetry with a view to religious edification; and both have studiously refrained from all reference to that tenderest, though most selfish, of human passions, Love; and lastly, both have fixed on subjects as nearly alike as possible—the one, celebrating the beauties of a Summer's Day; and the other, of the Sabbath, "the hallowed day." In the scale of merit, however, there

is a great distance between them. Hume, like Hume, excludes love from his calculations; does not, like him, omit to call up emotions of the heart in its stead; altho' he banish her from his view entirely. Sabbath Day, no such meetings of lovers. The utmost truth of painting, description of Logan Water.

Nae mair at Logan Kirk, wil
Atween the preachings, meet
Meet wi' me, or when its mir
Convoy me hame frae Logan !

But we have, "at the close of ever
affecting spectacle of youth and love
to the grave :

Again that knell ! The slow proces
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar,
With melancholy ornaments (the n
The record of her blossoming age),
Unveil'd ; and on it, dust to dust i
The final rite. Oh ! hark, that su
Upon the lower'd bier the shovell'
Falls fast and fills the void.—

Nor, though averse to introduce sc
the day consecrated to Heaven, does
to have wanted any thing of a lover's
for example, his description in the (1
lovers, on an excessively cold th
cember night :

To meeting lovers now no hill is st
No river fordless, and no forest da

And when they meet, unheeded sweeps the blast ;
Unfelt the snow, as erst from summer's thorn,
Around them fell a shower of fading flowers,
Shook by the sighing of the evening breeze.

Hume is simply pleasing ; Grahame is impressive, often pathetic. The one dwells on external objects alone ; the other penetrates into the inmost recesses of our heart. Still, considering either of them merely as writers anxious to arrive at popularity by the shortest road, it must be acknowledged, that, on account of the peculiarly religious character of their writings, they equally mistook their way.

The next point to be noticed is, the manner in which Grahame has executed the design which he had conceived, and this will be better illustrated by a few quotations taken at random, than by a thousand remarks. If the following passages are not capable of affording some of the highest pleasures in the perusal, no pomp of commentary can raise them to that distinction ; if, on the other hand, they are capable of delighting without such interference, it is, after all, the undertaking of more ingenious than useful labour, to pry into the components of that enthusiasm, which by one sweep of its wing has done the business already.

The dawn of the Sabbath—its difference from the dawn of every other morn—is thus strikingly introduced.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !

Mute is the voice of rural labour ; hush'd

. The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath

Of tedded grass mingled with fading flowers,

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That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating midway up the hill.
 Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tun'd song; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep worn glen;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
 The voice of Psalms, the simple song of Praise.

The burial of beauty has been already incidentally noticed, and the conclusion quoted; the preceding part of this episode is still more remarkable for the spirit and pathos of genuine poetry.

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
 The house of prayer itself,—no place inspires
 Emotions more accordant with the day,
 Than does the field of graves, the land of rest :—
 Oft at the close of evening prayer, the toll,
 The solemn funeral-toll, pausing, proclaims
 The service of the tomb; the homeward crowds
 Divide on either hand; the pomp draws near,
 The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing
I am the Resurrection and the Life.
 Ah me! these youthful bearers robed in white,
 They tell a mournful tale; some blooming friend
 Is gone; dead in her prime of years :—'twas she,—
 The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
 With angel tongue, pleaded to those who could;
 With angel tongue, and mild beseeching eye,

ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
 longer life, with heart resign'd to die.—
 ic'd to die, for happy visions bless'd
 voyage's last days, and hovering round,
 ated on her soul, giving presage,
 Heaven was nigh. O! what a burst
 apture from her eyes! what tears of joy
 Heavenward eyes suffus'd!—Those eyes are clos'd,
 all her loveliness is not yet flown.
 smil'd in death, and still her cold pale face
 ins that smile, as when a waveless lake,
 hich the win'try stars all bright appear,
 eeted, by a nightly frost, with ice,
 it reflects the face of Heaven, unchang'd,
 affled by the breeze, or sweeping blast.

re simile, with which these lines close, is as hap-
 descriptive as it is original.

ut not to confine ourselves to "the Sabbath,"
 s open "the Georgics," the least happy, as the
 r is the most fortunate, effort of his Muse. Has
 Battle of Bannockburn, the "Sabbath" of Scot-
 freedom, ever received a more grateful or more
 ch inspiring tribute, than in the words of
 name?

hee, who on a lovely morn in June,
 eak of day, knelt on the dewy sward,
 le full in view, Inchaffray's abbot rear'd
 sacred host! To them! who 'ere the sheet
 lood besprinkled flowers, fell in the cause
 eedom and their country! To the men,
 o that day's fight survived, and saw, once more,
 ir homes, their children; and, when silvery hairs
 ir temples thin bespread, liv'd to recount,

160 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

On winter nights, the achievements of that day !
To thee, be ever raised the Muse's voice
In grateful song triumphant ;——

The extracts which have been made, are sufficient to give a general idea of the character of Grahame's genius and expression. His thoughts, though seldom sublime, are never mean, and his language though mostly simple and unaffected, is not always free from the charge of redundancy. Grahame's greatest power is in tenderness, and his chief failing is want of energy ; yet, sometimes he hits off a warmth and compression of phrase which well deserves the name of energy the most poetic. On the whole, the author of " the Sabbath " may be regarded as a poet of considerable genius, whose reputation is likely to advance with the moral improvements of mankind and who, if he does not class among the first of the great fraternity to which he belongs, stands too pre-eminent to be disregarded.

J. H.











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